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THE NEW YORKER

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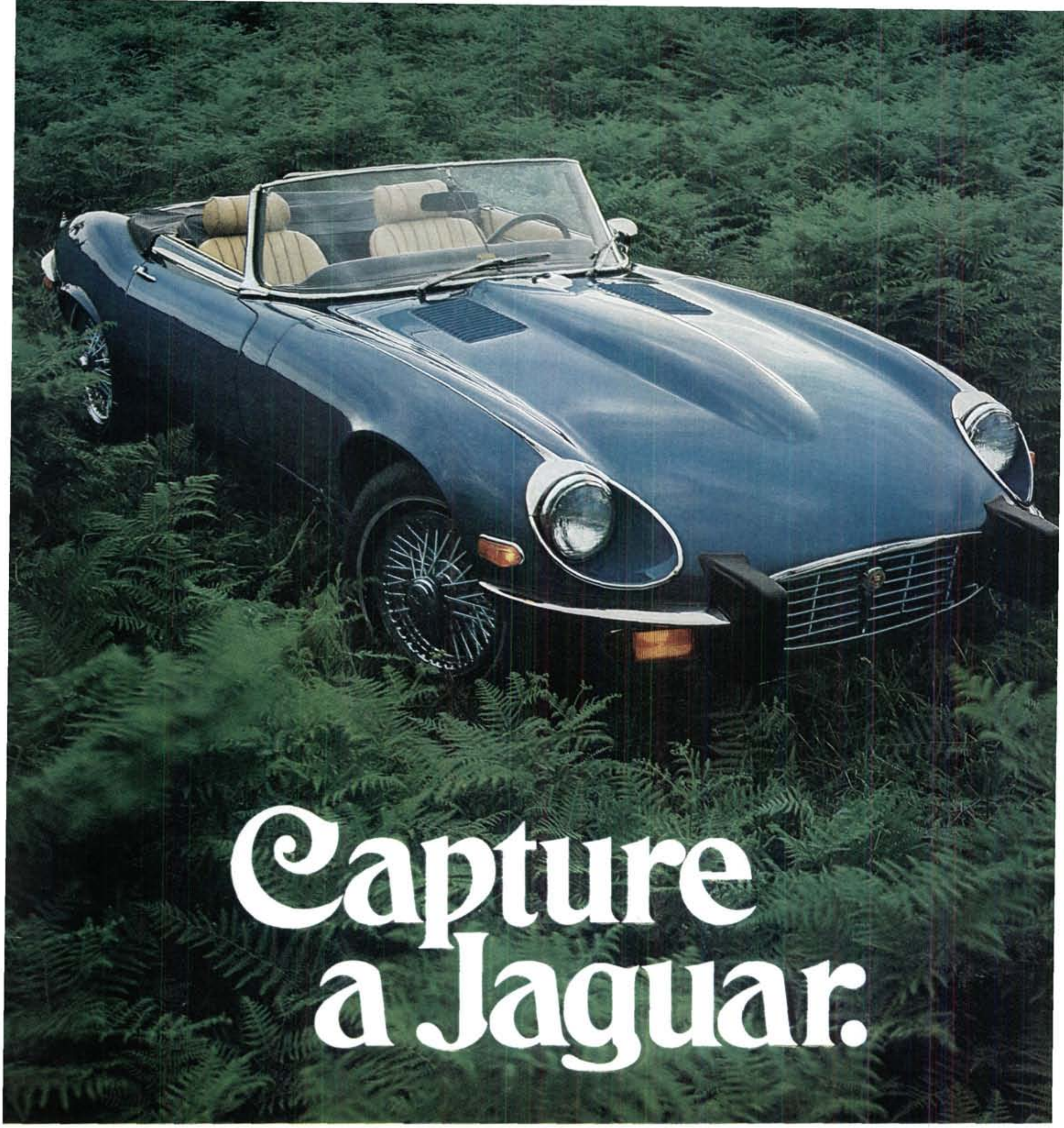

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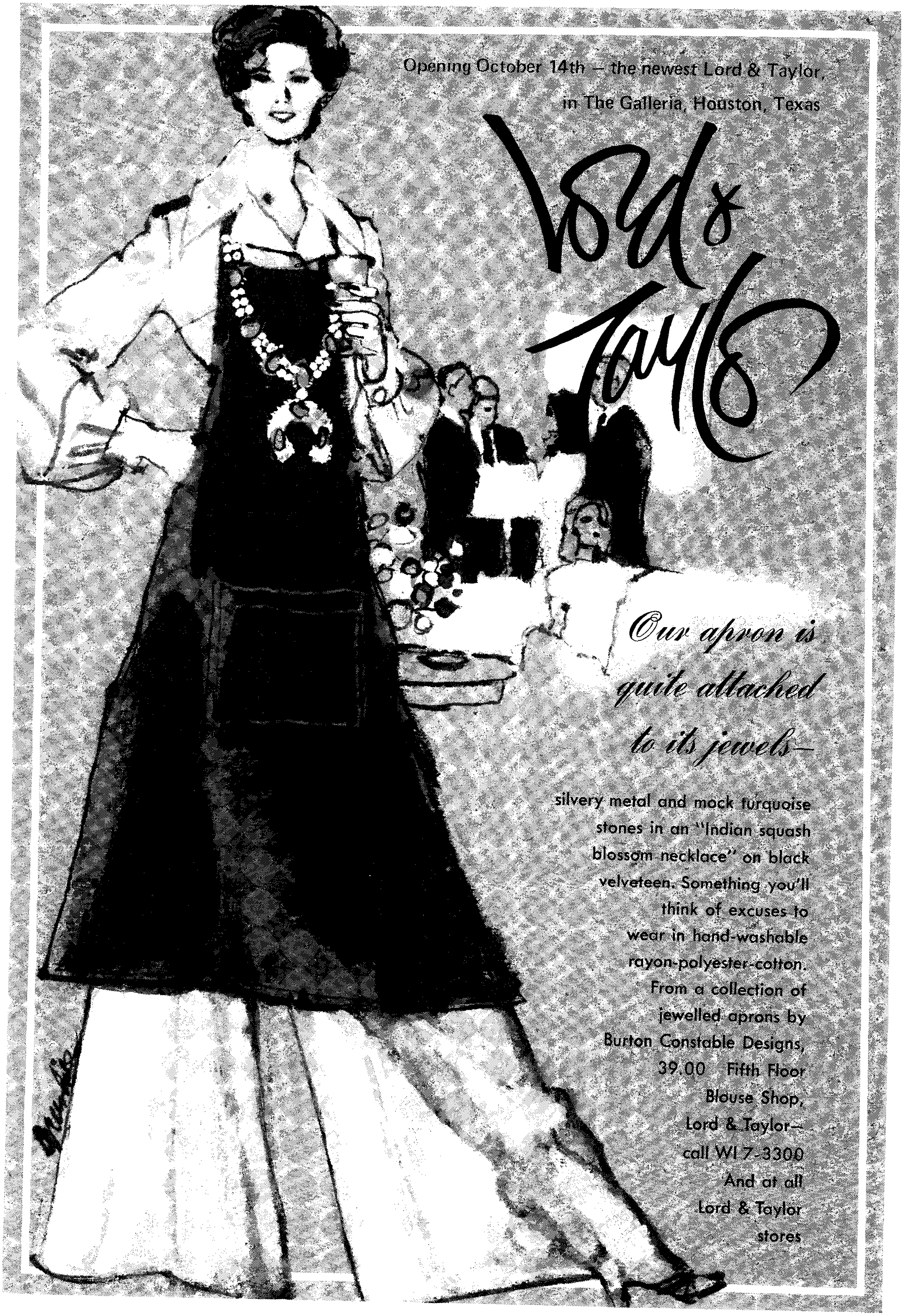

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's *great, grave theme*—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—Closed for four weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St., 265-1855, on Friday, Sept. 27.

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. May close Sunday, Sept. 8.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,977 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** Debbie Reynolds, Hans Conried, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simple-minded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and

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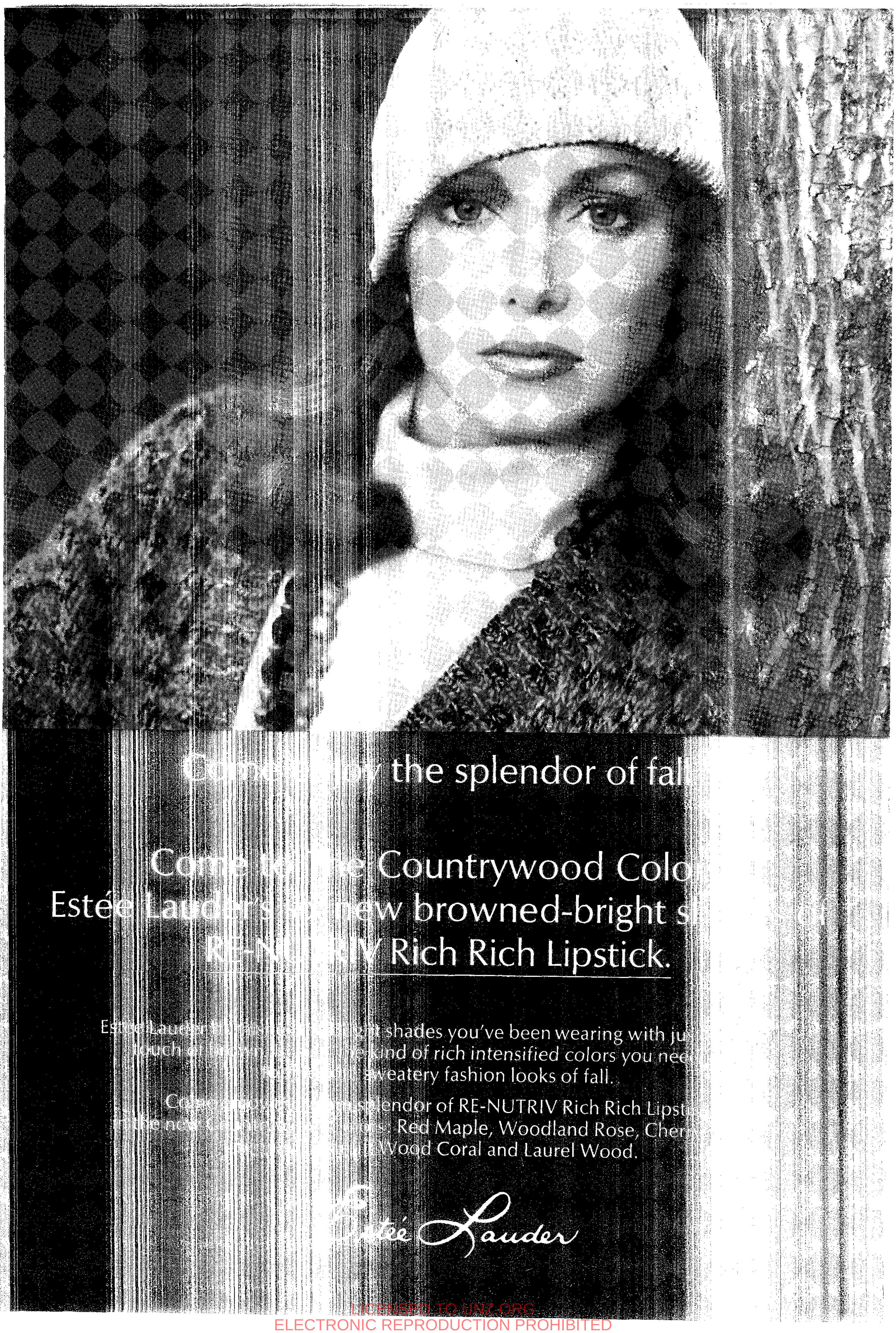

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. *Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ukrainian Festival on Ice—A hundred skaters (including Olympic and other champions) and musicians, from Kiev, appearing here for the first time, in a program of Russian folk dance, ballet, and ice skating. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 4-6, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 12:30 and 7:30.)

National Mexican Festival and Rodeo—Marches, drills, and riding events, set to the music of a mariachi band. Tony Aguilar, Flor Silvestre, and their sons, fifteen-year-old Tonito and six-year-old Pepito, head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 11-13, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2 *and 6; Monday, Sept. 16, at 8*; and Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Gato Barbieri—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a sextet, at ten, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 10.

George Benson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quintet, at nine-thirty, through Saturday, Sept. 7.

Kenny Burrell—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, at nine-thirty, beginning Monday, Sept. 9.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 10.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, and Eddie Locke. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 10, Joe Muranyi will replace Clarke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Electric Flag—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Blues-inspired rock, by Mike Bloomfield, Nick Gravenites, Buddy Miles, Barry Goldberg, and Roger Troy. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 4-7, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Eleventh House—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Jazz-rock quintet, comprising Larry Coryell, Michael Lawrence, Alphonse Mouzon, Mike Mandel, and Danny Trifan. Through Thursday, Sept. 5.

Maynard Ferguson—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Trumpet, leading a combo, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. From ten to three, Thursdays through Saturdays.

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Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. At ten, Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 4-7, and Monday, Sept. 9.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three. . . . ¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Zoot Sims—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 10-13.

Mel Tormé—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs, at dinner and *supper, beginning Thursday, Sept. 12.*

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with trumpeter Billy Butterfield, saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Ronnie Cole. From nine-fifteen to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. Pianist Cedar Walton's trio embarks Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7. The following weekend, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, drummer John Lewis captains a trio. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff features reliable, straight-ahead jazz most every night from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A six-month-old rock palace that seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. A goodly portion of the seating is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Mike Bloomfield, Nick Gravenites, Buddy Miles, Barry Goldberg, and Jellyroll (Roger) Troy—all premier rockmen—have regrouped to form a 1974 version of the Electric Flag, which faded away in the very late sixties. Since that period, Goldberg and Troy have been engaged in recording-studio work, and Miles has been leading his own outfit, the Buddy Miles Express. Bloomfield and Gravenites have been involved in, most notably, scoring and performing the music for the 1973 "Steelyard Blues," an unaffected, alternative-life-style, backyard-venture of a film that starred Peter Boyle, Donald *Sutherland, and Jane Fonda. Since the actors* had to rely on a very weak script, the heart of the film was the music, which benefited by the added collaboration of Paul Butterfield and Maria Muldaur. Opposite the Flag, through Saturday, Sept. 7, is King Biscuit Boy, a Canadian blues-harmonica player. Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 8-10, Elvin Bishop, who was a fine blues rhythm guitarist with Butterfield, leads his own group, alternating with the Average White Band, a British rock-and-blues aggregation. On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12, high-wire trumpeter Maynard Ferguson brings in his latest band, and, starting Friday, Sept. 13, in a final and abrupt shifting of musical gears Martha Reeves will sing torrid-soul numbers supported by her backup crew. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Jus next door to the local supermarket, thi friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musica collaborations of pianist Jimmy Rowles, wh plays with a singular harmonic sense and near-Tatum-light touch, and bassist Bil Takas. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard who plays with a confident feel for ragtime stride, and more modern piano styles, has fu with bassist Major Holley, who sings in voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second story room that seats two hundred patron and is decorated with photographs of Budd Rich on the walls. The drummer himself i on the bandstand, heading up an exceptionally capable and rousing septet, consisting o saxophonists Joe Romano and Sal Nistico guitarist Jack Wilkins, Anthony Jackson o bass, John Bunch on piano, and, on congas Angel Aaende. Two shows Mondays throug Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4 1600)—What might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for it spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and line of banquettes flanking pastel muralle walls. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 10, Barbar Carroll, who plays a solid, full-bodied piano takes the stage, assisted by a bassist. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4 4450)—Colored glass and antique cookin tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and hi *bassist, Al Hall, play together from eight t* one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirabl presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks o the pillars, bright-red walls, and a centra stage. Alaina Reed, a capable and livel young performer who spends too much tim programming her act rather than just simpl

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

singing, is onstage at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with the late Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Alto-sax master Lee Konitz is here with his trio on Mondays and Tuesdays, as is Lynn Crane, who sings along. Beginning at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters and a gowned-and-jewelled hostess, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. The very fine guitarist George Benson heads a quintet opposite pianist Lance Hayward through Saturday, Sept. 7. On Monday, Sept. 9, Kenny Burrell, another whiz of a jazz-guitar picker, comes in with his quartet. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Dill Jones keeps the piano in tune until Monday, Sept. 9, when resident pianist Lance Hayward returns. The Wednesday-night slot is retained by Jim Roberts, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine drops in to sing. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Eddie Locke, and Pete Clarke (who will leave when Joe Muranyi comes back on Tuesday, Sept. 10) cut loose. On Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet turns up. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The ownership of this rock, folk, and blues café has recently changed, and it appears—for the moment, anyway—that the club is alive and stands a respectable chance of fully recuperating. Local competition might continue to lure away large portions of its audiences, but Max's, with its cramped, limited, un-concert-hall-like space, can rest on its intimacy and its taste in musical spectacles. The Eleventh House, an ensemble that features guitarist Larry Coryell, carries out jazz-calibre ideas at rock-level decibles. Stealing the visual show is Alphonse Mouzon, the group's bare-chested, hurricanic drummer. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4-5. On the following Wednesday (Sept. 11), the Deadly Nightshade, a fine, heavily amplified country trio, arrives. Its three attractive, long-haired women look sturdy, strong, and pioneer-tough, and they sing and play such standard rural instruments as fiddle, guitar, bass, washboard, and kazoo, and do so very satisfyingly. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Dick Wellstood, along with Billy Butterfield on trumpet, soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Ronnie Cole, offers up Chicago jazz—the sounds and mood that once characterized Eddie Condon's. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

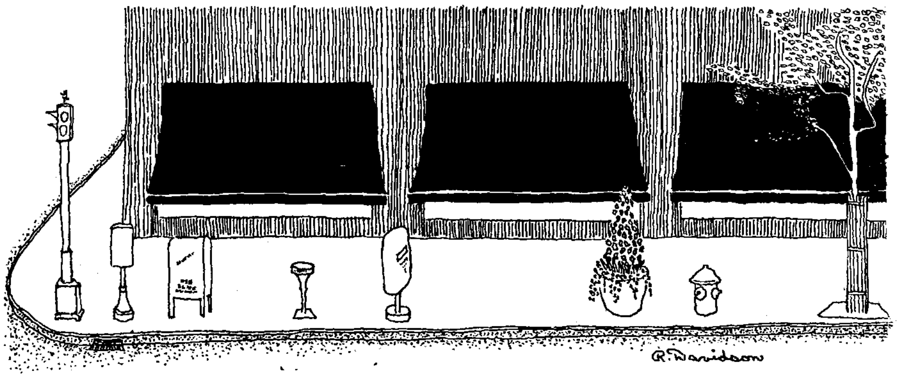
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Esther Marrow, a cool and low-keyed magnetic rhythm-and-blues singer, performs with her steady, soul-disposed quartet Wednesday, Sept. 4, and Sunday through Wednesday, Sept. 8-11. Drummer Roy Haynes works out with his young quintet Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Anita O'Day, whose vocal breakthroughs of some thirty years ago remain influential, sings opposite Hugh Brodie through Saturday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, singer Ellen Greene alternates with Ed Bluestone, a young comic with a New York sneer of a delivery and a bored look on his face. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a town house evoke a lived-in elegance. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos until Tuesday, Sept. 10, when he begins collaborating with tenor man Zoot Sims. Sims will be absent on Saturday, Sept. 14. Nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Chet Baker, still a fifties cool (but really hot) trumpeter and singer, works with a trio Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz, one of the more pleasing alto saxophonists, performs with his combo. Drummer Jual Curtis works with a trio Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, and Warren Chiasson, a vibraharpist who is as adroit with his amplifier dials as he is with his mallets, brings in his trio Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, in addition to being a major cultural-exchange asset of the State Department, is a fine compilation of top-notch studio musicians, aided by Dee Dee Bridgewater, one of the brightest and most versatile young vocalists around. Through Monday, Sept. 9. On Tuesday, Sept.



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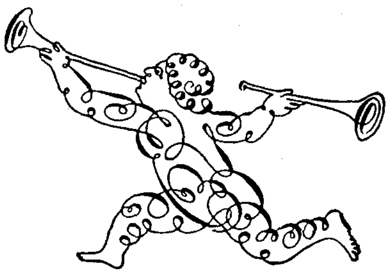
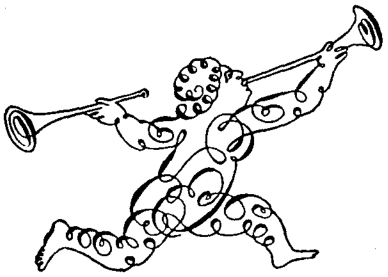
CHRISTMAS IDEAS

A new catalogue of unusual and distinctive presents from the Metropolitan Museum — exact copies of ancient gold jewelry, a silver lotus ladle from the T'ang dynasty, rare early American glass, a Christmas snowflake and star, needlework kits



of birds and flowers from the Unicorn tapestries, the Museum's own cookbook, and the 1975 engagement calendar, *Life in America,* are only a few of this year's suggestions. ☆ Also illustrated is a festive selection of more than fifty new Christmas cards.



Both presents and cards are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below, together with twenty-five cents, for your copy of the illustrated 100-page color catalogue.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10, Gato Barbieri, a fiery South American tenor saxophonist who occasionally sounds like a florid Sonny Rollins, descends into these murky quarters with his sextet. Music from ten. Closed Sundays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, alto saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, pianist Sammy Benskin, and trumpeter Franc Williams get together for swing sessions. Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with his trio Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays, Sammy Price, the boogie-woogie-piano-playing pride of Honey Grove, Texas (where he was born in 1908), and now of Morningside Heights, cuts loose with trumpeter Ed Lewis, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and the proficient Oliver Jackson on drums. Mabel Godwin sings at the piano with the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing outfit led by Art Miller, on Sundays. On Saturdays, Quinichette and Lewis lead a quartet. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—*In the* **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** *violinist George Cardini* and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ There is piano music by Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Kelly Garrett is onstage at dinner and supper. *A dance band commences* at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, *Fifth Ave. at 55th St.* (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** returns to life on Thursday, Sept. 12, with the installation of Mel Tormé at dinner and supper. Dancing all evening to the music of Anthony Terini's orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGES LACOMBE (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit.* Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

LJUBA—Surrealist paintings and aquatints. Starts Thursday, Sept. 5. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ GUADALUPE POSADA (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Sept. 15. (Washington Irving *Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays,* 1 to 6.)

PETER YOUNG—Lyrical abstractions. Through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: *Four contemporary African artists, from* Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Oct. 19. . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery artists and guest artists. Through Sept. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BARTHOLET,** 55 E. 76th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings by members of The Eight (*including* Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, and Robert Henri) and by Ben Shahn, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Oct. 15. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Oil and acrylic paintings, plus sculptures, by the gallery artists. Through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Pieces by, among others, Giacometti, Lipchitz, Manzù, and Moore. Through Sept. 28. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

C. L. DODGSON (LEWIS CARROLL) (1832-98) / **JULIA MARGARET CAMERON** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLIOTT ERWITT—Photographs of dogs. Through Oct. 5. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday *evenings until* 8.)

CHARLES HARBUTT—Works by a photo-journalist and teacher. Starts Friday, Sept. 6. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

LOU STETTNER—Photographs of people at work. Through Sept. 15. (*Neikrug, 224* E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **EASTMAN KODAK,** 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic.* Through Saturday, Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of *lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers.* Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO,** 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Bert Stern and others. Through Oct. 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER,** 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition of photographs by students and teachers of the Center and by members of a group called Women Photographers of New York. Through Friday, Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, *Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.*—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; *Sundays, 11 to 4:45.*)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seurat to Matisse: Drawing in France," an exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, *1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th* St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no ad-

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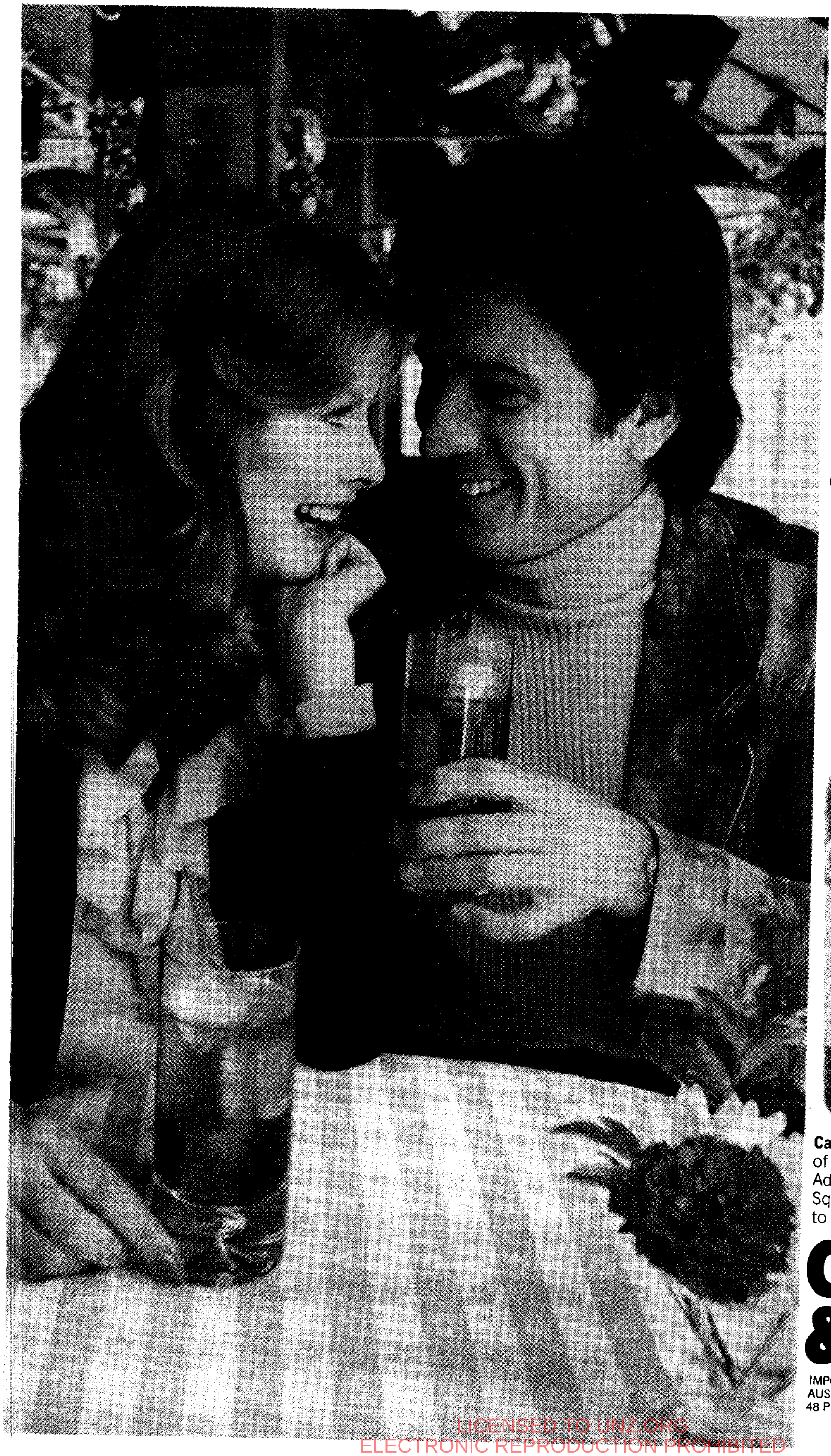

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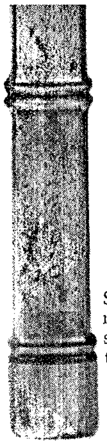

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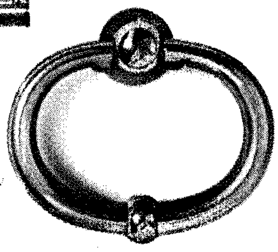

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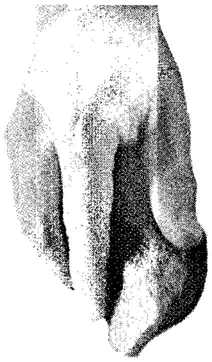

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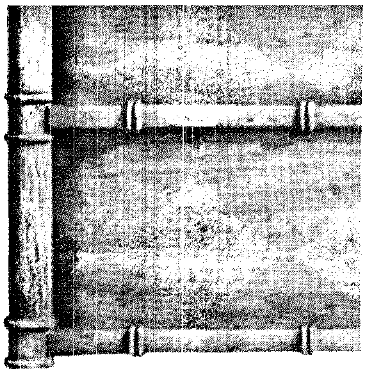

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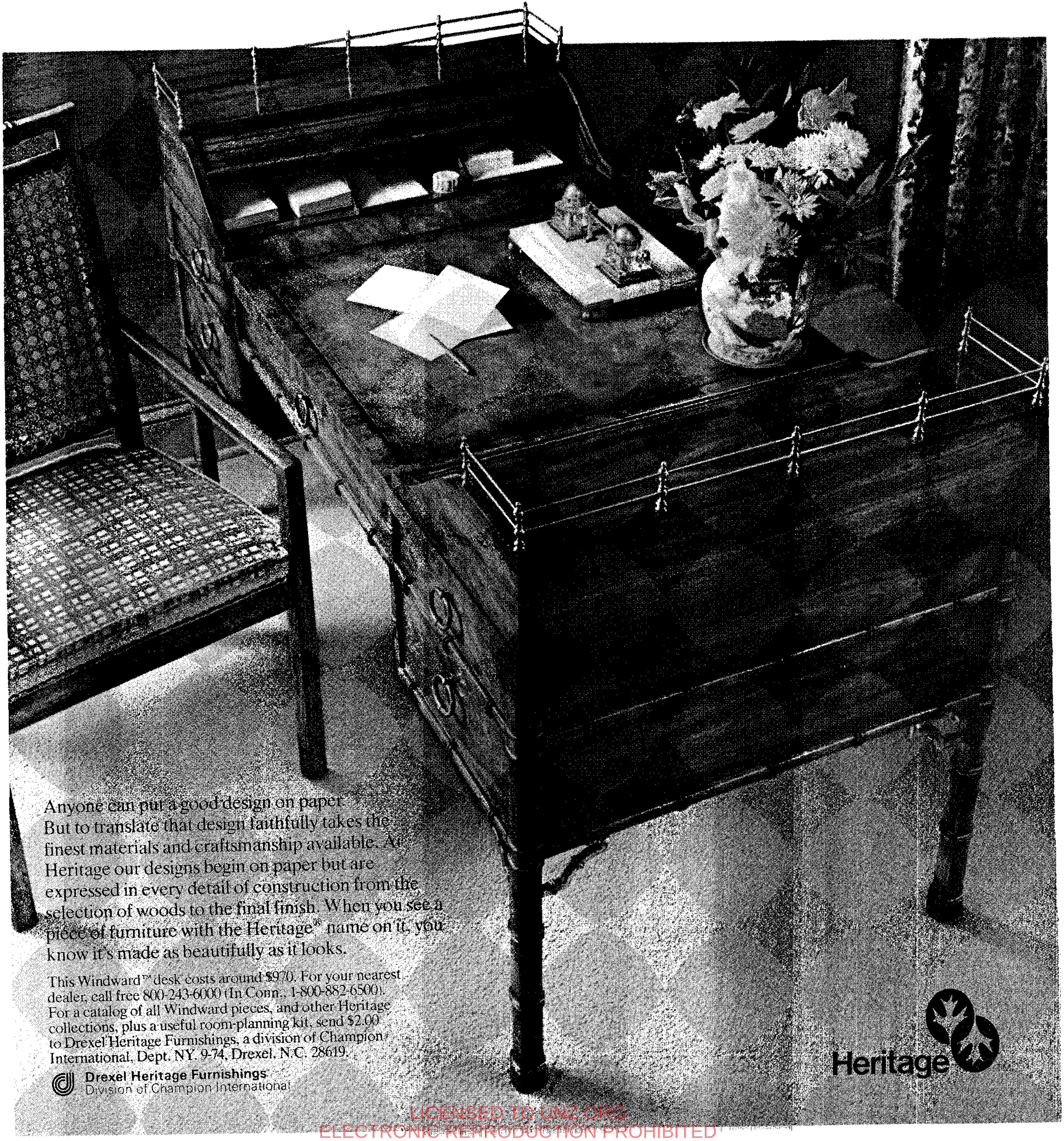

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mission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings in acrylic by Jack Whitten, a young New York artist. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings in acrylic on canvas, metal, wood, and Plexiglas, plus pencil on paper, by Jim Nutt, an original member of Chicago's "Hairy Who" group. Starts Friday, Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or a segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval manuscripts and letters, printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings—all gifts made or promised since the spring of 1973—exhibited in honor of the library's fiftieth anniversary. Through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

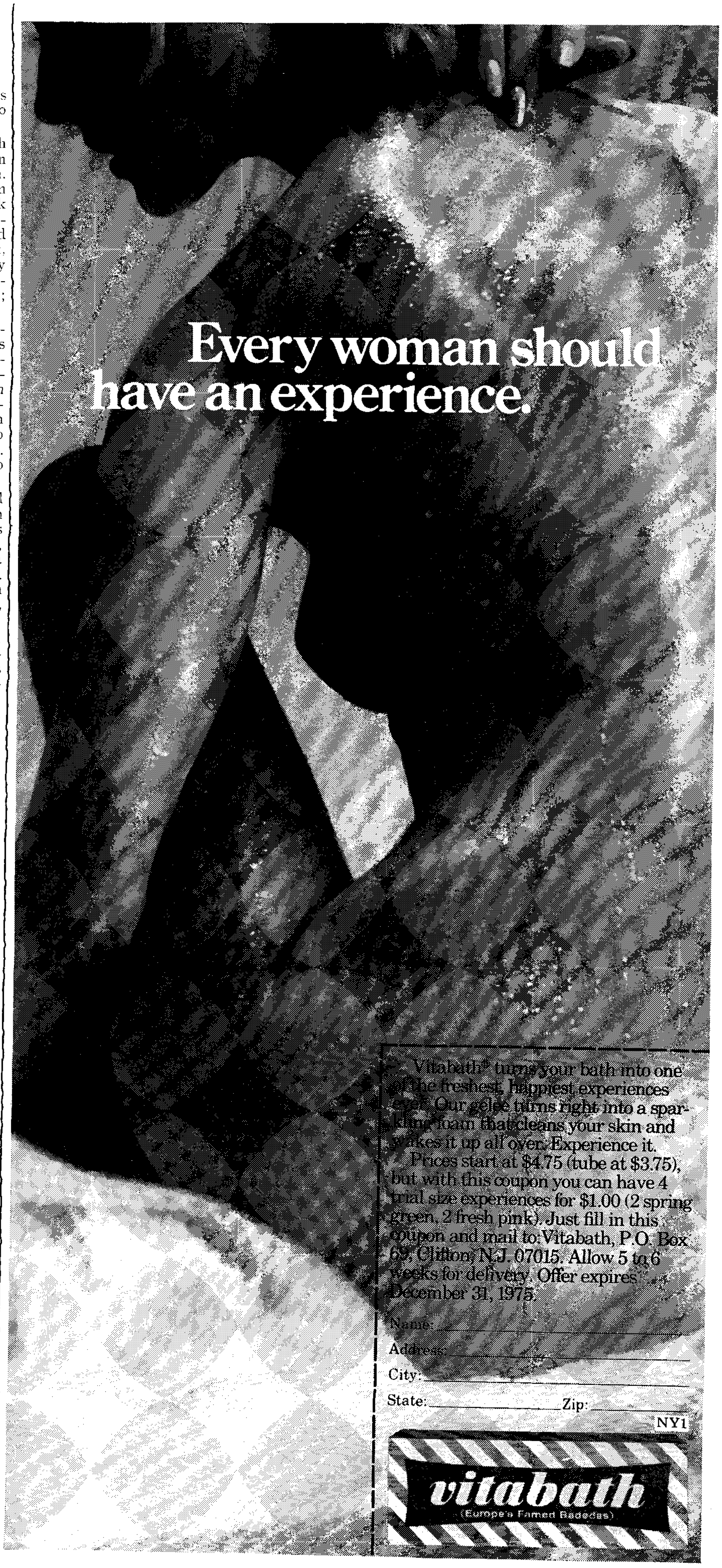
New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A travelling exhibition (oils, watercolors, and drawings) of landscapes, figures, and still-lifes by Henri Manguin (1874-1949), one of the original Fauves. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ More than fifty prints (by Cy Twombly, Brice Marden, and others) produced at the Untitled Press, a private printing press in Captiva, Florida, founded in 1969 by Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Petersen, whose graphics are also on view. Through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Michel Plasson. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, and William McDonald; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Noelle Rogers, Tullio Pane, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Diane Curry, Gene Bullard, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 1: "Anna Bolena," with Marisa Galvany, Olivia Stapp, Samuel Ramey, and Roger Patterson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 7, and Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 8: A new production of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Michele Molese, David Holloway, and Michael Li-Paz; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Marisa Galvany, Kathleen Hegierski, and Tullio Pane; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pane, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Maralin Niska, Michele Molese, David Holloway, and Spiro Malas; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Frances Bible, Barbara Hocher, and Richard Taylor; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

URIAH HEEP—With Suzi Quatro. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

GLENN YARBROUGH AND THE LIMELITERS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8.

DONALD BYRD AND THE BLACKBYRDS, AND FREDDIE HUBBARD (WITH JUNIOR COOKE)—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Sept. 6, at 8.

BILLY BUTTERFIELD QUARTET—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 3. No tickets necessary.

BENNY GOODMAN—With Peter Appleyard, Grady Tate, Urbie Green, Bobby Hackett, Hank Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, Zoot Sims, and Slam Stewart, plus Barbara Carroll. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

MILES DAVIS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Sept. 13, at 8:30.

COUNTRY IN NEW YORK—The first in this season's series of concerts, this one with Dolly Parton, Bobby Bare, and Ronnie Milsap. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 7.)

MELBA MOORE—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 9-10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 13, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES:** Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 2. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 6, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 2.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Army vs. Lafayette. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—New York Stars vs. Florida Blazers. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Friday, Sept. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1213.) . . . ¶ New York Stars vs. Portland Storm. (Portland. Wednesday, Sept. 11.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 7; the Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 11; and the Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . .

ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Sept. 9, through Saturday, Oct. 19.

TENNIS—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 4-8, at noon. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

YACHTING—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 10.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The last six in a series of free performances—Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8: Cliff Keuter Dance Company, Dennis Wayne's Dance Repertory Theatre, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, and Katherine Litz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: Eleanor d'Antuono and Ted Kivitt, Rose Marie Wright and Kenneth Rinker, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Lar Lubovitch and Susan Weber, and Ze'eva Cohen. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: Elizabeth Keen Dance Company, Lisa Bradley and Michael Uthoff, Rose Marie Wright and Kenneth Rinker, the Solomons Company, and Nuansri Maharakkaka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 3 (primarily for children): Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus, the Blue Mountain Paper Parade, and the Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8: Lisa Bradley and Michael Uthoff, Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus, Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante, Rose Marie Wright and Kenneth Rinker, and the Solomons Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 8: Eleanor d'Antuono and Ted Kivitt, Lar Lubovitch and Susan Weber, Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus, Nuansri Maharakkaka, Rose Marie Wright and Kenneth Rinker, and the Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theatre. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 7: Foghat and Bad Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 7: Lynyrd Skynyrd, James Cotton Blues Band, and Elvin Bishop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 7: Aerosmith and Rory Gallagher. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, the starting point is Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Friday, Sept. 6, at 7:30, Machito's orchestra, Graciela, Stella Marrs' quartet, and Newban. . . . Friday, Sept. 13, at 7:30, Somos, Wild Bill Davis's trio, and Cecil Payne's trio (with Cavril Payne). (For information about tickets, call 541-5390.). . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 9, at 7:30, Lionel Hampton's band. (For information about tickets, call 489-0654.)

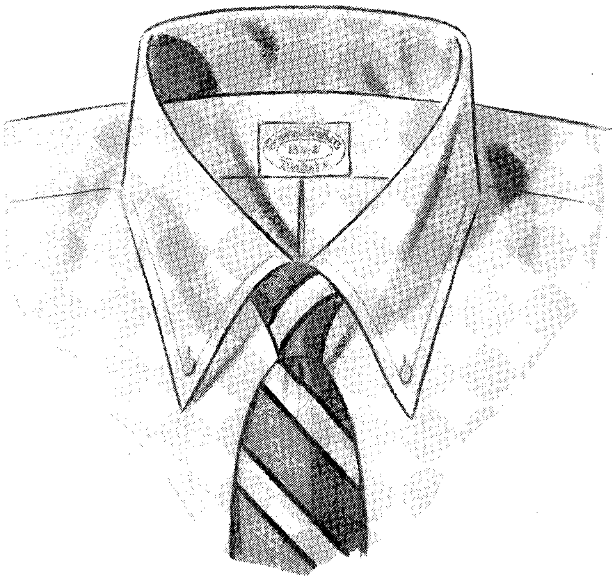
WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 15.

BUS TOURS—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

WALKING TOUR—"The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 8. Meets in front of 1046 Fifth Ave., at 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market (6th Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

DELACORTE GEYSER—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.



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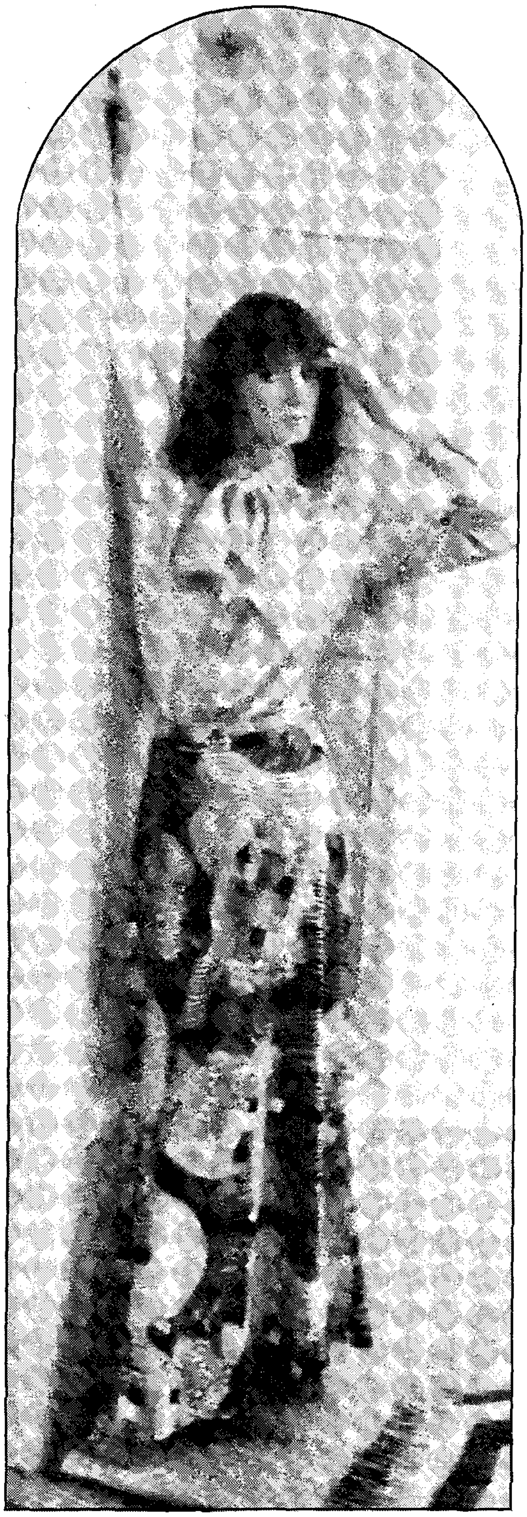
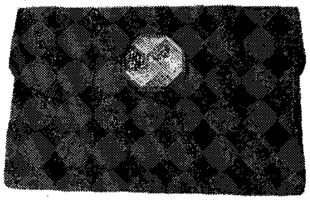
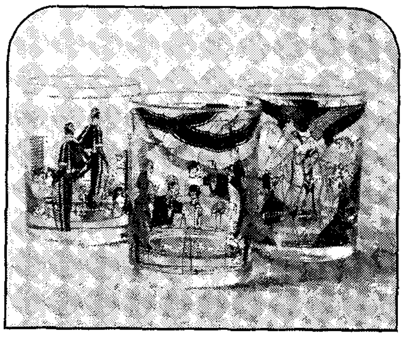


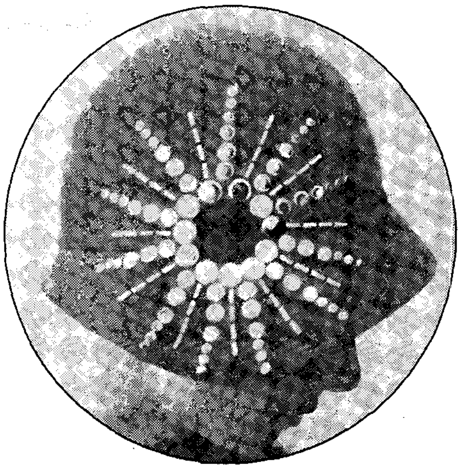
The chic dreamer entertains in shimmering satin. Acetate and nylon scarfed shirt, $28; art moderne motif skirt, $33. Exclusively ours. Blouse Collections. Slightly higher in West.



Accessories make the mode. The clutch in acetate and rayon faille with concealable shoulder chain, $51. Handbag Collections.

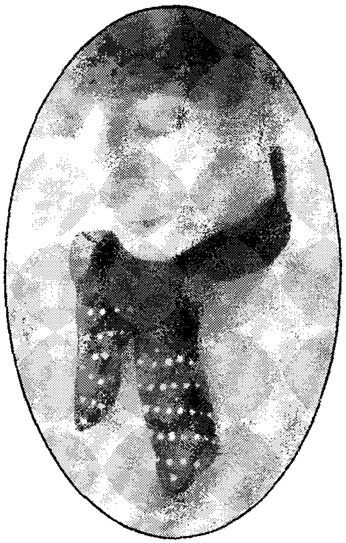


Whoopee! Double old-fashioned glasses with scenes inspired by the original S.F.A. ads of 1924. Exclusively ours, six, $12. The Gift Shop.



The best people wear a cloche in wool felt with silvery studs surrounding a cut-out design, $27. Hat Collections.

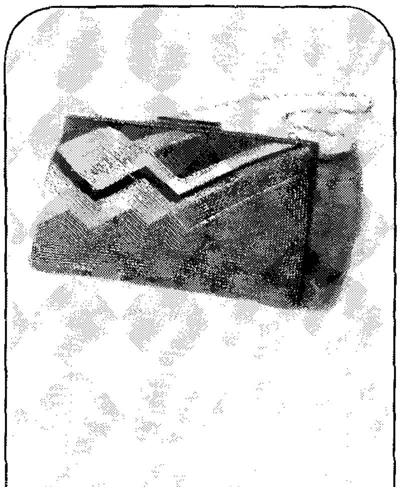
The nonchalant hero wings it in this art deco shirt, silky Qiana® nylon, $38. Men's Furnishings.



The vamp knows the secret of wafting a polyester chiffon scarf dazzled with rhinestones, $17. Accessories Collections.

Our man-about-town's tie is silk crepe de chine, $25. Men's Furnishings Collections.

Madame's simple little sweater. Airy faggoting in black acrylic, $21. Sweater Collections.



Art moderne zigzags in a caviar and bugle beaded evening bag, concealable shoulder chain, $82. Handbag Collections.

A bit of bijouterie for Madame, the intricate pendant from Kenneth J. Lane, exclusively ours, $50. Fashion Jewelry Collections.

Masculine vanity approves of the acrylic and wool sweatervest from Italy, 27.50. Contemporary Shop.

Your dashing young man wants wit in his leisure clothing, art moderne patterned nylon shirt, $15. Contemporary Shop.

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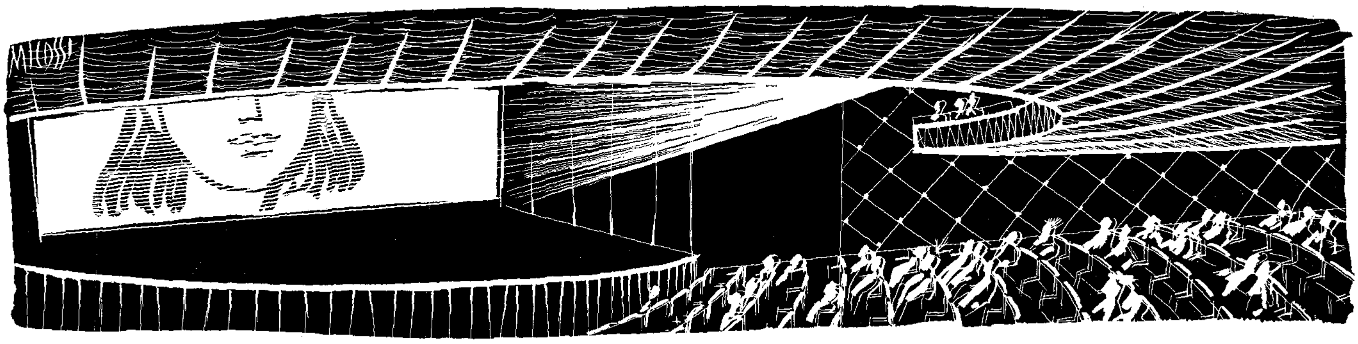
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 7: "Captains Courageous" and "Down to the Sea in Ships."
Sept. 8-10: "The Razor's Edge" and "The Mark of Zorro."
From Sept. 11: "Suzy" and "Reckless."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 10: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."
From Sept. 11: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 10: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From Sept. 11: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Pink Floyd."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"California Split."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Harder They Come."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 10: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
From Sept. 11: "Bed and Board" and "Claire's Knee."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Buster and Billie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Sting."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Longest Yard."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 10: "Daisy Miller."
From Sept. 11: "Mame."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 10: "My Name Is Nobody" and "Newman's Law."
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Savage Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh Gordon."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 10: "Buster and Billie."
From Sept. 11: "Claudine."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve" / "Harold and Maude" / "The Parallax View" and "The Last American Hero."...¶ Through Sept. 6: "Anna Karenina" and "Ninotchka."...¶ Sept. 7-9: "Ninotchka" and "Anna Christie."...¶ Sept. 10-12: "Anna Christie" and "Camille."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Sept. 10: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" and "One-Eyed Jacks."
From Sept. 11: "Blazing Saddles," "The Producers," and "The Twelve Chairs."
Note: Sunday, Sept. 8, one performance, at noon: "The Saphead" and "Steamboat Bill, Jr."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Walking Tall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Girl from Petrovka."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
To be announced.

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Parallax View."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 4: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
Sept. 5: "The Conformist" and "The Confession."
Sept. 6: "Charley Varrick" and "The Last American Hero."
Sept. 7: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Grand Hotel."
Sept. 8: "Falstaff" and "Hamlet."
Sept. 9: "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" and "Death by Hanging."
Sept. 10: "Marjoe" and "Elmer Gantry."
Sept. 11: "The Hireling" and "The Go-Between."
Sept. 12: "Pierrot le Fou" and "A Married Woman."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 10: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon." (The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 4, and all day on Monday, Sept. 9.)
From Sept. 11: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Sept. 4: "The Red Shoes" and "Top Hat."
Sept. 5-9: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Sept. 10-11: "Fires on the Plain" and "Forbidden Games."
From Sept. 12: "King of Hearts."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 5: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Belle de Jour."
Sept. 6-8: "The Ruling Class" and "Bedazzled."
Sept. 9-10: "Chloé in the Afternoon" an "Claire's Knee."
Sept. 11-12: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 10: "Butch Cassidy and th Sundance Kid."
From Sept. 11: "Love and Anarchy" an "Play It Again, Sam."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Sept. 10: "Buster and Billie."
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 10: "The Parallax View" an "Play It Again, Sam."
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 10: "Daisy Miller" and "Pa per Moon."
From Sept. 11: "For Pete's Sake" and "Th Owl and the Pussycat."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956 7078)—Sept. 4 at noon: M-G-M cartoons an featurettes....¶ Sept. 4 at 2: "Hold You Man" (1933), directed by Sam Wood, wit Jean Harlow and Clark Gable....¶ Sept. at 5:30: "Their Own Desire" (1929), di rected by E. Mason Hopper, with Norm Shearer and Robert Montgomery....¶ Sept 5 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes... ¶ Sept. 5 at 5:30: "Tugboat Annie" (1933) directed by Mervyn Le Roy, with Mari Dressler and Wallace Beery....¶ Sept. 5 a 8 and Sept. 6 at 2: "Emma" (1931), directe by Clarence Brown, with Marie Dressler an Richard Cromwell; and "Politics" (1931)

JAMISON.

A STUDY IN THE UNSTUDIED LOOK.

Grey flannel is big this fall at Jamison. The gracefully fluid bigdress with companion off-white sweater trimmed with grey. Sizes 6-14. Dress and sweater about $98. Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc. 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

directed by Charles Reisner, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 5:30: "Trader Horn" (1931), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at noon: "Erotikon" (1920), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 3: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 5:30: "Hold Your Man.". . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 12:30: "Neptune's Daughter" (1949), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Esther Williams and Red Skelton. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 3: "Scaramouche" (1952), directed by George Sidney, with Stewart Granger and Eleanor Parker. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5:30: "Neptune's Daughter.". . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2: "Doughboys" (1930) and "What! No Beer?" (1933), both directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 5:30: "The Passionate Plumber" (1932), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2: "Love Crazy" (1941), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5:30: "Doughboys" and "What! No Beer?". . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2: "The Passionate Plumber.". . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Love Crazy.". . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 5:30: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 8: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929), a silent film, directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Six programs in series of films directed by Jean Renoir, in French, with English subtitles: Sept. 4: "La Marseillaise" (1938), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet. . . . Sept. 5: "La Bête Humaine" (1938), with Jean Gabin and Simone Simon. . . . Sept. 7: "Toni" (1935), with Charles Blavette. . . . Sept. 8: "The Lower Depths" (1936), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. . . . Sept. 11: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959), with Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . Sept. 12: "Picnic on the Grass" (1959), with Paul Meurisse. . . . ¶ Sept. 6: "Here Comes the Groom" (1951), directed by Frank Capra, with Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman. (Showings Wednesdays at 3 and 6; Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6; and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 7-12.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 6.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Columbia I; starting Sept. 11.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Regency; Sept. 6-8.)

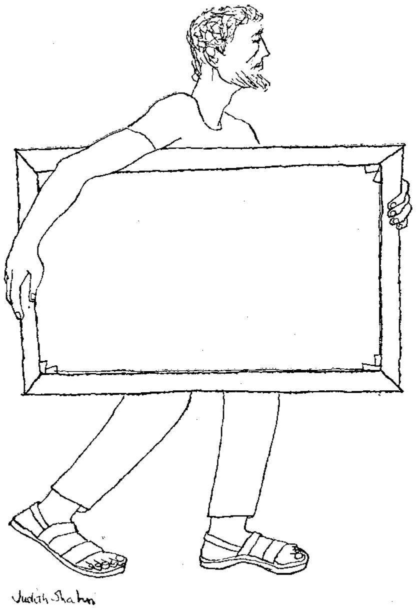
Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency; through Sept. 5.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Elgin; starting Sept. 11.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Buster and Billie—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 10.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Guild. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Columbia I, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 10.)



California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous with a kindly eye for the out-of-step (8/19/74) (Cinema I.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest (Quad Cinema; Sept. 10-12.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse entertainments; beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese), and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by first-rate hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St Marks; through Sept. 7.)

Charley Varrick—Walter Matthau as a wily bank robber who outsmarts the police and the Mafia, too. Unpleasant, noisy, brutal, and with sentimental flourishes. Don Siegel directed. (11/12/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema Sept. 6.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley

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break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Regency; Sept. 9-10.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Regency; Sept. 9-10. . . . ¶ Columbia I; starting Sept. 11.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Sept. 11.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Paramount; through the afternoon of Sept. 10. The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 4, and all day on Monday, Sept. 9.)

Death by Hanging (1968)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar (1969)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Regency; through Sept. 5.)

Down to the Sea in Ships (1949)—Life aboard a New Bedford whaler, as seen by a young boy (Dean Stockwell). The conflicts between the hard-bitten old skipper (Lionel Barrymore) who has no use for book learning, and his cultured, true-blue mate (Richard Widmark) make for dismally pat situations, but when the film sweeps out to sea it becomes fairly lively, what with whale chases, a whaleboat disappearing in a fog, and the whaler eventually bringing up heavily against an iceberg while sailing around the Horn. The director, Henry Hathaway, gets a lot of pictorial effectiveness out of the sea; it's too bad he didn't see fit to hack away some of the blubbery dialogue. With Cecil Kellaway, Gene Lockhart, Harry Davenport, Fuzzy Knight, and Jay C. Flippen. This large-scale adventure film, designed to attract children as well as their parents, is a remake of the 1922 film success. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 7.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, but it's coarsely compelling and never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

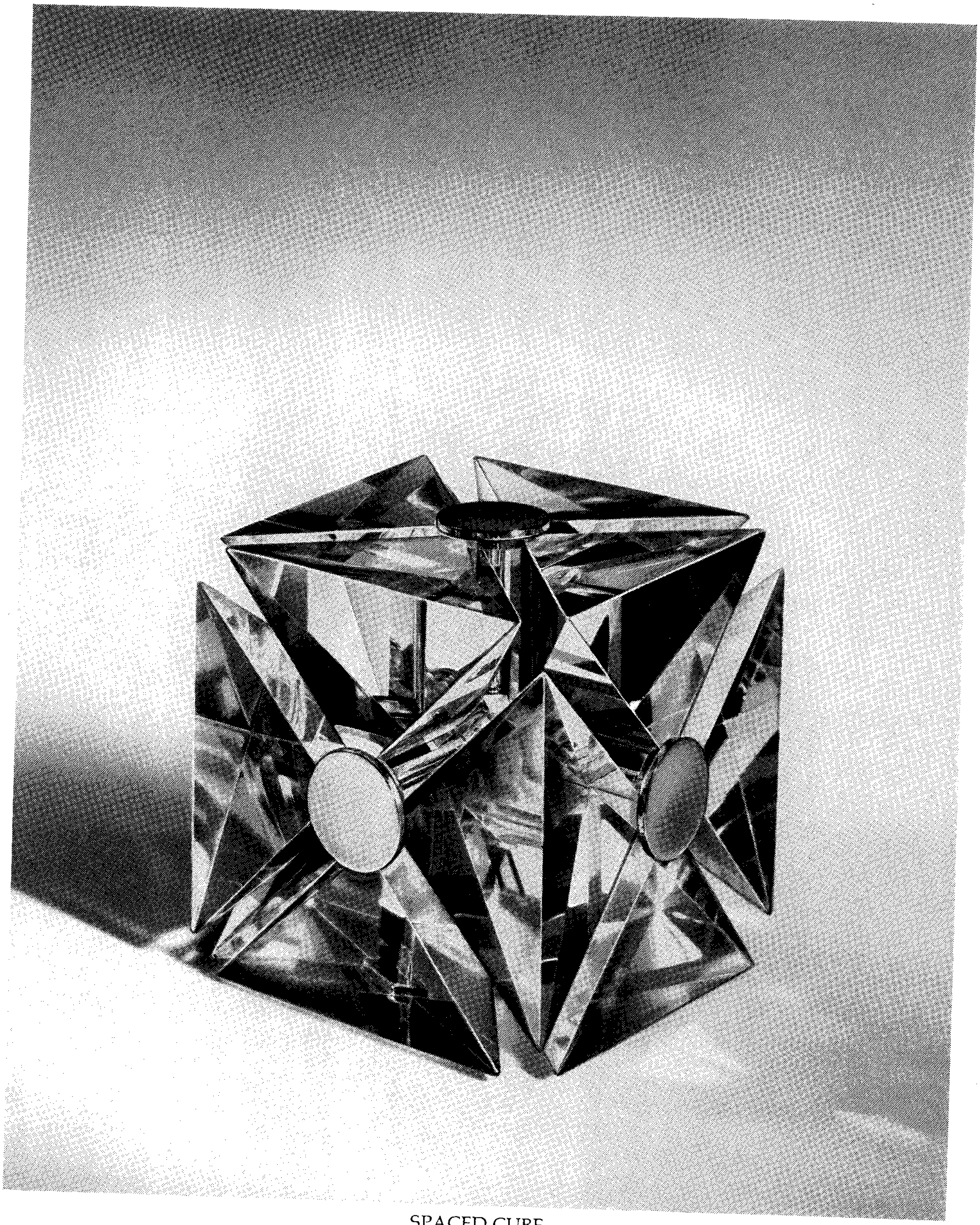
Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 8.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 10-11.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 10-11.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and



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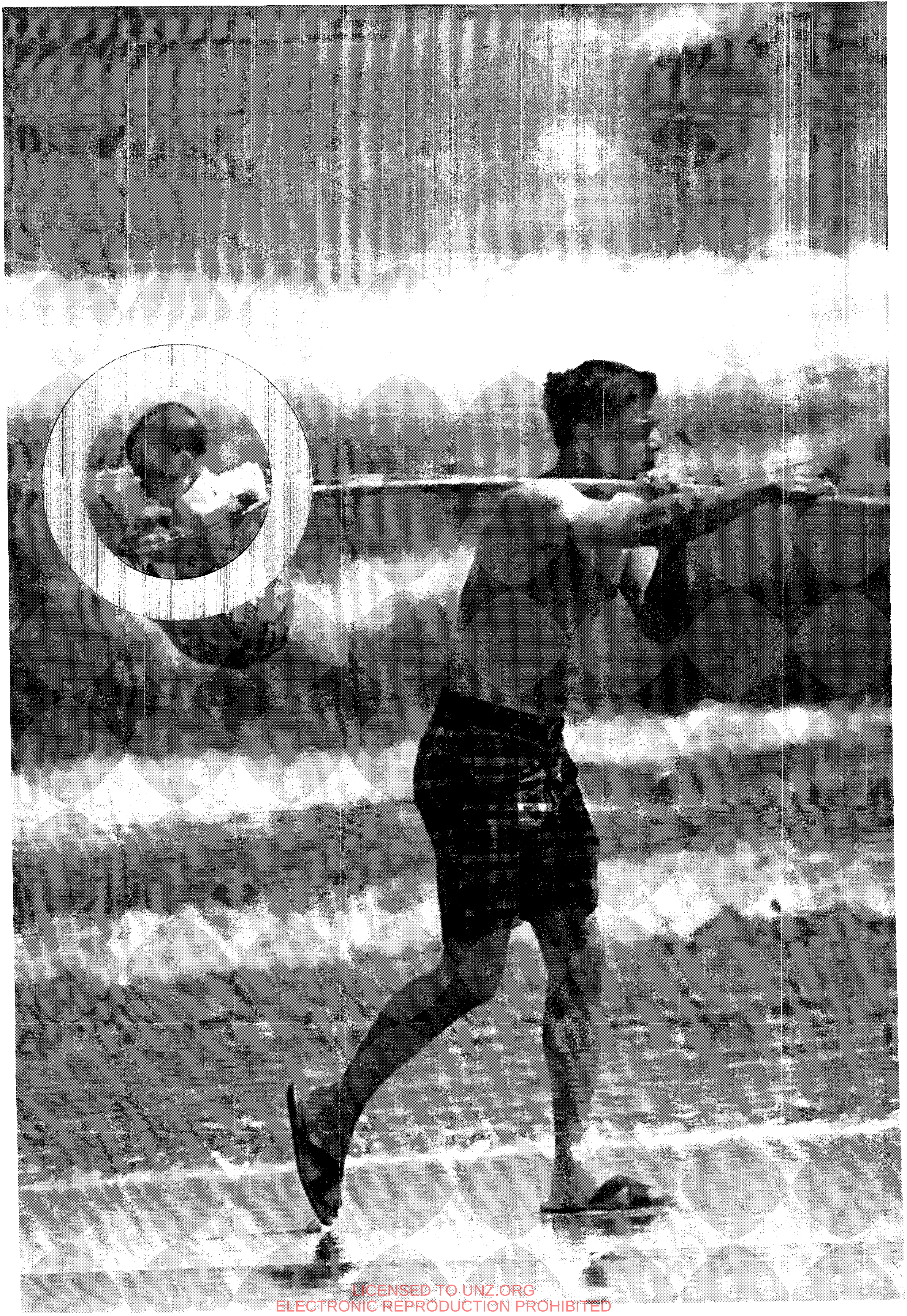

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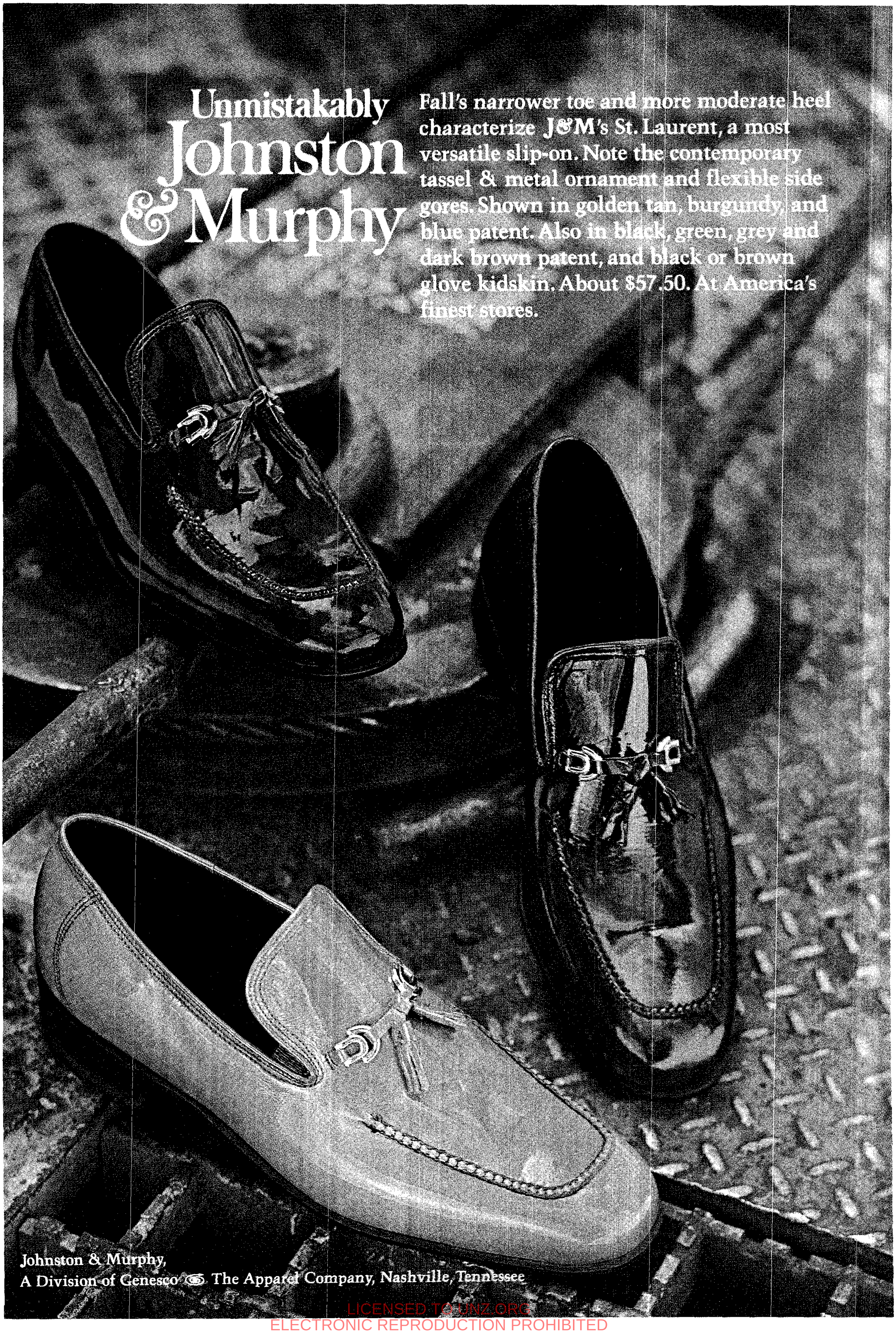

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written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Paramount, and Olympia; starting Sept. 11.)

THE GIRL FROM PETROVKA—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Music Hall.)

THE GO-BETWEEN (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

GRAND HOTEL (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-face Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 8.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID (1972)—One of the rare current comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Gramercy; through Sept. 10.)

THE HIRELING (1973)—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (6/16/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 5-9.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 12.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 5-9.)

THE LAST AMERICAN HERO (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 6.)

THE LONGEST YARD—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

LOVE AND ANARCHY—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 11.)

THE MAD ADVENTURES OF 'RABBI' JACOB—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In

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French. (7/22/74) (Art, Trans-Lux East, and Beacon.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 11.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

The Mark of Zorro (1940)—Tyrone Power, wanly miscast, stars in this lavish and inoffensive yet somewhat tiresome remake of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s, innocent, buoyant swashbuckler. The often imitated material had been squeezed dry by the time this version was made, and there are so many leisurely quaint conversations among Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, and Eugene Pallette that the swordplay, fast riding, and holdups seem like interpolated spasms of activity. Rouben Mamoulian directed; with Montagu Love, Janet Beecher, and J. Edward Bromberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 8-10.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her consumption patterns, and her infidelities. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

My Name Is Nobody—About a gunslinger of the eighteen-nineties who is already out of date and knows it, played by Henry Fonda in steel-rimmed glasses. Fonda is one of the rare actors who always look as if they were thinking. The hero worship of a young drifter (Terrence Hill), who proudly calls himself Nobody, does nothing to rescue him from his knowledge that it is better to be a small somebody than one of the spectacular but dead nobodies who people the history books about frontier times. Written by Ernesto Gastaldi from an idea by Sergio Leone. Sage, slightly oversophisticated. Directed by Tonio Valerii, (7/29/74) (U. A. East; through Sept. 10.)

Newman's Law—With George Peppard, directed by Richard Heffron. (U. A. East; through Sept. 10.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 9.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Elgin; through Sept. 10.)

The Owl and the Pussycat (1970)—A raucous romance, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal as sparring partners. They both win. Streisand can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, and Segal has the steadying grace that Tracy used to supply for Hepburn. Herbert Ross directed. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Paramount, and Olympia; starting Sept. 11.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Paramount; through the afternoon of Sept. 10. The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 4 and all day on Monday, Sept. 9.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Playboy. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

Pat Garrett and Billy The Kid (1973)—Ambitious, erotic, peculiarly unrealized account of how Garrett (James Coburn) hunts down his best friend Billy (Kris Kristofferson), with Bob Dylan (who sings the score, written by him) appearing as a buddy of Billy's. Sam Peckinpah directed, from a screenplay by Rudolf Wurlitzer. With Jason Robards, Katy Jurado, Rita Coolidge, Emilio Fernandez, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills, and Elisha Cook. Probably nobody involved was very happy about the results; Dylan doesn't come off at all. (Elgin; through Sept. 10.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 7.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Pink Floyd—Directed by Adrian Maben. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 11.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; starting Sept. 11.)

The Razor's Edge (1946)—Almost as irresistibly funny and terrible as "The Fountainhead." Tyrone Power plays the Somerset Maugham hero who journeys all the way to India and figures that he has hit upon a mystical bonanza when he hears a bewhiskered Yogi murmur, "There is in everyone of us a spark of the infinite goodness." Nobody in the film seems to be very agile mentally, from the Chicago débutante (beautiful Gene Tierney) whom the hero leaves behind when he sets out in pursuit of an inscrutable gleam to the girl he ultimately marries—poor, sad Sophie (Anne Baxter), who has tried to forget the death of her husband and child by surrendering herself to half the male population of the Parisian underworld. There are quantities of Chicago mansions and country clubs, French *bistros* and Indian lamaseries, and thousands of extras to keep the sets from looking bare. The performers move about in a vague, somnambulistic manner befitting a literary masterpiece, especially Herbert Marshall, who plays Maugham himself. Clifton Webb does a high-camp number as an expatriate snob. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 8-10.)

Reckless (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 11.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not

★★★★
EDITION

The Daily

VOLUME 506, N. 27—

WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy, Coo

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over $550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively.

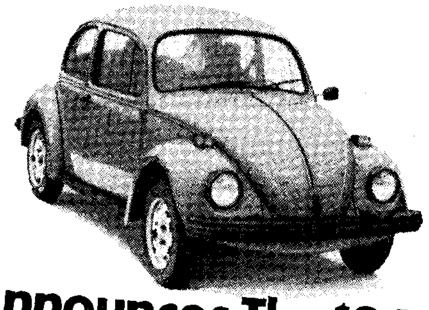
Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto mak

as quickly as

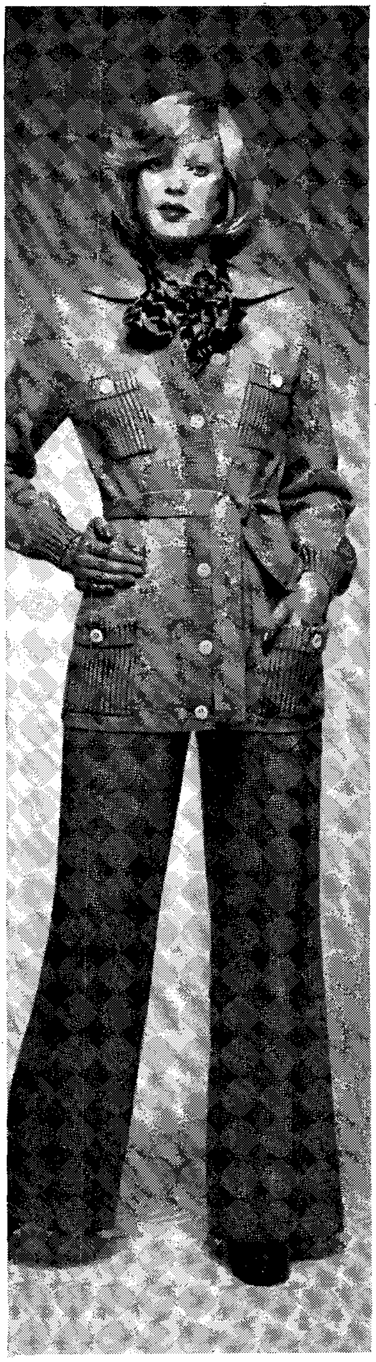
Little One Down!



Volkswagen Announces The $2499 Love Bug.*

A Specially Equipped, Limited Edition Beetle.

© Volkswagen of America, 1974. *Love Bug P.O.E., Suggested Retail Price, Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges Additional.



Fall '74 . . . easy and soft. But with a polish; a toning-in. As in Kasper's tweeded trousers, 60.00, to wear with a shirt that's printed in the same rust-and-green, 36.00. Overall: the sweater of the season . . . a soft, thin sweaterjacket knitted in beige wool, 38.00 and in green or blue, as well. All, 6 to 14 in Place Elegante Sportswear, 3rd Floor, New York. Also at all fashion branches except New Rochelle. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 355-5900.

bloomingdale's

let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 4.)

Reed: Insurgent Mexico (1971)—A Mexican film, directed by Paul Leduc. In Spanish. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (Regency; Sept. 6-8.)

The Saphead (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public until twenty years ago. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Elgin; Sunday, Sept. 8, one performance, at noon.)

Savage Sisters—With Gloria Hendry and Cheri Caffaro, directed by Eddie Romero. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top, with "The Navigator." It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Reisner. (Elgin; Sunday, Sept. 8, one performance, at noon.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Beekman.)

Suzy (1936)—Jean Harlow in a pasted-together story about an American showgirl barging about London and Paris during the First World War. She marries inventor Franchot Tone in London, then, thinking him dead, goes to Paris and marries famous aviator Cary Grant. Tone comes to Paris to work for Grant. . . . It's negligible, all right, but it isn't too awful, because Dorothy Parker and the other writers tossed in some dexterous badinage, and there are such bonuses as Jean Harlow trying to sing and Cary Grant demonstrating that he knows how (the clip appears in "That's Entertainment!"). Benita Hume is the delectable villainous; with Lewis Stone, Inez Courtney, and Una O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 11.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 4.)

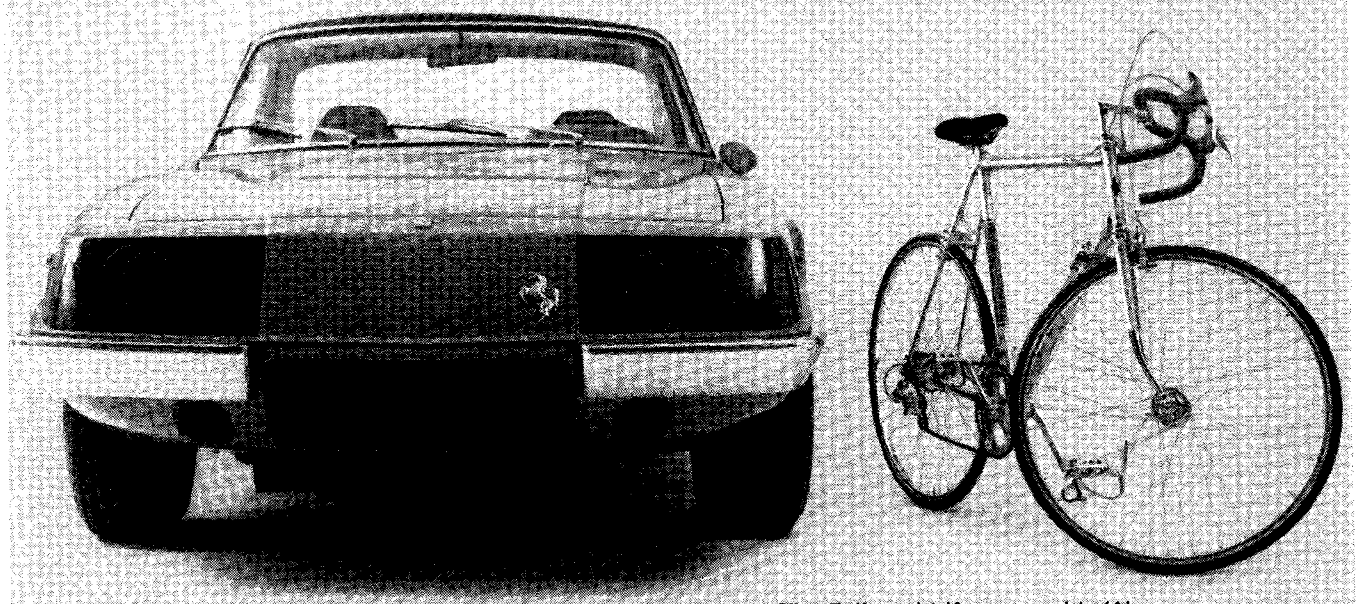
The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; starting Sept. 11.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—who just died—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (DeMille.)

Which costs more?

The Ferrari. **The Fuji Newest.**



Simple, huh?

Not quite.

For just as the Ferrari Zagato 330GT is no ordinary car, neither is the Fuji Newest an ordinary bike.

And just as the Ferrari boasts features not found on most other cars, so it is with the features found on this particular Fuji.

But let's compare, shall we.

The 2,400 lb. Ferrari has a rigid tubular frame that is so strong, so durable, and yet so lightweight, it can take the roughest bumps, the most hair-raising turns, the most grueling workouts all in its stride.

As is, and can, the Fuji. Yet it weighs a mere 21 lbs.

The Ferrari can go as fast as 164 miles per hour.

The Fuji could if man could. (Alas, man power has certain distinct disadvantages over horse power.)

The Ferrari offers a five speed manual transmission.

The Fuji, a whopping ten.

And just as the Ferrari offers a reputation and a pricetag few can meet, so too does the Fuji.

So which really costs more?

Dollar for dollar, it's the Ferrari. Price approximately $24,000. The Fuji Newest, approximately $500.

Pound for pound, it's the Fuji. It's approximately $13 more per pound than the Ferrari.

The minute you mount its sleek suede saddle we think you'll understand why.

One of the few things in life that's in a class of its own.

Fuji.

The Fuji collection of fine bicycles begins at a modest 150 dollars. Fuji America Division of Toshoku America Inc. 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

If you'd like to see the Chinese porcelains Benjamin Altman bought, head for the Met...

Buddha with Five Babies,
T'ung Chih period.
350.00

(If you'd like to see the Chinese porcelains our objets d'art buyer just brought in, head for Altman's this very minute.)

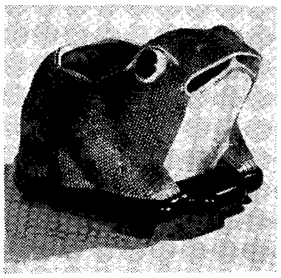
Following a trip around the world in 1882, Benjamin Altman became an avid and knowledgeable collector of fine Chinese porcelains. However, where the Orient was concerned Mr. Altman was anything but a commercial buyer. He would bring home his lovely pieces, exhibit them to the public with great fanfare, and promptly buy the entire batch for himself. Eventually, his collection ended up in the best possible place for it, the Metropolitan Museum.

Tea Pot,
T'ung Chih period.
125.00

Now, if you'd like to study Mr. Altman's own collection before you come to see our new Oriental group, make a sortie to the Metropolitan. Take the grand staircase up one flight. On your left and on your right you'll see "The Benjamin Altman Collection"—some of the world's rarest and most beautiful porcelains. So, even if New Yorkers couldn't buy Benjamin's Chinese treasures at any price, their children and *their* children have inherited them anyway.

Blue and white soup tureen,
T'ung Chih period. 450.00

Today, collecting Oriental porcelain is as much an art as it was in Mr. Altman's time. Every year our buyer takes off for the Orient to shop for old and antique Chinese and Japanese porcelains. We're delighted to announce that her latest treasures have just been uncrated and they are beauties.

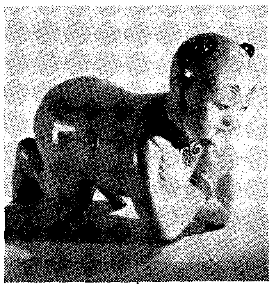


Frog planter,
T'ung Chih period.
350.00

What's shown here is but a tiny cross section of our collection. You'll find teapots, ginger jars, temple carvings, bowls, plates, paint boxes, planters, vases, gallipots. And that's only the beginning. It's an enchanting exhibit and once again proves what people are constantly saying...

B Altman & Co

is a most surprising store.



Baby pillow,
Tau Kwang period.
250.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

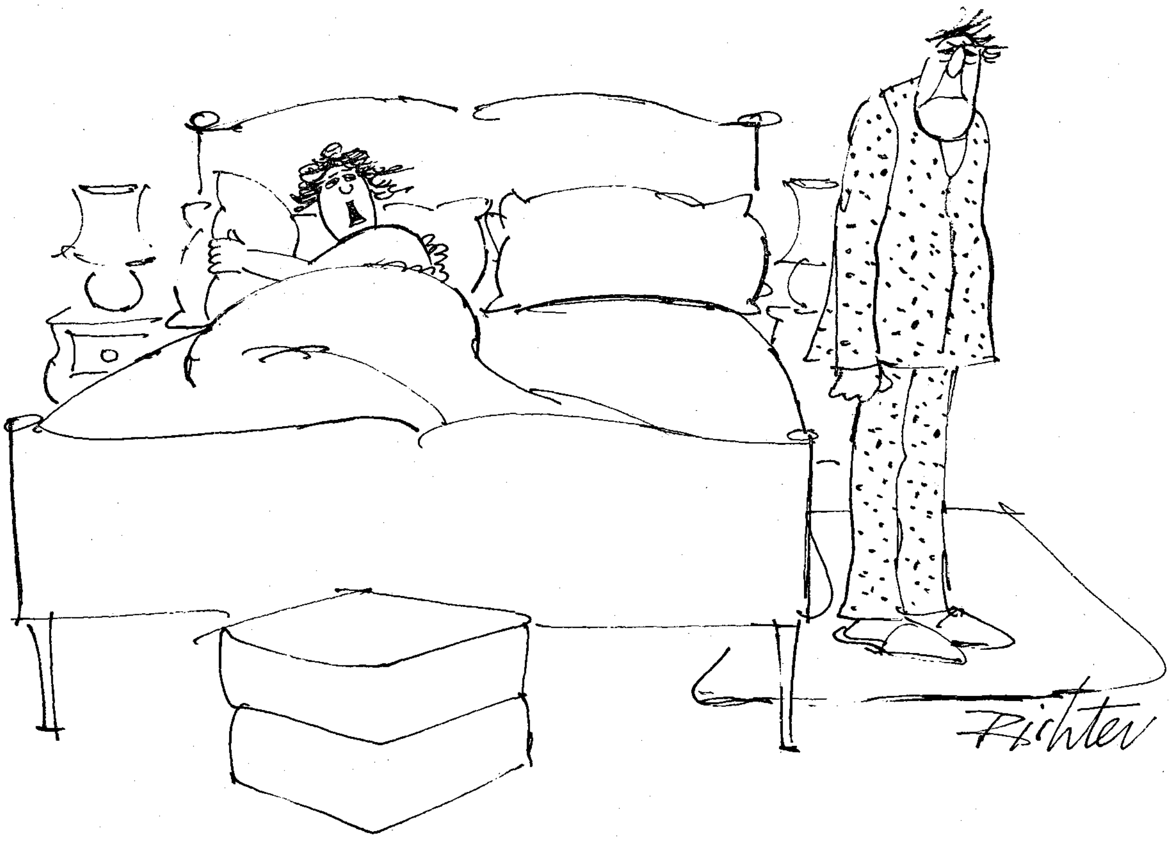
Notes and Comment

ON the day that Russia announced it had put two cosmonauts into orbit on an unexplained fact-finding mission, we all heard that Charles Lindbergh had died. "Lucky Lindy" and "The Lone Eagle" he was called by the newspapers in 1927. Even then, nobody thought to call him Charlie. He took off on May 20th, without radio or co-pilot or parachute or sleep, or any other help but the famous sandwiches. For much of the trip he flew so low above the Atlantic that spray from the wind-driven whitecaps blew into his face whenever he leaned out the cockpit window in an effort to stay awake. When he approached Ireland, he idled his engine and called down to a startled fisherman in a dory to ask where he was. Reaching Le Bourget airfield, touching down in the small clearing that perhaps ten thousand surging spectators had left available to him, with a letter of introduction to the American Ambassador in his pocket, he must have sensed that he would never have privacy again. Unlike the early astronauts, who were catapulted into space as part of a team, Lindbergh did it alone, on his own, and that's what aroused the imagination of America. He bears comparison with Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, the young, aristocratic Civil War commander described by Robert Lowell: "He has an angry wrenlike vigilance/ A greyhound's gentle tautness;/ He seems to wince at pleasure/ And suffocate for privacy." Later, the private man had to endure the days and weeks of the furiously public trial of the murderer of his son. He cared, if anything, too much about peace. When he had to, though, he went willingly to war, and to the end of his life he battled for the right of birds and animals to range freely, observing in birds' migration over the oceans a journey as precarious and remarkable as his own. He let the world know about the excitement of flying. Scrapbooks of news clippings about his feat, culled by adolescents of that time, which nobody who was young then can ever forget, still reside in the attics of summer houses across the country. As a magazine, we were two years old, and here's what we had to say: "When the flyer landed in Paris every newspaper was 'first to have a correspondent at the plane.' This was a heartening manifestation of that kinship that is among man's greatest exaltations. It was beautifully and tenderly expressed in the cable Ambassador Herrick sent the boy's patient mother: 'Your incomparable son has done me the honor to be my guest.' We liked that; and for twenty-four hours the world seemed pretty human."

Skill, Love, and Humanity

PENNANT Fever at Fenway. Temperatures Rise in Beantown As Bosox Open Up A.L. East Race. Athens of America in an Uproar—But What About the Spaceman? As the excitement mounted, we shuttled off to Boston, where everyone's talking about the Red Sox, for the important middle game of the Boston-Oakland series. That night, it was to be Bill Lee, erratic but capable, with a terrific pickoff move, 14–11 on the season, nickname the Spaceman, going for Boston vs. Jim (Catfish) Hunter, 18–10, ace of the Oakland mound staff. The two top teams in the American League were matched up against each other for the last time this season. Boston was hot. Was Oakland faltering? At Logan Airport, we flipped through the *Globe* and found, on the sports page, one of those "This Day in History" features—all about what had happened to the Red Sox on the same day in 1967, the last year they copped the Junior Circuit flag. Turned out that August 24, 1967, had been Nuns' Day at Fenway Park. Then we hopped a cab to the ballpark (Yellow Cab No. 160; driver, Tom Petruso) and went lickety-split, Mr. Petruso explaining that we ought to be at the stadium by a quarter to four, at the latest, to get a ticket—game time was seven-thirty—and, furthermore, that it improved the traffic flow to drive at that speed. Box seats and grandstand seats had been sold out for days. One-third of the bleacher seats had been snapped up that A.M. The remaining five thousand bleacher seats would go on sale at six sharp.

Outside Gate C, Michael Gibbons,



"The President of the United States of America makes his own breakfast."

• •

a youthful Boston sportswriter friend, awaited us. Gibbons is a unique sportswriter, as far as we know. His slant is the overview, and he thinks that what is being experienced by people at sports events—what happens to them, and what this experience can do for them—is just as interesting as what takes place on the field. Gibbons used to teach chemistry, but he got tired of that; his father was a sportswriter for the Lowell (Mass.) *Sun*, the Portland (Maine) *Press-Herald*, and the San Diego (Calif.) *Union*, and was an official scorer in the Pacific Coast League. Gibbons came to our attention when we read a fascinating article of his called "The Boston Bruins: A Powerhouse Generating Skill, Love, and Humanity," which was prepared for a Cambridge outfit called The Institute for Studies in Ontological Nuclei and hasn't yet appeared in print. A few excerpts:

> Whatever it is that brings the faithful to the Boston Garden on nights the Bruins are playing, one thing is quite impressive. It is the electricity that surrounds the Garden just before the game. The fans are entering the arena, noisily, walking with a quick, nervous stride. They seem as bees converging on the hive with something to deposit and hungry for nourishment of some kind. Something, some substance, seems to be generated in vast quantities as fans enter the arena. This charge accelerates as the action of the game commences and the fans adjust to the quickening tempo. A kind of reciprocal feeding appears to be happening between players and fans.... This reciprocal relationship between fans and players tends to create a charge of energy....
>
> What is the effect of this charge on the humanity present? The people attending the game seem to get something from the event. A lot of energy is burned off during the game.... This is all the result of a very normal event under the normal conditions of life. In fact, acting normal and attending normal events gives a person a good chance to see what is extraordinary in a person and in life.

Another thing that happens to hockey fans, Gibbons says, is that they use much more air than they would walking down the street. Huge amounts of air are being taken in and breathed, screamed, or yelled out. "And," he says, "this air is being exchanged with all the others present. The action arouses emotions that seem to fuel an electrical energy that can't be seen but certainly can be felt." Gibbons calls this charge a "cone of power."

Hordes of baseball fans were now gathered around Gate C, waiting for it to be thrown open upon five thousand bleacher seats. We saw a Red Sox button ("Yaz, Sir, That's My Baby!"), a political bumper sticker on a car engulfed by people ("SEE YOU LATER, WATERGATER"), and T-shirts of every persuasion ("RON JON SURF SHOP," "NORMAN'S TOY AND NOVELTY," "SICKNESS AND PERVERSION WILL PREVAIL," "KNOWHOW WORKSHOP"). Maureen, from Attleboro, had a pennant and a big Bill Lee button and a boy friend she called Hamburg. An old lady with a box-seat ticket, who had driven down from Vermont, was waiting for game time sitting in another engulfed car and eating potato salad with a gold fork. It was hot and sticky. The mood was buoyant, and we thought of Ebbets Field in the fifties. Gibbons was enjoying himself. We asked him how he would describe the scene. "Baseball makes people feel very secure," he said. "It's so much a part of everyone's unconscious that they can just grab on to it. These same people might be in a different crowd in a different situation and be panic-stricken. This waiting is one of the things I like best. There's no game being played at all now, but because there's going to *be* a game, everyone's tensions are focussed on the same thing, and our defenses against each other are almost obliterated—we're more friendly, happy, festive. We're a generator, a powerhouse, because our attention is fused together. And there's real anticipation—not knowing if there are more people outside here than there are seats inside, not knowing what kind of seats we'll get."

At five to six, the gates opened. Yelling and screaming, the surge pressed inward. We ran to a ticket window, bought tickets, had the tickets taken, ran up stairs, looked for good seats (third row, up a high step), and sat down. Gibbons looked at his watch. It said two to six.

What a fantastic ballpark. Cute, intimate, comfortable, great sight lines, irregularly shaped outfield. Oakland was taking batting practice and then infield practice. Then the Sox took infield practice, and the pitchers warmed up, Bill Lee flirting with the teeny-boppers. It was Latin-American Night, and Luis Tiant, Juan Marichal, and Diego Segui got awards, along with the rest of the Cuban and Puerto Rican ballplayers. The fans sang "José, Can You See." A quarter-moon rose. The hour and a half to game time passed in a flash.

"There are lots of little generators in baseball," Gibbons said. "Most of them definitely circular. Infielders tossing the ball around the horn. Baserunning in a wide arc. The tight parabola of a peg home from center field. It is stated in Sufic circles—or so I have heard—that people are fed by some kind of food other than ordinary food. A baseball game is a feast, and a pennant drive—if we are to talk in those terms—would be the sauce that helps the invited to taste."

Hunter and Lee both pitched well. A fine game—heads-up ball all the way. The score was 1–1 going into the top of the ninth. Then Lee got a blister on his pitching hand, and Diego Segui came on, to give up three runs and the ballgame. "Well," said Gibbons, "tonight we fed on the agony of defeat instead of the thrill of victory. But what a meal!"

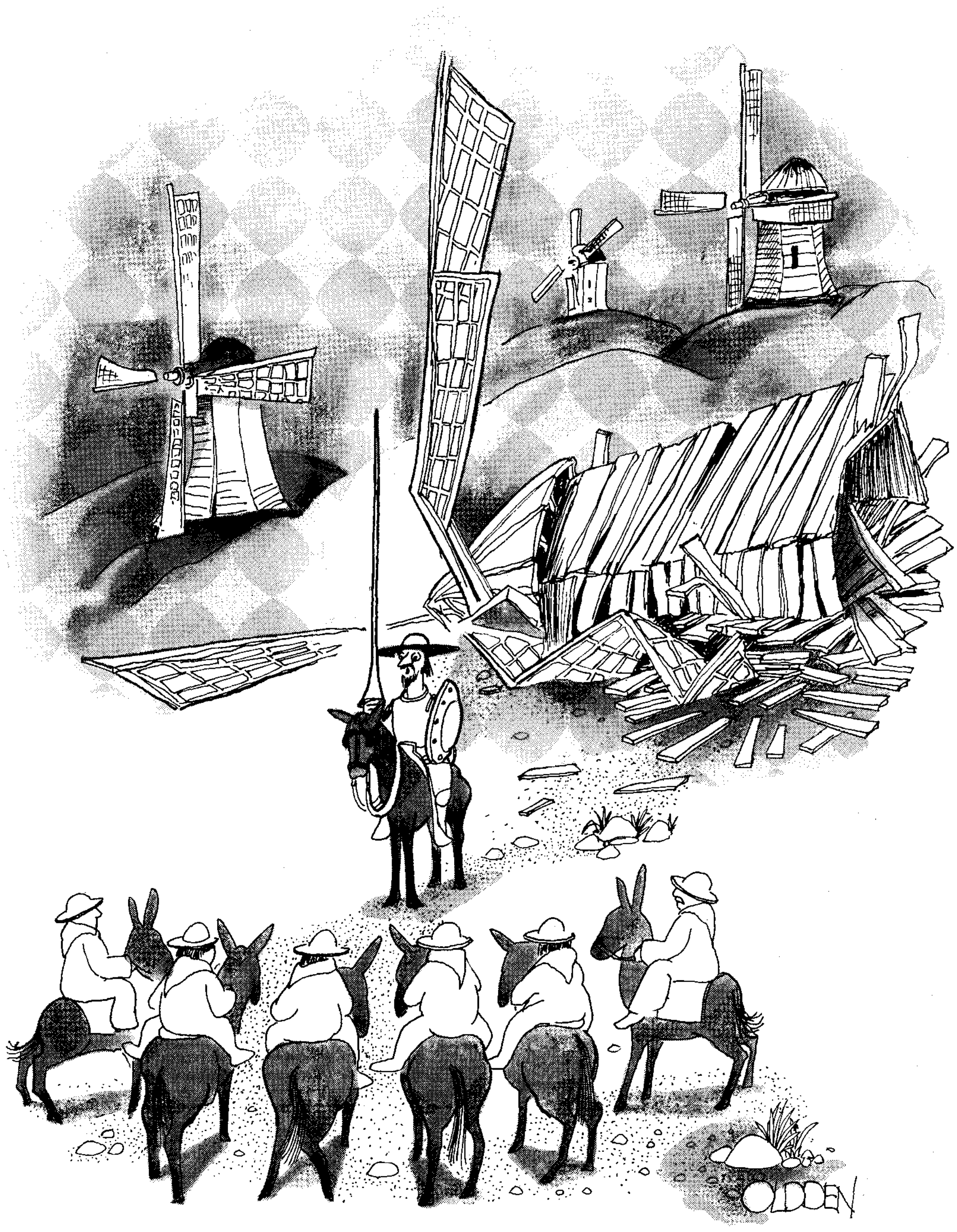
Tidings

A FRIEND who was driving through the Poconos last weekend aimlessly turned on his car radio; tuned in WVPO, in Stroudsburg; heard a solemn voice say, "We now bring you the Obituary of the Day, sponsored by the funeral directors of the area;" instantly snapped off his set; and departed from the area.

New Man in Town

EVERYBODY comes to New York sooner or later. Among the fairly recent arrivals is a fifty-year-old, non-stop-talking crusader named Robert Pickus, a founder, the president, and the main spokesman of an organization called the World Without War Council. We met Mr. Pickus at his newly established headquarters, on top of the Flatiron Building. "We're a very independent outfit—a sport in the peace-organization jungle—so these quarters seemed sort of right for us," he said. "Although we have a foot in the U.N.-oriented camp, it would strike a false note for us to be over near First Avenue, and it would be equally wrong for us to be down in SoHo with the peace-cause groups. Our criticism of the conventional peace movement has been almost as sharp as our criticism of the balance-of-power people. Besides, the rent's cheap, because we don't have any water in this penthouse and, as you may have noticed, you have to climb thirty-eight steps to get here."

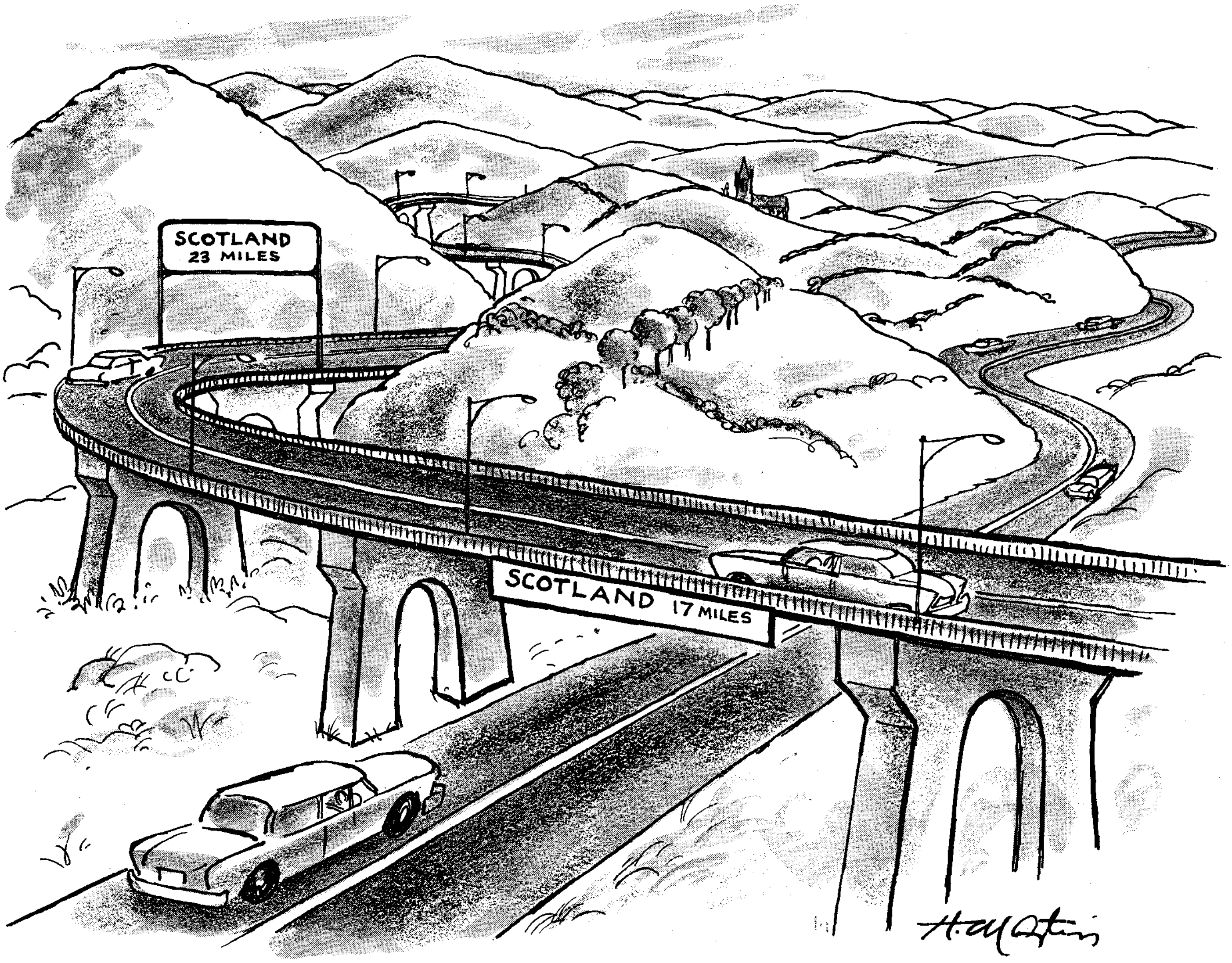
While we were still catching our breath, Mr. Pickus went on to say that the Council has been in existence since 1967, and until fairly recently was principally based in Berkeley, California, where he lives, with his wife and children. He is currently a transcontinental commuter, after a fashion, coming East every month or so for a ten-day stretch. "I've been in peace practically my entire adult life," he said, "but I'd never wanted to come to New York before, because that's where nearly every other group has its mimeograph machines. I wanted to concentrate on regional work, in places like Seattle, and like Oakland, where we've been able to have a demonstrable impact on groups such as the Episcopal Diocese of California. We're a minimalist organization trying to function



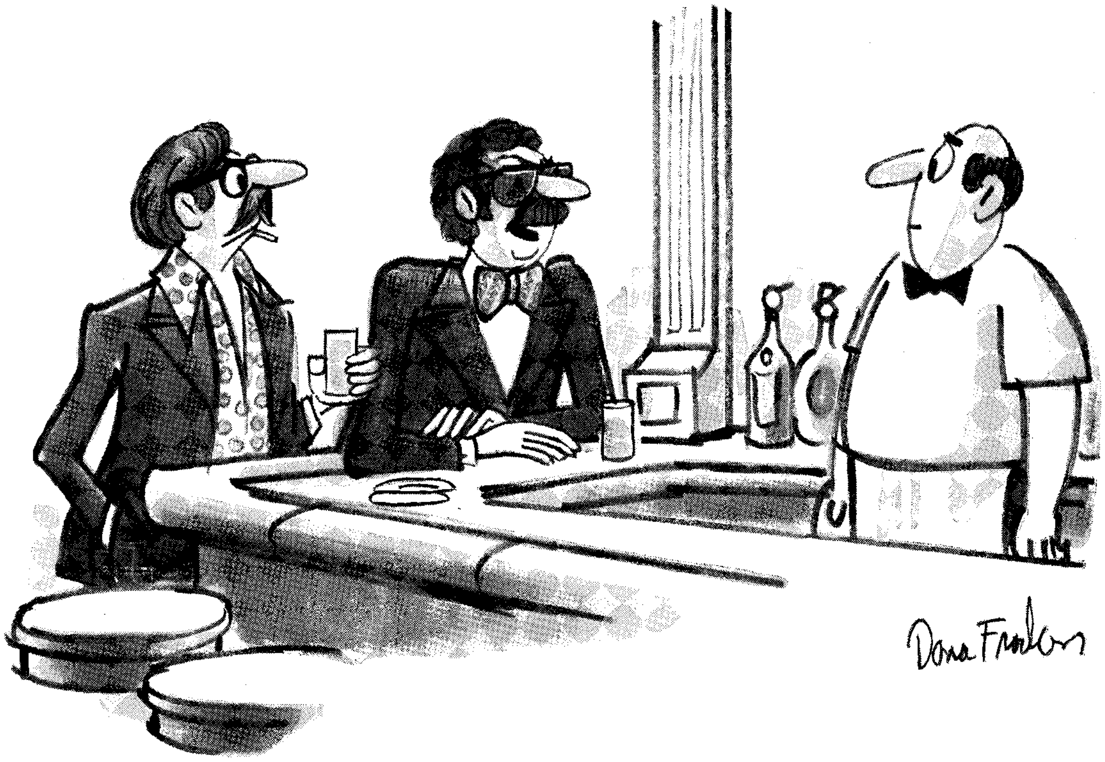
"So, you see, it's mainly a matter of timing and footwork."

as a catalyst in a field where most people regard the primary goal as something that isn't feasible. Do you know that there have been more than a hundred wars since 1945? We have a list that was drawn up by a Hungarian peace researcher, except that he left out the invasion of Hungary—which is characteristic of what we're up against. One of our megalomaniacal goals is to try to link up all the people active in the peace field—church groups, labor, the underground world—and to get each group to put the ending of wars on its permanent long-range agenda and take it *seriously*. Our claim is that with suitable perspectives we can develop some common thought among the pacifists and the world-law crowd and the disarmament people and other groups, like psychiatrists, who are examining war and peace in the larger sense, from the point of view of man himself. Up to now, the farther we've stayed from New York, the easier it has seemed to pull different groups together."

Mr. Pickus, who might have a Ph.D. in political science if his dissertation were not twenty-odd years overdue, told us that he has led a reasonably peripatetic life: born in Sioux City, raised in Illinois, educated in Chicago and London, war service—chiefly with the O.S.S.—in Sweden. "In Stockholm, it made an enormous impression on me to be thrown together with one ethically centered refugee after another—men for whom the likelihood of failure was an integral part of existence but who nonetheless clung to a belief in the importance of persisting in their ideals," he said. "In 1951, I looked around for a place that would feed me while I tried to end all wars, and I went to work for the Quakers, but I left, because I felt they had inadequate political understanding. In 1961, Robert Gilmore and I started an organization called Turn Toward Peace, which was supposed to be a clearinghouse for sixty or so groups. But Vietnam soon intruded and began to eclipse every other issue. We in the peace movement may have to pay a terrible price for some fundamental moral and political errors we made during that war. Too many peace workers propagated the notion that the only bad thing about Vietnam was American power, and that Hanoi, for instance, couldn't be blamed for *anything*. How can you keep telling people that their country is uniquely corrupt, vicious, and exploitative, and then hope to get them to move in concert with the rest of the world? I'm a pacifist, but I seem to spend too much of my time these days arguing with my pacifist brethren. Right now, we're hung up on amnesty, which I'm afraid is beginning to prolong the polarization caused by the war. *Our* view of men who left the country rather than take the consequences of being conscientious objectors is that while conscience is naturally of value, so is law, and individuals just can't be permitted to walk in and out of political systems as *they* choose. We in the Council generally favor bringing people home in some way that won't rupture the delicate connective elements of society—perhaps by offering them amnesty but with an alternative service requirement. A lot of peace people disagree with us on that. The left feels that we're selling out, and the right thinks that we're either dangerous or idiotic, and the middle doesn't seem to be able to grasp what we're talking



about. Still, we have to push on, and I hope to be able to link up some of the energy left over from Vietnam to find committed leadership for peace, to bind that together, to relate it to all segments of the community, and to rebuild whatever it is that people in this country need to make them tackle large challenges. Well, we've stayed away from New York all along, and have kept pure, I suppose, getting by with small sums of money and young volunteers. But we haven't accomplished enough. So now we're here in the mainstream, and I just hope we don't become like many East Coast organizations and devote most of our time to raising enough money simply to stay in business. That would be bad for, among other things, my pride, and it's been my pride that's kept me going. If you think your energies and abilities are worth anything, you want a task that's really big. Mine feels a little bit too big to me right now."



"You settle this, Ernie. Is life a director's medium or a writer's medium?"

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LETTERING on the window of a Second Avenue hairdressing establishment:

FAUSTO DI MILANO
FORMERLY BRIAND OF GREAT NECK

Night Walk

WE are happy to report that we participated in and survived what turned out to be one of the great social events of the summer of 1974. The great social event was a nocturnal walking tour of midtown, sponsored by the Friends of Central, Prospect, and Branch Brook Parks. It began in Shubert Alley at 2:30 A.M. the other Sunday, with some five hundred partygoers in attendance. Jeans, overalls, wild shirts, sandals, shoulder bags, knapsacks, and cameras. Music from three flutes, two basses, and a conga drum. Some of the people looked under seventeen. Some looked over seventy. At 2:40 A.M., Robert Makla, a founder of the Friends of Central Park, picked up a bullhorn and shouted, "We must walk rapidly and end up at Pier 83, on the Hudson River, in ten minutes!"

From this point, incident piled upon incident, as follows:

2:45 A.M.: Five hundred walkers set off down Forty-fifth Street. Not many passersby, but what passersby there are do a lot of staring. At Eleventh Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, two dogs on a fire escape are yowling. A block farther south, everyone stops at the Landmark Tavern, a red brick building dating from 1868, whose lights have been left on for the occasion. Surrounding landscape of trucks and trailers and cyclone fences. At Pier 84, an incomplete sign reads merely "Is Expected to Dock at." Enthusiasm mounting in the crowd gathering at the river's edge. Lights from the Hudson River Day Line's pier casting iridescent reflections on the water.

3:07 A.M.: Four policemen arrive in unmarked cars, take a look, and depart.

3:30 A.M.: Air balmy (it has rained earlier). Unmistakable camaraderie enveloping the walkers. A stop at Tenth Avenue and Fortieth Street, with remarks about the Florentine architecture of a former slaughterhouse, and with glances at St. Raphael's Roman Catholic Church and the Croatian Center. Then another incomplete sign: "L V Burlesk." A regretful, lingering look at the old Franklin Savings Bank, at Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street, whose ornate interior and exterior have been stunningly lighted for the occasion, but which is slated for demolition soon. A pause outside the elaborately carved Lyric Theatre, on West Forty-third Street. A half-hour tour of the interior of the Lyceum Theatre, on West Forty-fifth Street, which has been opened for the occasion. Much admiration of its wood panelling, carved plaster, and terra-cotta décor, which has not been altered since its construction, in 1903.

4:48 A.M.: Makla at the bullhorn, urging the group onward. A stop outside the New York Yacht Club, on West Forty-fourth Street, whose interior has been lighted for the occasion, revealing an intricately patterned stained-glass ceiling.

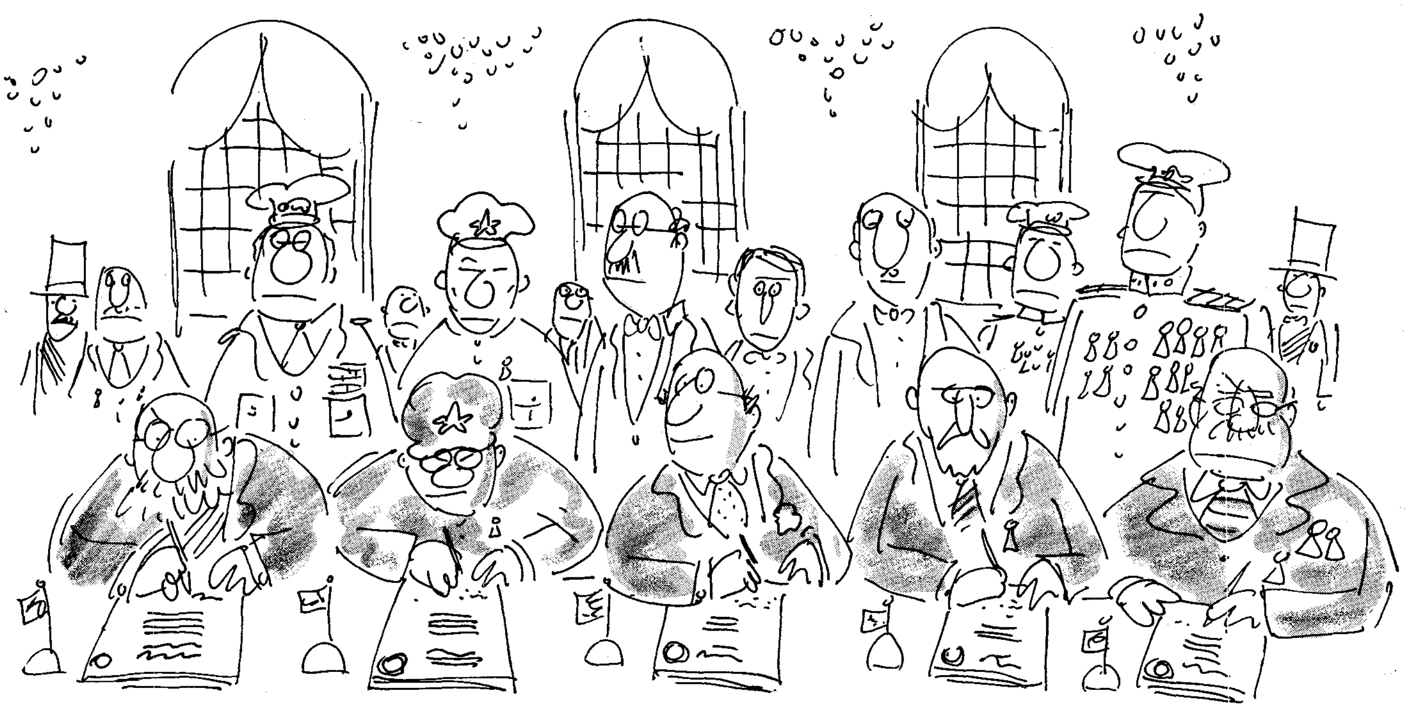
5:33 A.M.: Grand Central Terminal, with the sky beginning to turn from black to cobalt blue.

6:15 A.M.: The lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, which has granted the walkers permission to come in and sit on its carpet for a while.

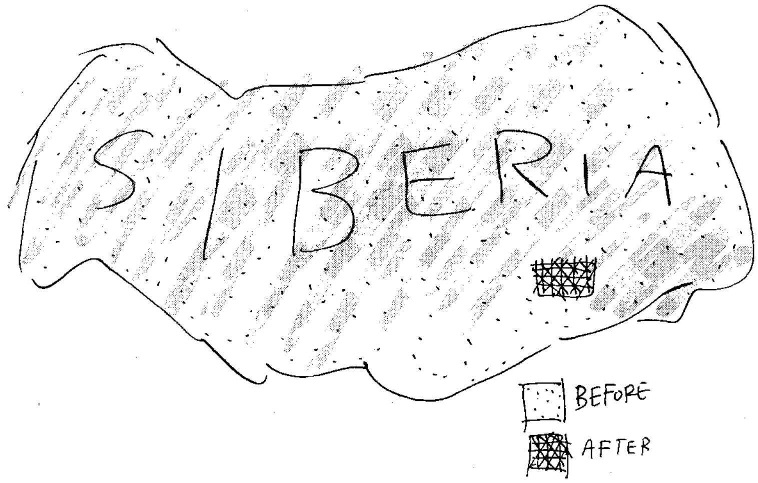
6:47 A.M.: Park at Beekman Place. Shoulder bags and knapsacks are opened, and breakfasts are eaten, offered, and traded. A brilliant-red sun rises, gets caught for an instant in the cables of the Queensboro Bridge.

7:10 A.M.: Off to bed.

THE SIZE-LIMITATION TREATY

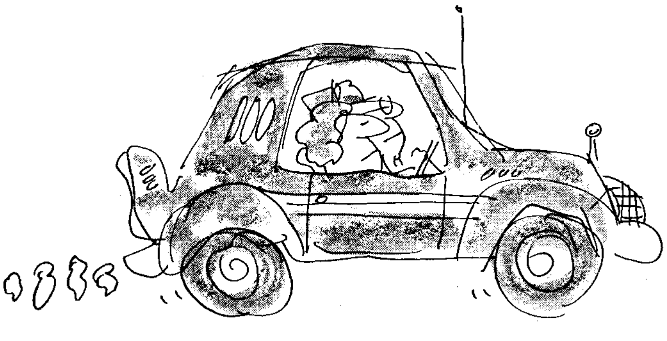


EARLIER THIS WEEK, THE NON-ARMAMENT SIZE-LIMITATION AGREEMENT WAS FORMALLY SIGNED BY THE NUCLEAR POWERS. ALTHOUGH IT SPECIFICALLY DOES NOT DEAL WITH WEAPONS OF WAR, THE TREATY WILL LIMIT THE SIZE OF ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE, AND THIS, IT IS HOPED, WILL EVENTUALLY LEAD TO A SCALING DOWN OF WORLD ARMAMENTS.



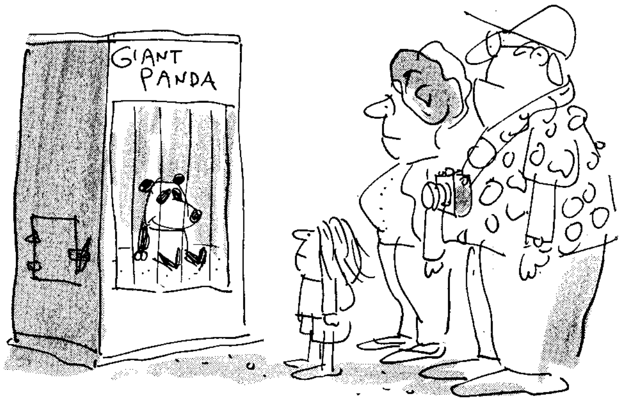
UNDER THE TERMS OF THE TREATY, RUSSIA HAS AGREED TO REDUCE THE SIZE OF SIBERIA TO EIGHTY ACRES, WHILE THE UNITED STATES WILL CUT NEW JERSEY DOWN TO THREE CITY BLOCKS. CHINA HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO DISMANTLE THE GREAT WALL, WHICH WILL BE SHORTENED TO 1.8 MILES. THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD WILL BE CONVERTED INTO A COMMUTER RUN TO VLADIVOSTOK.

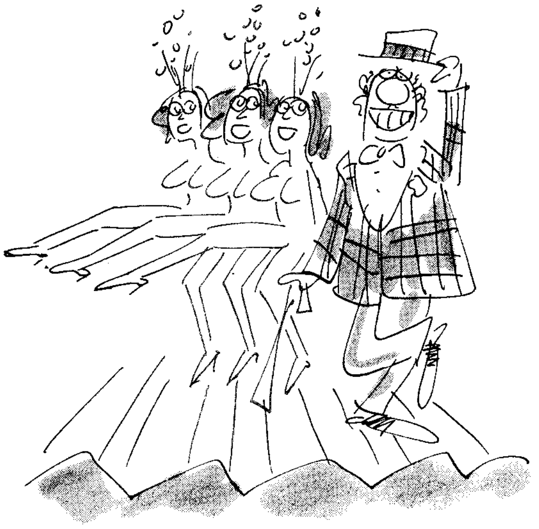
GREAT BRITAIN HAS PROMISED TO SHORTEN "THE CANTERBURY TALES", AND CHINA WILL SHORTEN HER HISTORY. THE UNITED STATES, MEANWHILE, WILL SHORTEN THE WHEELBASE ON THE CADILLAC ELDORADO.



NEW CADDY

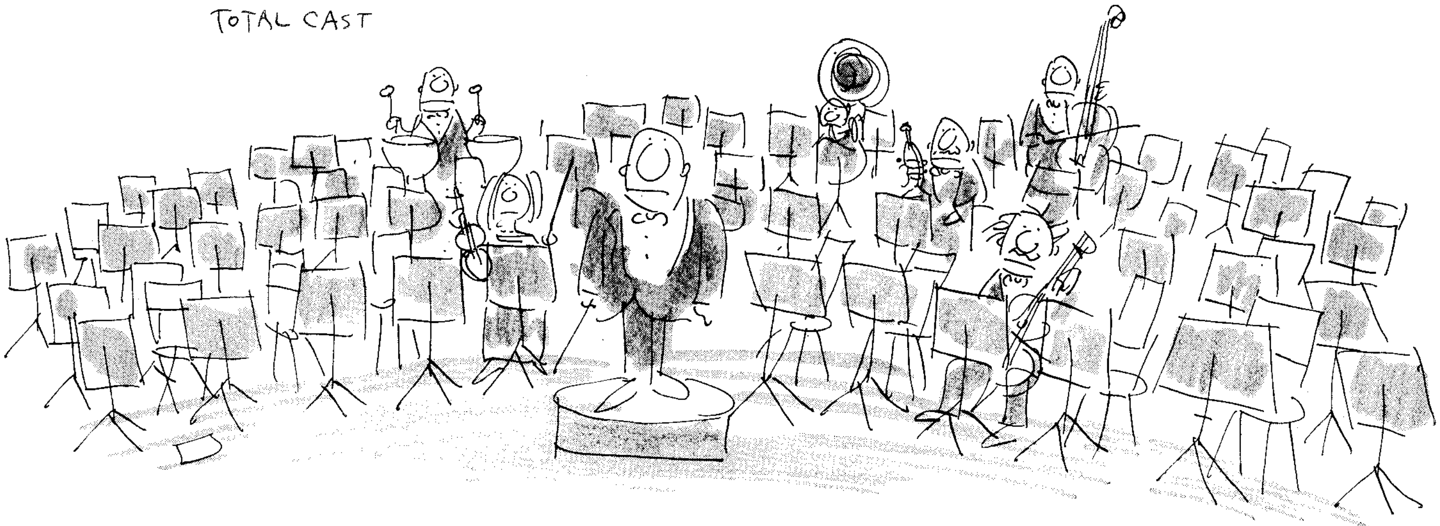
THE DALLAS-FORT WORTH AIRPORT WILL BE SCRAPPED. IN EXCHANGE, CHINA WILL REDUCE THE GIANT PANDA TO EIGHT INCHES, AND RUSSIA WILL DONATE SVERDLOVSK TO THE LOUVRE, IN PARIS. SKEPTICS SAY THIS MAY NOT WORK, BECAUSE THE LOUVRE IS COMMITTED TO CLOSING DOWN EIGHTY-FOUR ROOMS IF THE UNITED STATES SHORTENS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. REGARDLESS, NEXT FALL'S MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE WILL BE ONLY SIXTEEN PAGES, AND SPEECHES IN MOSCOW WILL BE LIMITED TO TEN MINUTES.



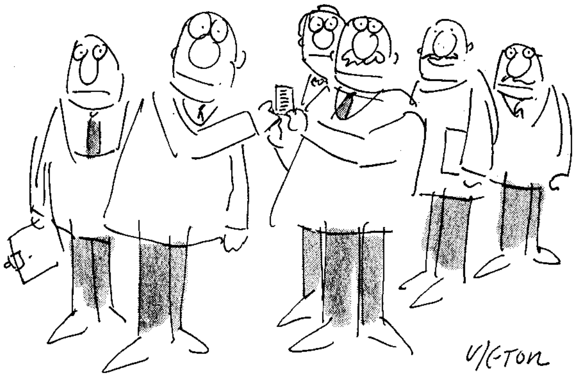


TOTAL CAST

THE UNITED STATES, BY REDUCING THE SIZE OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, WON A CONCESSION FROM THE U.S.S.R. WHICH WILL LIMIT THE BOLSHOI BALLET TO EIGHT PERFORMANCES A YEAR. FRANCE WILL CUT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE TO THREE GIRLS AND A COMEDIAN.



THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
(REVISED)



NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS?

REFLECTING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS AGREEMENT, NOBEL PRIZES WILL, FOR THE FIRST TIME, OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZE SMALLNESS. A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS FROM SACRAMENTO IS EXPECTED TO WIN WITH ITS PLAN FOR A MINIATURIZED HOME-OWNERS' INSURANCE POLICY.

SIC TRANSIT

"IT wouldn't have happened in a Socialist system," Dave's father said as he backed the car down the driveway. He shifted around uncomfortably, compressing his lips and puffing out his cheeks the way he always did when he was tired or in pain.

"Maybe the driver just didn't see us," Anne said from the back seat.

"He saw us, he saw us," Dave said. "He doesn't like his job, and he decided not to stop for us—that's all."

Dave and Anne had spent Labor Day at Dave's parents' house in South Nyack. In the middle of the afternoon, they ate a big meal, which Dave's father cooked, grumbling as usual about having to get food ready at odd times of day. The idea had been for Dave and Anne to get an early bus, but for more than an hour after dinner Dave's mother went around the house and garden finding things for them to take back to the city. Anne followed her, squeaking gratefully as brown paper bags and shopping bags filled with books, potted begonias, cookies, clipped magazine articles, ears of corn, and cut flowers with their crushed stems wrapped first in a soaking-wet paper towel. The towel was in turn wrapped in a sheet of waxed paper, which was supposed to keep the towel from dripping but which Dave knew wouldn't. He trailed in the two women's wake, muttering about having to "carry all this crap to the subway, on the subway, and up the subway stairs." His father went to his room to lie down and rest his back.

Finally, Dave and Anne climbed the hill behind the house to Broadway and waited in the hot afternoon sun for the No. 9-A Red & Tan bus to New York. After a few minutes, the bus came into view a half mile north. It made its usual stops on the way toward the corner where Dave and Anne were waiting—where Dave had caught the bus hundreds of times in the past after visiting his parents. As it approached, Dave took a step into the road, set down the bags he was carrying, and waved the commuter tickets that his mother had pressed on him when she kissed him goodbye. "Here comes the bus," he said. But instead of slowing down and stopping, the bus gathered speed. It charged past like a gigantic red bull, leaving Dave with his arm extended and the tickets in his hand flapping violently. The bus driver's expression was serene and remote, and the passengers stared curiously at Dave and Anne through the green-tinted windows as they went by.

"Did you see that?" Dave said. "That son of a bitch went right by. Did you see that?"

"It was pretty hard to miss," Anne said, stifling a laugh. "What'll we do?"

"The only thing is to get my father to drive us. We can get ahead of the bus because it doesn't go straight south. We can head it off at the Palisades light, where it turns onto Route 9-W. Son of a bitch."

"Why don't we wait for the next one?"

"Ahh, it'll be too crowded. Don't forget it's Labor Day, and it's getting late. If you and my mother hadn't spent all that time gathering freight, we—"

"Maybe we could go in in the morning. Your faculty meeting isn't till noon, is it?"

"I just want to get back," Dave said severely. He picked up the packages and walked quickly down the hill. Anne had to run to catch up to him.

"IN a Socialist system, bus drivers wouldn't be exploited for the bosses' profit," Dave's father continued. They had left South Nyack and were driving toward Palisades on 9-W. He rather abruptly put his foot on the brake, for no discernible reason, and then mashed down on the accelerator. Something that sounded like marbles spilled out of one of the bags on the back seat when the brake went on, and then rushed eagerly under the seat when the car sped up.

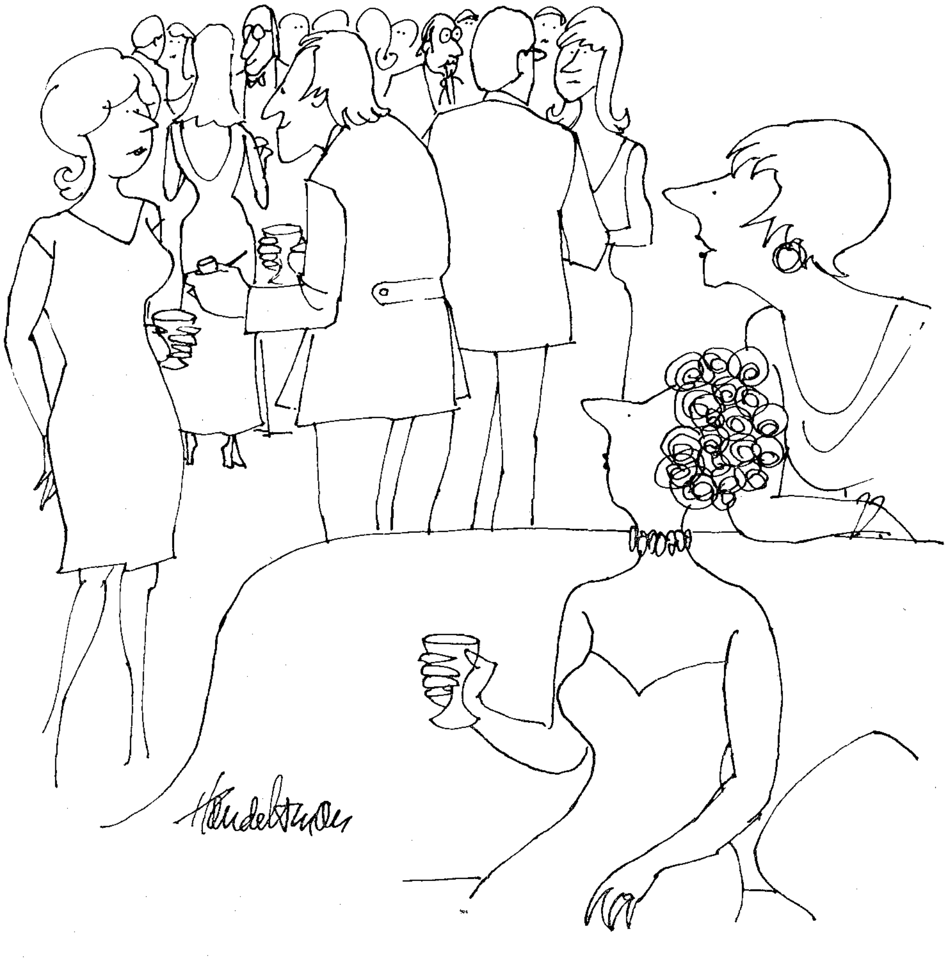
"What was *that*?" Dave said.

"It's all right; calm down," Anne said, her voice muffled.

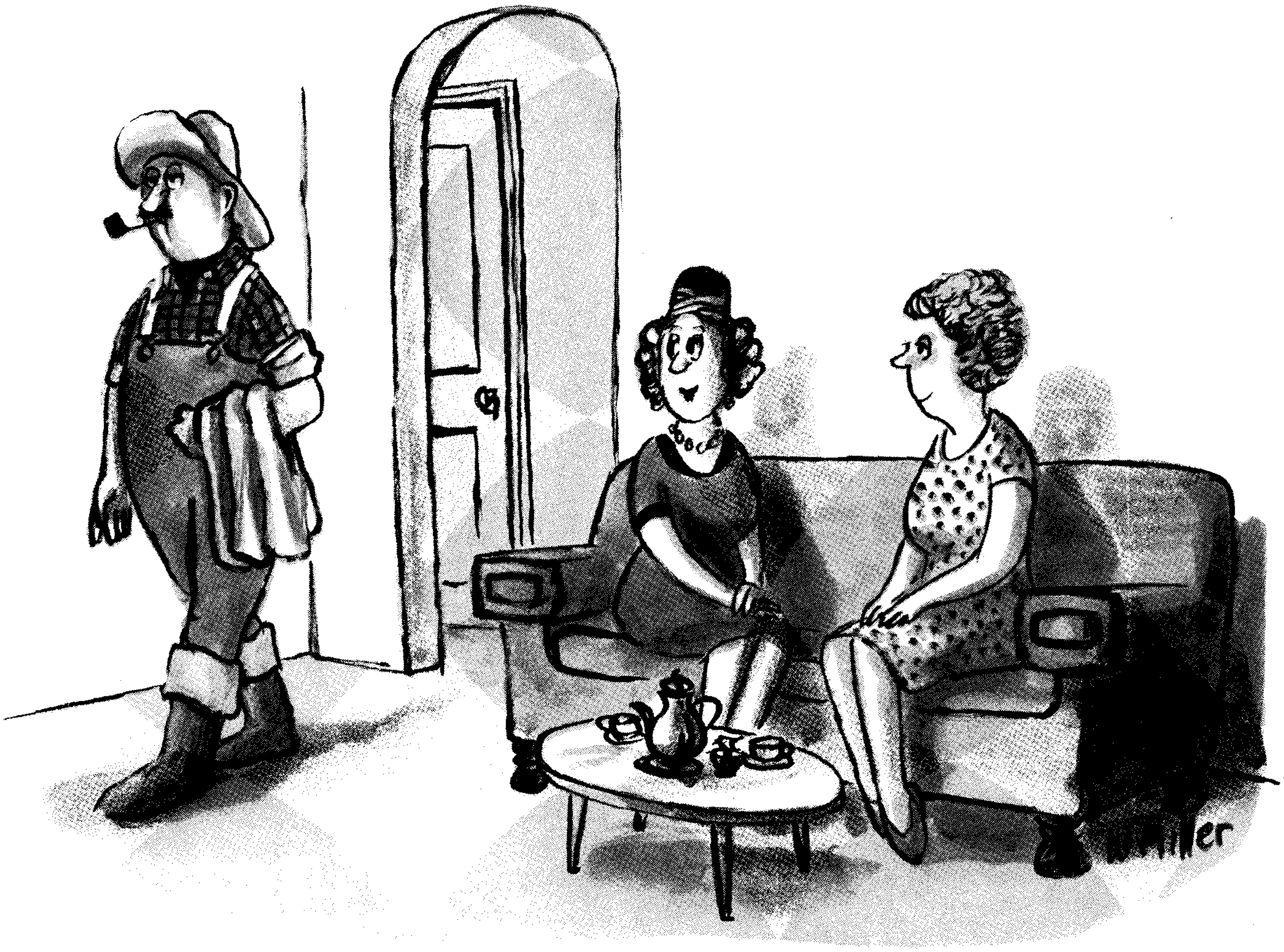
"Listen, in a Socialist system we probably wouldn't be riding along in this nice new Volvo," Dave said. There was a rustling of paper, and Dave turned around to see what was going on. Anne was down on all fours in the space between the front and rear seats, looking for whatever it was that had spilled. Dave reached back. "Teeckle teeckle," he said.

"Ppfff," his father said, leaning forward over the steering wheel.

AS the bus slowly turned right onto 9-W, Dave walked out into the middle of the road, directly in the bus's path, and waved both his arms. He stayed there until it stopped completely and its door opened; then he and Anne got on. "You go back and find a seat,"



"Look at Jack! He's so sexy, now that he's got his Ph.D."



"Oh, your husband's in shrimp! Silly me. I thought you said, 'He's a shrink.'"

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he told her after he had given the driver their tickets. "I've got a little business to attend to."

"Why didn't you stop for us in South Nyack?" he asked the driver.

"Just move out the way," the driver said. He was a short black man, not so much fat as he was round. He looked to Dave to be made out of spheres of flesh covered with taut, shiny skin.

"I asked you a question," Dave said.

"O.K., O.K.," the driver said, keeping his head facing forward. "Just move out the way so we can go."

"What are you talking about?" Dave said.

The driver pulled a lever, simultaneously closing the door and turning the post to which was attached a gate that swivelled out to separate the driver's area from the rest of the bus. The gate caught Dave in the stomach and gently forced him back into the aisle. The bus started rolling.

"Ain't no bus stop on that corner," the driver said.

"Well, the bus has *always*—"

"All them drivers breakin' the rules." The driver handed back a piece of paper to Dave. "You look under South Nyack on that list, you see Cedar Hill, Clinton, and Cornelison. Nothin' about no other stops."

"It seems to me—"

"Listen, man, give me a break. They call me up seven this mornin', tell me I has to work. You want to complain, talk to the boss."

"Maybe I'll do that," Dave said.

He walked back to where Anne was sitting, in the rear of the crowded bus. She had found the last vacant double seat. It was over the rear wheel, so that a large hump of black rubber, like a tumor in the floor, heaved up into the footroom of the seat near the window.

"Well, I guess I took care of that!" Dave said. He put the bags he was carrying up in the luggage rack and sat down next to Anne. "That son of a bitch will think twice before he passes somebody by again."

"Why don't you calm down a little bit?" Anne said. "Nothing terrible has happened, but you're getting into one of your states."

"Jesus, it's freezing in here," Dave said. "And somebody's smoking."

"Just relax and take a nap. We'll be home in no time." Anne squeezed against the window and rearranged the packages she was holding so that Dave would have more room. A large brown bag next to Dave swayed toward him, and a smaller brown bag at the top of the large one disgorged two green apples onto his lap.

"Jesus," he sighed. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

HE was flying. He was skimming along south on Fifth Avenue, facedown, watching the cars and the lunchtime shoppers. He was completely naked. His altitude was about forty feet, and he was doing about fifteen miles an hour. People looked up and pointed. Traffic stopped. Dave decided to give his audience a treat; when he reached St. Patrick's Cathedral, he soared straight up at very high speed. He balanced himself on his right index finger atop one of the cathedral's spires, then feigned losing control and tumbled down like a movie mannequin. He stopped his fall about six inches above the sidewalk, rose once again to forty feet, and resumed his southward flight.

Something pulled him to the left. He

tried to compensate by flying to the right. He was pulled more sharply to the left, and he woke up. The bus had turned into a short side road, and was slowing down.

"Oh, no," Dave said. "Scouts."

"What?" Anne said.

"Look out the window. How many are there?"

"I can't see. What am I looking for?"

"Boy Scouts. There's a Scout camp at Alpine for city kids. They sometimes use this bus to get back and forth."

"Nothin' underneath?" someone outside the bus yelled.

"No, you got to bring your gear on up," the driver yelled back. "How many you got?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-*five!*" Dave said.

"Well, come on," the driver shouted.

The boys started boarding the bus. Dave watched them as they made their way down the aisle. They were around eleven years old, and wore green shirts with red bandannas and red berets. Their enormous knapsacks were so wide that the boys had to take them off their backs and push or drag them along the floor. They were laughing and screaming at one another.

"Hurry up, José," one of them said to the first boy, a short, frail kid with the hugest knapsack Dave had ever seen. "I wanna get home so I can see you muhthuh on the Alpo ad tonight."

"Yeah, let's go, José," another boy yelled. "We got to get back in time for school tomorrow."

"Ease up!" José said. He got a death grip on his knapsack and wrestled it forward. He finally sat down in the aisle seat directly in front of Dave and with immense effort pulled the knapsack onto his lap.

The bus started to move, and the rest of the troop struggled to the rear, putting their equipment in the luggage rack if they could manage, and taking the few single seats that remained. More than fifteen had to stand, including what seemed to be the troop leader, a tall dark man with bad skin. There were red badges that said "Bronx 134" stitched on his sleeve.

All the boys had cascades of canteens, stopwatches, compasses, transistor radios, and brown-handled hunting knives almost the size of machetes—along with other gleaming metal items whose function Dave could not decipher—depending from various loops, strings, and belts on their uniforms.

"Which one is Hilary?" Dave said.

A SPIN AROUND THE HOUSE

I rise from the table, starting to whirl,
nowhere to go,
cinnamon peach-cake lumped in my cheek,
my arms streaked out
to my children, each clutching a blown blue glass
half filled with milk,
moon-crescents on each upper lip.
Stars—I must have stars—
and out I swirl, immediate master of my need,
only my eyes lighting
my body's windy way to a familiar pine
in its real place
at the first slope of the solid hill.
Everything spins
in its chosen space, I will it so,
a star's held silence
pallors my cinnamon lips, and my arms—
each elbow galaxy—
circle it all in. What shall I do with it?
I have nowhere to go;
the spectral pine belongs where it is, my children
whirl within the house
beyond my wrist, moonlit chimney smoke curls,
a comet's tail.
Nothing is missing, it is all absolutely there,
I have food enough
in my cheek to last the rushing starlight through
as pale grass choirs
in its remembered sleep where Ursa the bear
leaped home, and the Dipper
ladled its milk and pointed, tilting, north.
And there the North Star flares
above the pine, above my house, with nothing
to do but return,
circling my arms, whirling in my eyes,
which now are suns,
and now are gods in their chosen room,
each lifting a blue glass
where the table spins and their splurged laughter
gathers, turning white.

—Robert Pack

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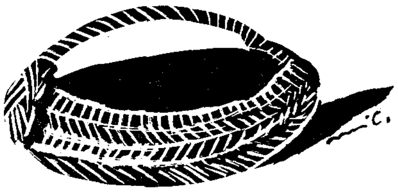
The presence of the Scouts in the aisle forced him to move farther into the seat, closer to Anne. He felt walled in by a forest of overdecorated Christmas trees. "In a Socialist system, Boy Scouts would have their own buses," he said.

"In a Socialist system, we'd all be Boy Scouts," Anne said.

"Hey, Tommy. Bet you can't wait to get to you house," yelled one of the boys who was standing. "You havin' roaches for dinnuh again?"

"Them roaches woulda been dead a long time if we could figure out which one was you muhthuh," someone replied from the row of seats that went the width of the bus at the very back.



"Doesn't anyone talk about lanyards anymore?" Dave said.

"They're having a good time," Anne said.

"First thing I'm a do is take my dog out for a walk," said a Scout standing near Dave.

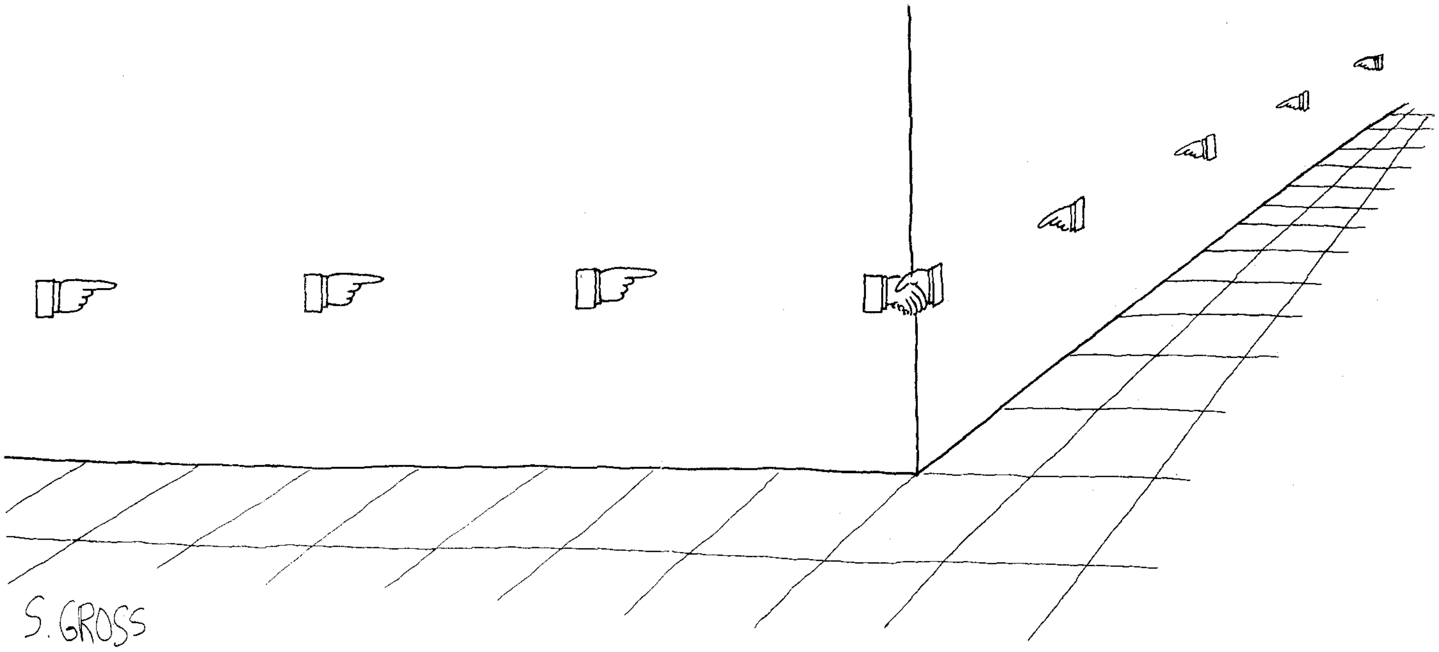
"What's his name?" said another.

"Geraldo Rivera," said the first.

"My uncle's got a dog that's your big," said the other.

"Slick!" said the first.

As the bus drove through Englewood Cliffs, an instinctive musical urge seemed to sweep through the Scouts. Six or seven transistors were turned on at the same time. "WWRL,"



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shouted one boy, and the rest tuned their radios to the same station.

Come and get your love,
Come and get your love,
Come and get your love,
Come and get your love.

The boys joined in singing, some doing the melody, some doing their best with a bass part, and others high harmony. The whole bus seemed to be swaying in time with the rhythm.

Come-and-getcher-love, come-and-getcher-love, come-and-getcher-love now;
Come-and-getcher-love, come-and-getcher-love, come-and-getcher-love now.

"Clever lyric," Dave said. He was fidgeting anxiously. "Listen, I'm really getting claustrophobic."

"We'll be at the bridge any minute," Anne said.

"But the traffic will be awful; we'll never get there."

"I'm kind of enjoying it."

"So's you muhthuh."

In Fort Lee, the bus slowed down. Dave looked across Anne and out the window. The maze of arteries around the George Washington Bridge was swollen with cars heading home after the holiday. The bus inched along toward the ramp it had to use to get on the bridge. The Scouts were still singing, something about "let yourself go."

"It's going to be another half hour," Dave said. "We're hardly moving."

Finally, the bus got down the ramp to the roadway that led to the bridge. It crawled right, through three lanes of nearly solid traffic, toward the bus stop just before the toll booths.

"Is he going to put *more* people on this bus?" Dave said.

As the bus veered to take advantage of an opening, José leaned his head out over the aisle. His face wore a wan, apologetic look. He quietly vomited.

"Look out!" one of the standees said. "Hey, Mistuh Ramirez. José spit up."

"I tol' him not to eat all them Baby Ruths," said another one sagely.

"That's it! I'm getting off!" Dave said.

"What are you going to do—go across on the walkway?" Anne said.

"Exactly," Dave said. He pushed his way out into the aisle. He leaned over and yanked the cord that ran along the sides of the bus and signalled to the driver that someone wanted to get off. "Are you coming with me, or are you just going to keep sitting there laughing?"

"You go on," Anne said. "Watch your step."

Dave snatched down from the luggage rack the bags that he had carried onto the bus. He shouldered past the Boy Scouts, toward the front of the bus, and reached the door just as it opened to let on a few people who were waiting at the stop. With a peremptory "Excuse me," he jostled them off the bus's two steps and finally reached the sidewalk.

Dave walked by hundreds of cars sitting virtually immobile on the broad plaza that lies on the other side of the toll barrier. Farther on, he saw that, after squeezing into the four or five eastbound lanes of the bridge proper, the traffic loosened up slightly and moved fitfully toward the Cross Bronx Expressway and the city itself. It was around six-thirty, he figured, and the homeward rush was beginning to peak. The cars seemed like an endless column of varicolored steel insects, shimmering in the heat, on their way to take over New York. Every now and then, they would scuttle forward a few feet, to fill in spaces created by their brothers in the vanguard, who half an hour earlier might have conquered a small new piece of territory at Broadway and 113th Street.

Halfway across the bridge, hanging suspended between the states of New York and New Jersey, Dave felt the bottom of the bag holding the cut flowers give way. He looked down and saw that out of the corner that had soaked through and torn open was pouring a bunch of small seashells. These were followed by a dozen or so cherry tomatoes. Dave put all of his packages down. Then he got down on his hands and knees to pick up the shells and the tomatoes. He looked up for a moment at the traffic, which seemed suddenly to be moving quite fast. And as he looked up, he saw the No. 9-A Red & Tan bus go by, and he spotted Anne, still sitting in the same seat next to the window. He thought he saw, but could not be sure, that she had on her head a red beret. —Daniel Menaker

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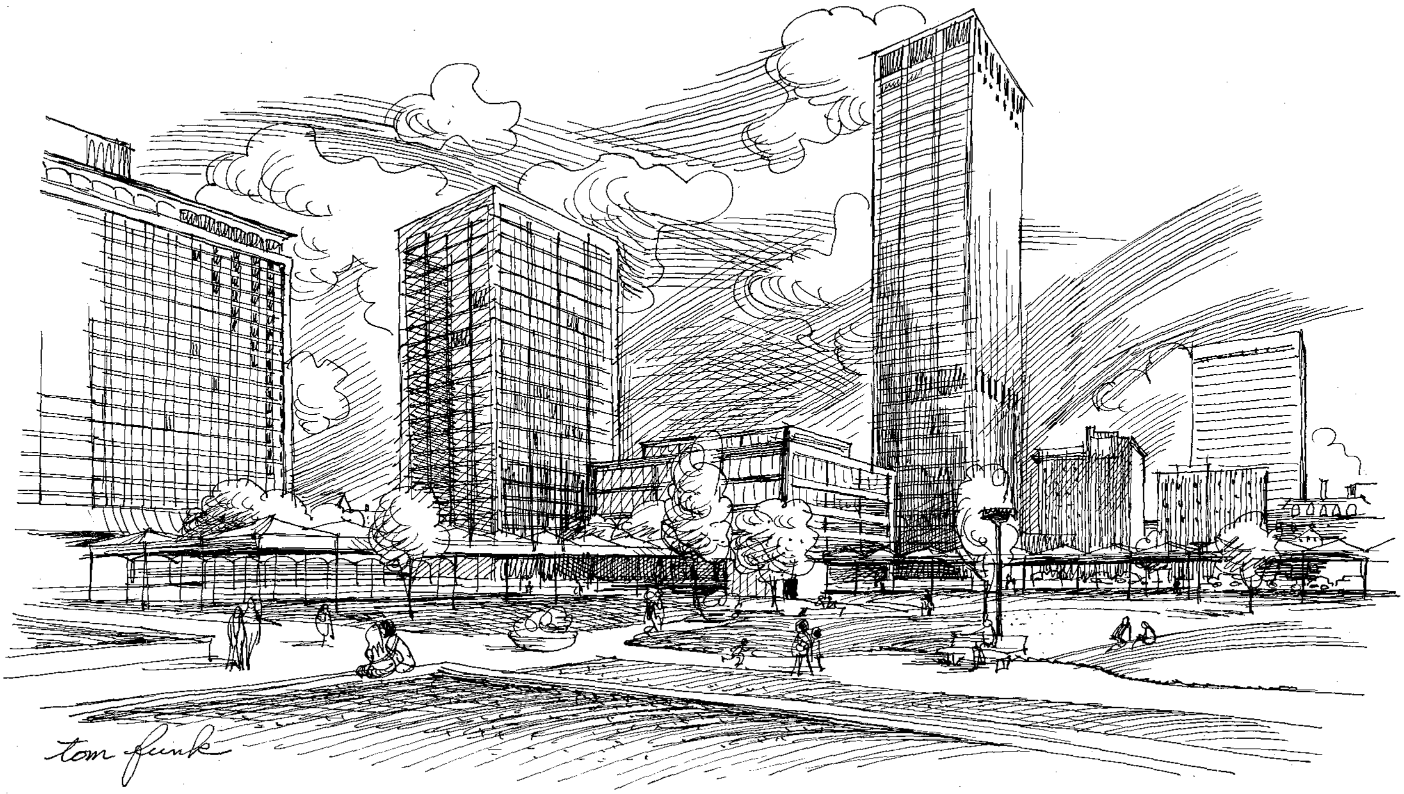
Antique Psychiatrist
Asking $150. In very good condition.
—*Adv. in the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.*

Too much money.

PROFILES

CITY IN TRANSITION



THERE are a few cities in this country that one might think of as prima-facie likable, and Louisville is one of them. Louisville, which lies in the north-central part of Kentucky, up against the Indiana border, is likely to strike the casual visitor as a place of tolerance, of intelligence and common sense, of lush green summertime parks and gently rolling terrain. The visitor also might get the idea that its citizens somehow feel it their duty to press upon a stranger, if the stranger shows the least interest in determining how it is to live there, the information that they like Louisville because it is just a good place in which to live, work, and play.

The natives' boosting is not fulsome, as it is in some other places. They do not bombard one with statistics about the median income, the climate, the quality of the schools. Rather, they self-confidently extend an implicit invitation to stay for a while and see for oneself why Louisville is such a nice place. It is not at all unusual to hear, in the course of a day of asking questions about Louisville, four or five of those who are prominent in the city's affairs recall the case of some middle-management executive of a national firm who was sent to the city for a tour of duty in the branch office and who, when the time came for a promotion to the skyscrapers of New York, balked at the change and decided to stay on in Louisville.

When asked to explain their enchantment with the place, those who boost Louisville tend to dwell on the fact that the city is, in their view, "of manageable size." An estimate made by the Louisville Chamber of Commerce in April, 1973, showed that the city's metropolitan area—which includes Jefferson, Bullitt, and Oldham Counties, in Kentucky, and Clark and Floyd Counties, across the Ohio River in Indiana—contained 889,600 persons; that Jefferson County, which encompasses the city, had 713,300 of these; and that within the city limits of Louisville the population was 347,800. The boosters are well aware of the apparent ungovernability of some of the larger cities of the nation, and they express satisfaction over the fact that Louisville is not one of those cities. When they speak of larger cities, they are not confining themselves to places like New York and Chicago and Los Angeles; in recent years they have seemed preoccupied, to a degree that might be called defensive, by comparisons with Atlanta. They like to point out that they think the bloom is off the capital city of Georgia. One Louisvillian gave expression to this thought not long ago by saying, "There's a fair amount of opinion here that Atlanta's no longer a good place to live. Everything's new, and it's doubled in size, and by comparison Louisville's a very attractive place to live."

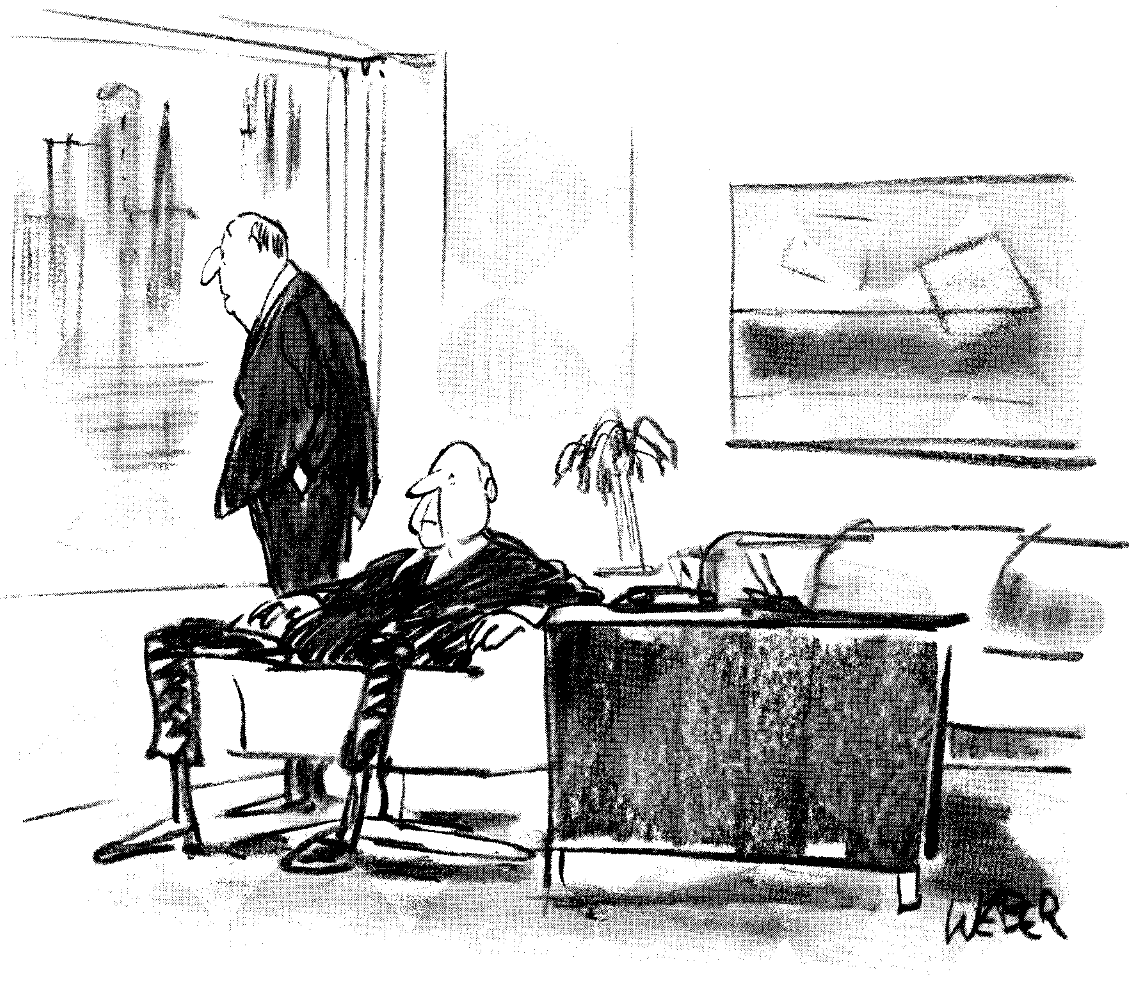
To some Louisvillians, though, the claims of manageability and attractiveness have been coverups for a historical tendency of the city to engage in complacency. Louisville's inclination, as some of them have more bluntly put it, has been toward pure laziness. However that may be, change has come slowly to Louisville. One of those blunter citizens—a young man who a few years ago started an underground newspaper, which has since died—recently observed, "Everything comes later in Louisville. If an idea happens on the East Coast, you can look for it in Louisville two years later." Not everyone in Louisville would agree with these charges, of course, and even those who would are likely to point out that the city's complacency has had some positive results. To some extent because of complacency, Louisville took little part in the nationwide boom in construction and destruction that accompanied the big urban-renewal and interstate-highway programs of the fifties and early sixties, and as a consequence neighborhoods have not been greatly disrupted and there is a good deal of older but still graceful housing available, at moderate cost, inside the city limits. Radicalism and violence have not flourished in Louisville to any appreciable extent, there have been no recent political scandals, and conflicts between the generations seem to have been minimal. The reasons behind all this might well be complacency and laziness, but one result might also be that Louisville has managed to preserve itself as an attractive town.

It is possible to walk, or even drive, around Louisville and absorb a sense of the niceness of the place. A lot of it comes from the Ohio River, on which Louisville was founded, in 1778, by George Rogers Clark. Clark built a fort on an island above the Falls of the Ohio, a twenty-six-foot drop in the river, along three miles of rapids, which had frustrated earlier scouting parties. Later that same year, Clark moved his base to a spot on the mainland close to what is now downtown Louisville, and in 1780 the Virginia Legislature, which then had jurisdiction over the area, established "the Town of Louisville at the Falls of the Ohio," naming the place for King Louis XVI. In 1828, Louisville was incorporated as a city, this time as part of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

Throughout its early years, the community was utterly dependent upon the river as a source of trade and settlers, and little time was wasted in trying to do something about the Falls of the Ohio. In 1830, a canal was built around the rapids, with a lock at the lower end, and some shallow-draft shipping was able to continue down the river. Engineers kept working at the problem, and in 1930 they completed a project called the McAlpine Locks and Dam, also a hydroelectric system, which is an integral part of the Army Corps of Engineers system of locks and dams that allow shipping to negotiate the six-hundred-and-forty-foot drop from Pittsburgh to the Ohio's convergence with the Mississippi River, nine hundred and eighty-one miles away. Visitors to Louisville sometimes negotiate their own obstacles of traffic and one-way streets in the hope of seeing the Falls of the Ohio, only to find that the rapids are no longer rapid. The locks and dam have made the Ohio a wide, slow-moving river as it passes Louisville, but it is a busy one, as a lot of Louisvillians are proud to tell you. Some of them will add that it is busier than the Panama Canal. Besides providing commerce and a reason for Louisville's existence, the river has given the city a certain tone, a tone that can also be sensed in other cities that were built on the water—places such as New Orleans, Savannah, St. Louis, and Charleston. There is a feeling of tolerance, which may come from the fact that river and ocean cities have always attracted persons of diverse national and ethnic backgrounds, and there is also a certain feeling of indolence, a feeling that what you don't have time to do today can very well be done tomorrow, or even the next day. The constant presence of the river, itself lazy since the Corps of Engineers got hold of it, seems to enhance that feeling.

In some water cities, notably New Orleans, the sense of laziness seems to go hand in hand with a sense of sensuality, perhaps of depravity—or, to use an expression of more recent vintage, of raunchiness. Such is not the case in modern-day Louisville, at least to the casual observer. The energies that elsewhere might have been spent on depravity seem in Louisville to be used in the serious pursuit of more elevated activities. Douglas Nunn, a former Louisville newspaperman who is now the director of the Urban Studies Center of the University of Louisville, once commented on this in an interview. "This town, from its beginnings, was kind of a loose town," he said. "There was a lot of New Orleans in it. A river town. *Pleasuring* has always been a part of life here. Now, that was a long time ago, but some of it still hangs on, in a different way. You'll see it now in the devotion to cultural activities—the opera, the symphony, the ballet. We've got 'em all. These things give a definite flavor to the town, and they're a primary motivation for an awful lot that goes on here."

Barry Bingham, Sr., another Louisvillian—some of his fellow-citizens



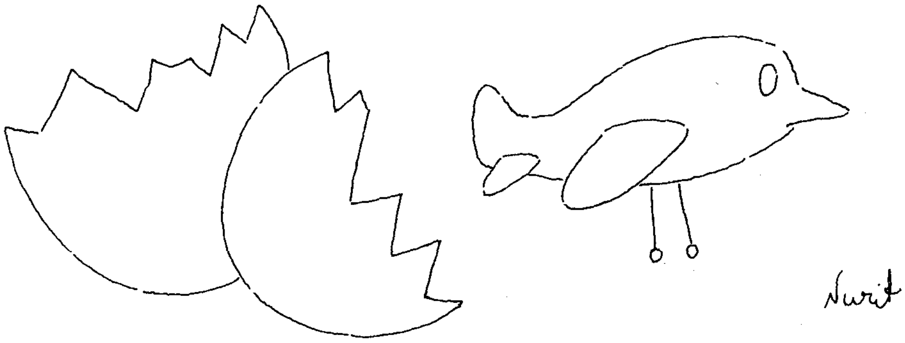
"I see a substantial upswing in the economy by October, but who knows? Maybe it's the Valium talking."

would identify him as the most important one of the past three decades—points out that cultural events in Louisville are not just social functions for the amusement of the upper classes. Bingham, who until his retirement, in 1971, was the publisher and editor of the morning *Courier-Journal* and the evening *Times*, has been an energetic proponent of cultural excellence in the city. In an interview not long ago, Bingham, who remains as chairman of the board of the newspapers, listed Louisville's accomplishments in the performing arts alone, and it was a list of surprising length for a medium-sized city: the Louisville Ballet Company, the Louisville Orchestra, the Kentucky Opera Association, the Actors Theatre of Louisville, the Louisville Theatrical Association's presentations at the Macauley Theatre, Shakespeare-in-the-Park in the summertime, the Louisville Children's Theatre, the Louisville-Jefferson County Youth Orchestra, the Community Concert Series, the Bach Society, the Chamber Music Society, and the Chamber Singers of Louisville. "And all these things are really doing *so* well," he said. "Actors Theatre is an amazing success story. They sold out eighty-eight per cent of their seats, on a season-ticket basis, before the 1973-74 season opened, and then they had to quit, because they wanted to have some seats to sell at the box office! Who ever heard of such a problem as *that*?" Bingham then made his point that culture in Louisville was not just another charitable exercise for the wealthy. "I don't mean to cite this invidiously about Atlanta," he said, "but it's not like the old Metropolitan Opera season there, where everybody got all dressed up and went for one week out of the year. That was Atlantans' contribution to culture for the year, you know; it was like going to church on Easter Sunday and feeling like you've had religion. The kind of participation that we have here is utterly different. They've got the ticket prices so low that they get lots of young people; they get many more blacks than you ever see at any other kind of cultural enterprise. They get a lot of people who just ordinarily would never see a live performance—people who've been brought up even more on TV than on the movies. This is just the way it should be."

"I'm listening. Would you like to finish any unfinished sentences?"

In addition to the cultural and other benefits that accrue to Louisville (or perhaps only appear to accrue) because it is on a river, the city has the advantage of being a border city in what many consider a border state. The city is not definitely Northern or Southern, Eastern or Western, and it may be that its residents are thus spared the emotional necessity of being representatives of a region whether they want to be or not. Unlike some of their fellow-Americans to the north and east, Louisvillians are not required to hurry all the time for no clearly discernible reason; unlike those slightly to the west, they feel no need to think of themselves as Middle Americans. And, unlike some of their neighbors from farther south, white Louisvillians—who in 1970 made up seventy-six per cent of the city's population and eighty-eight per cent of Jefferson County's—have been under no great community pressure to champion segregation. Some of those who promote the city tend to capitalize on this lack of clear geographical identity; an advertisement prepared not long ago by the Louisville Development Committee, a group of business leaders interested in the long-range growth of the city, points out, "Many of the nicest things about Louisville are distinctly Southern," but it also notes that the city is geographically closer to Windsor, Ontario, than to Memphis, Tennessee.

Even during the Civil War, Louisville managed to be neither completely Northern nor completely Southern, and today a good number of its citizens seem to take pride in that show of bipartisanship. This may account to some extent for the city's relatively easy confrontation with some of the more recent problems of race relations. In 1956, Louisville's public schools, which had a twenty-seven-per-cent black minority at the time, were desegregated with virtually no trouble; Omer Carmichael, then the superintendent of schools, and a newspaperman named Weldon James later wrote a book about the experience ("The Louisville Story," published in 1957), in which they referred to the changeover as "the quiet heard round the world." In 1964, Benjamin Muse, a former columnist for the Washington *Post,* did a study called "Louisville" for the Southern Regional Council, a pro-integration organization, in Atlanta, which is not easily fooled by rhetoric or tokenism. Muse recounted some of the city's progress in the field of race relations. Kentucky's first black legislator was elected from Louisville in 1934; the city elected its first Negro alderman in 1945; a Negro was acting mayor in 1955; the main library was desegregated in 1948, and its branches were opened to blacks four years later; black undergraduates were admitted to the University of Louisville in 1951; in 1955—only a year after the nation's school systems were told by the Supreme Court that school desegregation was the law of the land—Louisville's municipal swimming pools were desegregated. Muse commented that the city had made "notable progress in the elimination of race discrimination," and that whatever race prejudice was evident in Louisville "may be said to be *contained*," for it was "viewed by the community leadership as an evil to be combatted."



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Since Muse published his assessment, race relations in Louisville appear to have continued in a direction that could be called progressive—if progress can be defined as an absence of violence and of continuing crisis. Or it just might be that the complacency that some observers assign to Louisville's population in general is affecting the city's black residents as much as its white ones. Louisville's blacks, like the blacks of most cities, seem to be getting the short end of the stick in terms of the quality of housing, the quality of public transportation, and the quality of employment opportunities available to them. The Community Action Commission, which is the anti-poverty agency for Louisville and for Jefferson County, estimated in the spring of 1973 that a little more than eleven per cent of the city's population was "directly affected by poverty," and it was certain that large numbers of those affected were black. But a visitor to Louisville can find little evidence that the blacks, generally, feel a need to protest these conditions in any organized way. The Reverend W. J. Hodge, who is the pastor of Louisville's Fifth Street Baptist Church and the urban-program director of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, said not long ago that he thought he knew the reason for the lack of protest. "In Louisville, you know, there was always the feeling among black folks that 'we're not in the South,' " he said. "And therefore 'we don't have to protest as much.' " That feeling, he said, was self-deluding, but it was still prevalent in Louisville. Some of that feeling came through in Mr. Hodge's own answers to questions about issues facing the black community. When he was asked about black Louisvillians' treatment in the matter of jobs—particularly in the light of a recent boom in downtown building—he replied, "We haven't got around to doing a survey of employment practices and policies." And when he was asked about black political power—just a few days after a mayoral election, as it happened—the N.A.A.C.P. executive said he didn't know what degree of voting power Louisville's blacks had.

Whatever help Louisville gets from being a tolerant border city, or a tolerant border *river* city, it also has the good fortune to have two daily newspapers that are generally regarded by those in the business as far above the average. The jointly owned *Courier-Journal* and *Times* provide their readers not only with news from their own staffs of reporters but also with a solid diet of national and international news. The papers run a variety of opinion columns on their editorial and op-ed pages, and there are what appear to be far more than the average number of letters from readers. Barry Bingham, Jr., who succeeded his father as editor and publisher of the two newspapers, said not long ago that the editorial policy was "to publish virtually every letter we get," the only exceptions being letters that are libellous. The *Times* also publishes, in small type, basic documentary information about the city—the sort of news that a lot of papers nowadays seem to try to ignore. Under "The Help Line," the *Times* publishes the telephone numbers of, among others, the Red Cross; the Salvation Army; HAIR (Help Always in Reach), a counselling service for young people; the Problem Pregnancy and Abortion Counseling Project; Birthright, a counselling service for "women whose pregnancies present problems but who do not want abortions;" Alcoholics Anonymous; the Poison Control Center; and Hotline, a service of the Evangel Tabernacle Church which "helps anyone who has a problem, needs a friend, or wants to talk to someone." "Area News of Record" lists divorces granted and births, and separate lists of real-estate transfers and marriage licenses also appear frequently. "Crime and the Courts" includes traffic- and criminal-court cases. The newspapers are also unusual in their willingness to admit that they occasionally make mistakes. Each edition of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times* carries, in a box, this announcement:

> OMBUDSMAN
>
> If you have a question or complaint regarding news coverage, please contact our Ombudsman's office between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., Monday through Friday. We established the office to help you with problems requiring the attention of any top-management personnel.

There also are frequent announcements in the papers under the heading "Beg Your Pardon" or "We Were Wrong." The *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, unlike many other newspapers, are quick to correct errors they have printed, and the "Beg Your Pardon" and "We Were Wrong" columns are sometimes full of corrections of people's addresses, the spelling of their names, what they really said in a speech, and the like. Barry Bingham, Jr., called the column "a necessity," explaining, "I really do believe that the newspaper has to set the record straight. Newspapers are not always right. We make mistakes, and when we make a mistake I think the best thing is just to be graceful about it and say we're sorry, we made a mistake. I think people appreciate somebody who admits he's fallible. For a newspaper publisher to sit in his office and arrogantly say, 'Everything we publish is right,' even if he knows it's wrong, is just being damned foolish." Last January, a column titled "In All Fairness," devoted to criticism of the media, began appearing on the editorial page. Bingham said of this venture, "I think people are interested in hearing criticism of the people who do the criticizing. We do an awful lot of criticizing on our opinion page, and to me it only makes sense for somebody to be able to open to that page occasionally and find somebody saying, 'Well, *they* aren't so perfect, either.' "

RURAL ROUTE

The stars come out to graze, wild-eyed in the new dark.
The dead squeeze close together,
Strung out like a seam of coal through the raw earth.
I smell its fragrance, I touch its velvet walls.

The willow lets down her hooks.
On the holly leaves, the smears of light
Retrench and repeat their alphabet,
That slow code. The boxwood leans out to take it on,

Quicker, but still unbroken.
Inside the house, in one room, a twelve-year-old
Looks at his face on the windowpane, a face
Once mine, the same twitch to the eye.

The willow flashes her hooks.
I step closer. Azalea branches and box snags
Drag at my pants leg, twenty-six years gone by.
I enter the wedge of light.

And the face stays on the window, the eyes unchanged.
It still looks in, still unaware of the willow, the boxwood,
Or any light on any leaf. Or me.
Somewhere a tire squeals, somewhere a door is shut twice.

And what it sees is what it has always seen:
Stuffed birds on a desk top, a deer head
On the wall, and all the small things we used once
To push the twelve rings of the night back.

How silly! And still they call us
Across the decades—fog horns,
Not destinations: outposts of things to avoid, reefs
To steer clear of, pockets of great abandon.

I back off, and the face stays.
I leave the back yard, and the front yard, and the face stays.
I am back on the west coast, in my studio,
My wife and my son asleep, and the face stays.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

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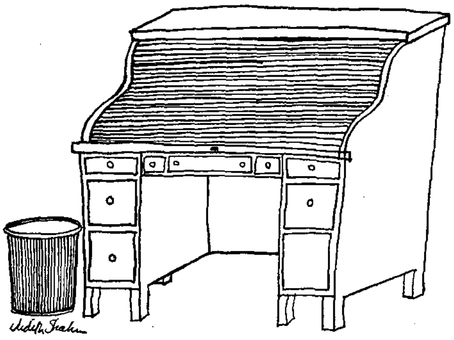
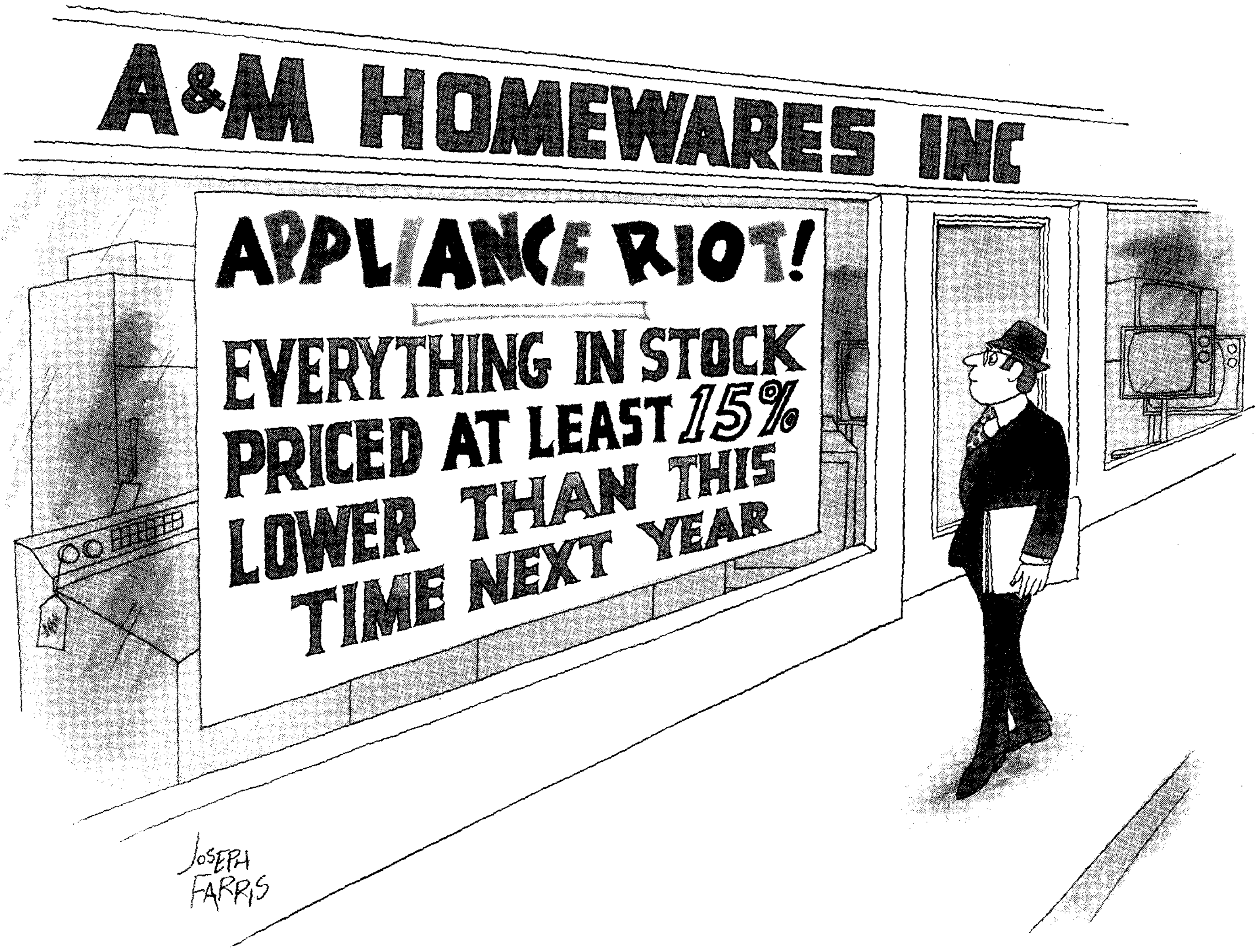
The Louisville newspapers are locally owned, and that seems to dispose Louisvillians in their favor. One prominent businessman recently said of the *Courier-Journal*, "I often disagree with the editorial policies, but it's a *Louisville* newspaper, and I know the owners, and the editor, and the managing editor, and this makes me feel free either to write a letter of praise or, more often, to call up and say, 'What in hell did you have in mind when you printed *that*?' "



IT is not at all difficult for a visitor to Louisville to conclude—after reading its newspapers and reviewing its record on human relations; after hearing of its citizens' warmth and graciousness at Kentucky Derby time and experiencing some of it even when the horses are not running; after driving and walking through the parks and along the accessible stretches of the Ohio River—that it really is a nice place in which to live, work, and play. But there are some Louisvillians—not critics of the city but interested citizens who have chosen to stay and make their fortunes there, and have a considerable amount of time, energy, and money invested in the place—who in recent years have felt that the niceness is a bit too nice; that perhaps it


A&M HOMEWARES INC
APPLIANCE RIOT!
EVERYTHING IN STOCK PRICED AT LEAST 15% LOWER THAN THIS TIME NEXT YEAR
JOSEPH FARRIS

has been, all these years, a screen for laziness; and that this laziness is a great obstacle to Louisville's gaining her rightful place among American cities.

When these citizens were asked, only a few years ago, about their hopes for the city, many of them seemed despondent. They feared then that Louisville, in sitting back and being content with being nice, had lost whatever initiative and momentum it had, and that its ability to remain a nice city was thus endangered. One of these Louisvillians, a young executive named H. Wendell Cherry, summed it all up by declaring that his city had fallen victim to an "incredible inertia," which manifested itself in several ways, one of them being that a lot of citizens were going around saying they were *glad* that not much was happening in Louisville. Cherry said at the time, "You hear people say, 'I don't know whether I *want* Louisville to be too big.' They make it sound like it's a great big place already, but the truth is that the Kentucky Derby is the only damn thing we've got in this city, and *that* lasts two minutes and a fraction, once a year."

Back then, a number of Louisville's leaders were expressing the fear that there was one respect in which the city was already *too* big and that that was in its dependence upon blue-collar industry. Some of the other leaders rejoiced in this (a typical Chamber of Commerce publication in the early seventies heralded the area as the "Number One Industrial Complex of the Southeast"), but more recently they have seen it as a possible impediment to the area's progress, particularly as the public generally has become more aware of environmental issues. There are about a thousand manufacturing firms in the Louisville area, and among these, according to the Kentucky Department of Commerce, are the world's largest plants producing electrical appliances, neoprene, bathroom fixtures, and air-filtration equipment. Louisville is also the world's largest producer of bourbon whiskey, and a major center for the manufacture of other distilled spirits, tobacco products, paint, and wood products. Among the largest local industries are General Electric, whose Appliance Park covers nine hundred and forty-two acres and employs twenty-two thousand workers; the Ford Motor Company, which operates one of the largest assembly plants in the world there, and employs four thousand workers in a fifty-seven-acre complex, all under one roof; International Harvester, which employs about sixty-two hundred; the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, with about six thousand; and such firms as Philip Morris, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Lorillard, American Standard, and B. F. Goodrich.

What bothered those who were worried a few years ago about the importance of industry was not that the entire area was dependent on a single product or skill (it wasn't; Louisvillians uttered small prayers of thanks for their diversified industry when they heard of what happened in Seattle, among other places, when the aerospace industry fell victim to a cutback in contracts) but that blue-collar industry and blue-collar workers were unlikely to make the sort of contributions to the community that some of the community's leaders thought ought to be made. Blue-collar industry, they reasoned, meant an orientation toward suburbia rather than the central city,

"As if we didn't have enough to contend with these days, it looks like another round with Old Pendleton and his seven-year itch."

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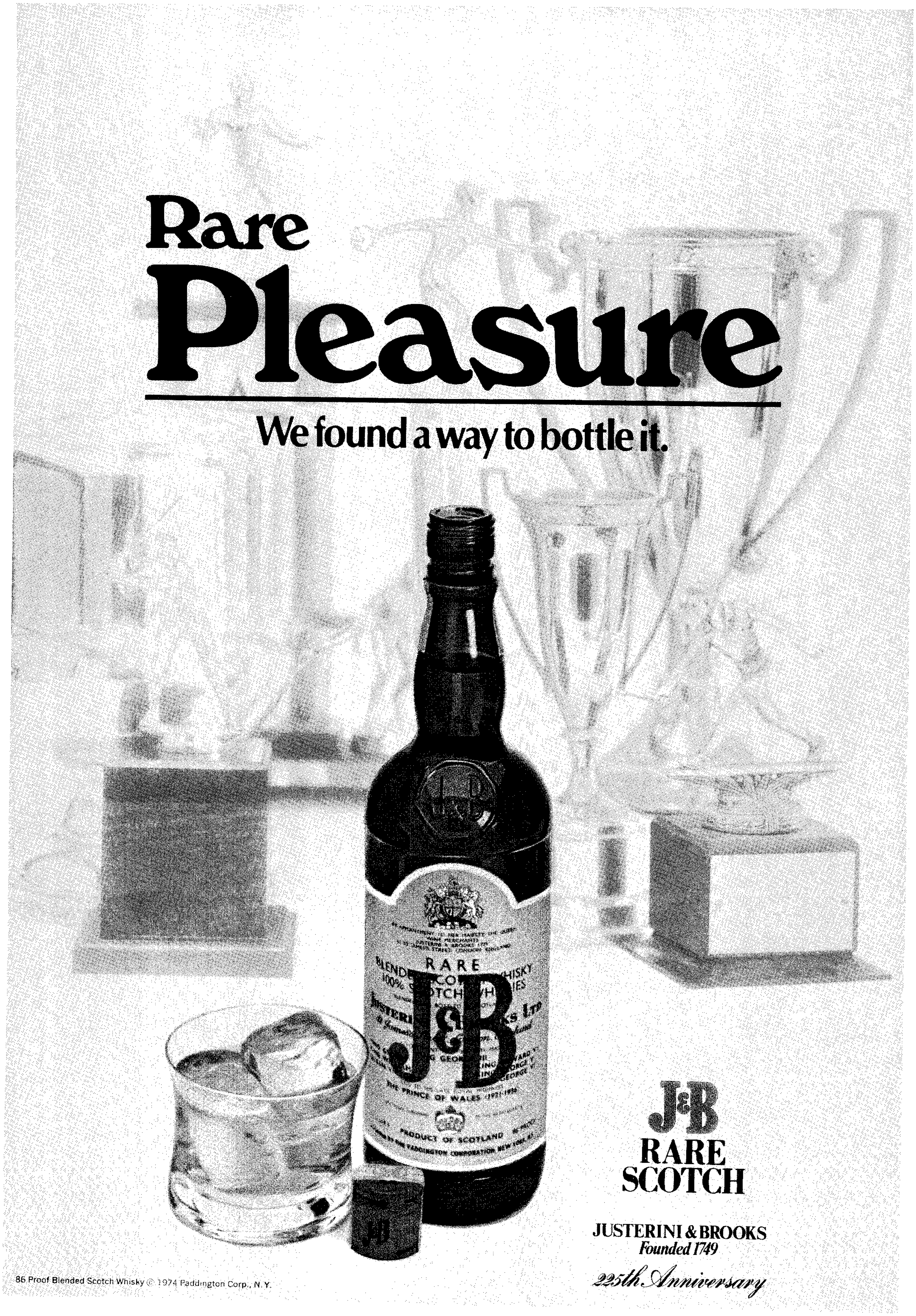
and many of these leaders were worried about what was happening to the center of Louisville. The downtown section was deteriorating, and people were expressing fear that it would continue to deteriorate, with the result that Louisville would become just an urban sprawl. With no clearly defined center, it would inevitably lose a lot of its niceness.

Any discussion of Louisville's future a few years ago included a discussion of its downtown and what was happening to it, and any discussion of downtown included a discussion of the Ohio River. Louisville, after all, was born on the south bank of the river. Its premier thoroughfare—the one that the early Louisvillians decided to name Main Street—was fast by the river. The Ohio was Louisville's reason for existence; as Barry Bingham, Sr., put it not long ago, the river "was why Louisville *became* a city in the first place." But through the years Louisville had allowed its attention to drift away from the river. The Ohio was a bit difficult to get to and admire anyway, because there were railroad tracks alongside it from about 1880 on and later the riverbank seemed to be the obvious place to run an interstate highway. What land was left over attracted huge piles of crushed gravel, storage tanks, and automobile junk yards, and the result was a riverfront that was far from scenic. Louisville's waterfront could best be viewed by crossing a bridge to the Indiana side and looking back, but even then there was not much to see. The Louisville skyline, with no tall buildings or other structures to catch the eye, seemed to merge into the conglomeration of industries at the water's edge.

Businesses that needed space in downtown Louisville settled, over the years, not on Main Street but on streets farther south of the river—particularly Broadway, six blocks from the water. An example of this sort of migration could be seen in the city's newspapers, which, like most such publications, have found it necessary to keep their offices as close to the center of downtown activity as possible. The *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, which had had their headquarters in a building within four blocks of the river, decided even before the end of the Second World War that expansion was needed, and in 1947 the newspapers built a new home on Broadway. A number of other businesses found that they didn't need downtown addresses at all. They headed for suburbia, where a large part of the population was also heading, and which was easy to head for, since several multi-lane highways had just been built. A few settled somewhat tentatively on Fourth Street, which runs at right angles to Main, Broadway, and the riverfront, and which was the site of a number of retail businesses—places where office workers might shop on their lunch hours and where people transferring from one bus to another might spend a few minutes and a few dollars. But even Fourth Street was considered a potential disaster area by some, and a lot of people were close to giving up on the future of downtown Louisville altogether. Then, in 1964, an energetic developer and con-



Rare
Pleasure

We found a way to bottle it.

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JUSTERINI & BROOKS
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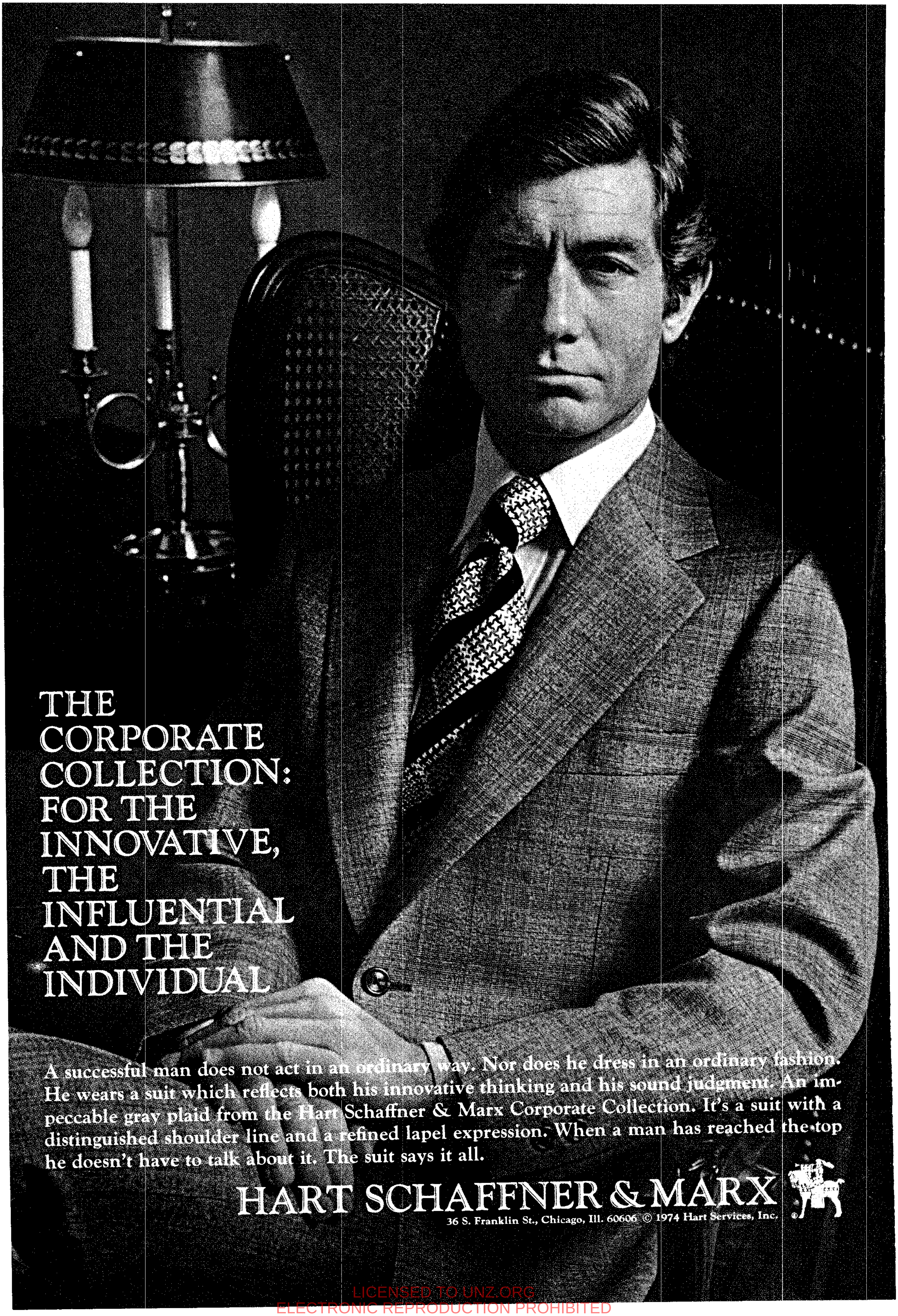

THE CORPORATE COLLECTION: FOR THE INNOVATIVE, THE INFLUENTIAL AND THE INDIVIDUAL

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tractor named Al J. Schneider took what everyone considers a great gamble and started erecting a few new buildings on Broadway—a bank building, the first new office building to be constructed in some time, and a hotel. For a while, in the fifties and sixties, it looked as if Broadway would become the new downtown for Louisville, and a rather tame and undeveloped one at that.

In the meantime, Main Street and the riverfront continued to deteriorate. Four years ago, a stroller on one block of Main would find parking lots that offered space for twenty-five cents an hour; several sturdy-looking and architecturally attractive but vacant buildings of the small-warehouse type; another structure, handsome but empty, with "Board of Trade" engraved over its door; a school-supply company; a firm that sold pumps; a store specializing in restaurant and office supplies; a firm that manufactured displays; a store selling furniture, fabrics, and floor coverings; and the Louisville Credit Men's Association, which occupied a building that, according to a State Department of Highways marker outside, was designed and built in 1837 by Gideon Shryock, "the father of Greek revival architecture in Kentucky." If the stroller took his stroll in the early evening, he would see very few pedestrians and very few vehicles. Except for Broadway and the portion of Fourth Street where the hotels and department stores were, downtown Louisville was pretty much deserted after the evening rush hour.

Despite all the indications that Louisville was destined to become little more than the unexciting center of an urban sprawl, there were a number of Louisvillians who, a few years ago, kept insisting that it need not be that way at all. Louisville could and should support a downtown, they argued, and the downtown could and should be turned around and pointed back toward the river. Those arguments, by and large, came not from the recognized leaders of the city but from a number of younger persons who had recently settled in Louisville, made a lot of money, and seemed to be on the verge of making a lot more. People around Louisville called them "the young movers and shakers." Among them were a number of businessmen who had got together and bought a basketball team—the Kentucky Colonels, of the American Basketball Association—and installed it in Louisville.

One of the co-owners of the Colonels at that time was Cherry, the

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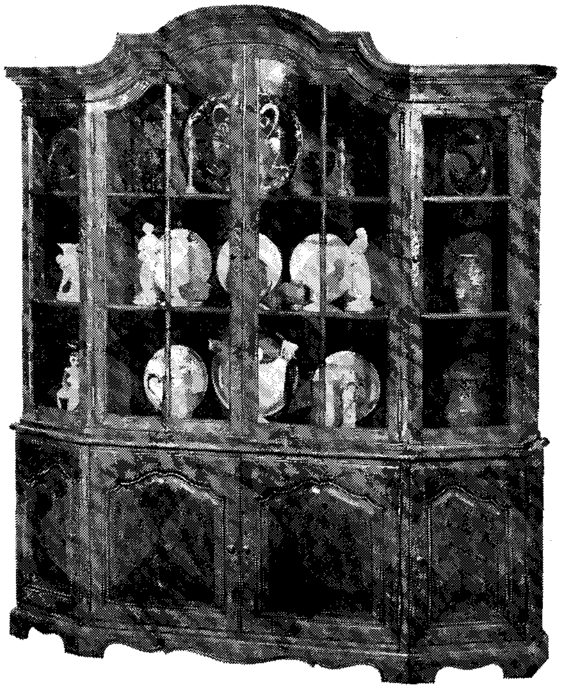

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young executive who had decried Louisville's "incredible inertia." Cherry, who is now thirty-eight years old, is a lawyer and the president and co-founder of Humana, which until last January was called Extendicare, an investor-owned firm that builds and manages hospitals, using what a company brochure calls "sound business principles," including computer technology, to improve the hospitals' efficiency and their delivery of services, and to turn them into profitable institutions. The firm was founded in 1961, and as of last year it was operating forty-seven hospitals, with 4,554 beds, in a dozen states, and had annual revenues of a hundred and seven million dollars. It was Cherry's contention, four years ago, that Louisville badly needed "something it can focus on," and that the acquisition of a home-town basketball team helped a lot in this respect. "Sure, those of us who own the team might make some money on it," he told a visitor back then. "But this city has to have something it can call its own. Sports per se add minimally to the quality of living in a city, but they can add a great deal emotionally. They can add great pride. Somewhere along the line, this city lost pride in itself. And the effort now must be to *reëstablish* pride." Cherry looked out the window of his office, which was situated in one of the buildings Al Schneider had erected on Broadway. "Louisville *had* some pride when it was turned toward the river," he continued. "Then it turned away. And the thing now is to turn it back. It's going to be a hard job. The river is the only thing of natural beauty here. Of course, it may be polluted, but it's still pretty. We've planned ourselves silly for a decade. The time has come, I think, to do some work."

At the time Cherry made those comments, there was very little work being done, and a lot of Louisvillians doubted whether it would ever be done. But since then the rebirth has taken place. Louisville has a new downtown. Three blocks of Fourth Street have been turned into a pleasant pedestrian mall that makes shopping convenient and perhaps even a little exciting. Anyone who takes a look at Louisville's skyline from across the river, in Indiana, sees a number of new buildings, the tallest of them forty stories high. But one need not cross the river at all to appreciate Louisville's waterfront, for the city has indeed been turned around and pointed back toward the Ohio. There is a handsome promenade on the Kentucky side, where one can

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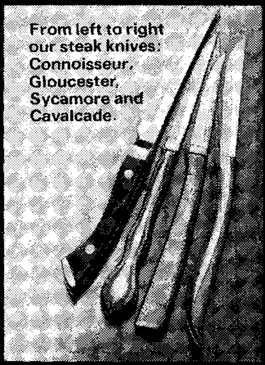
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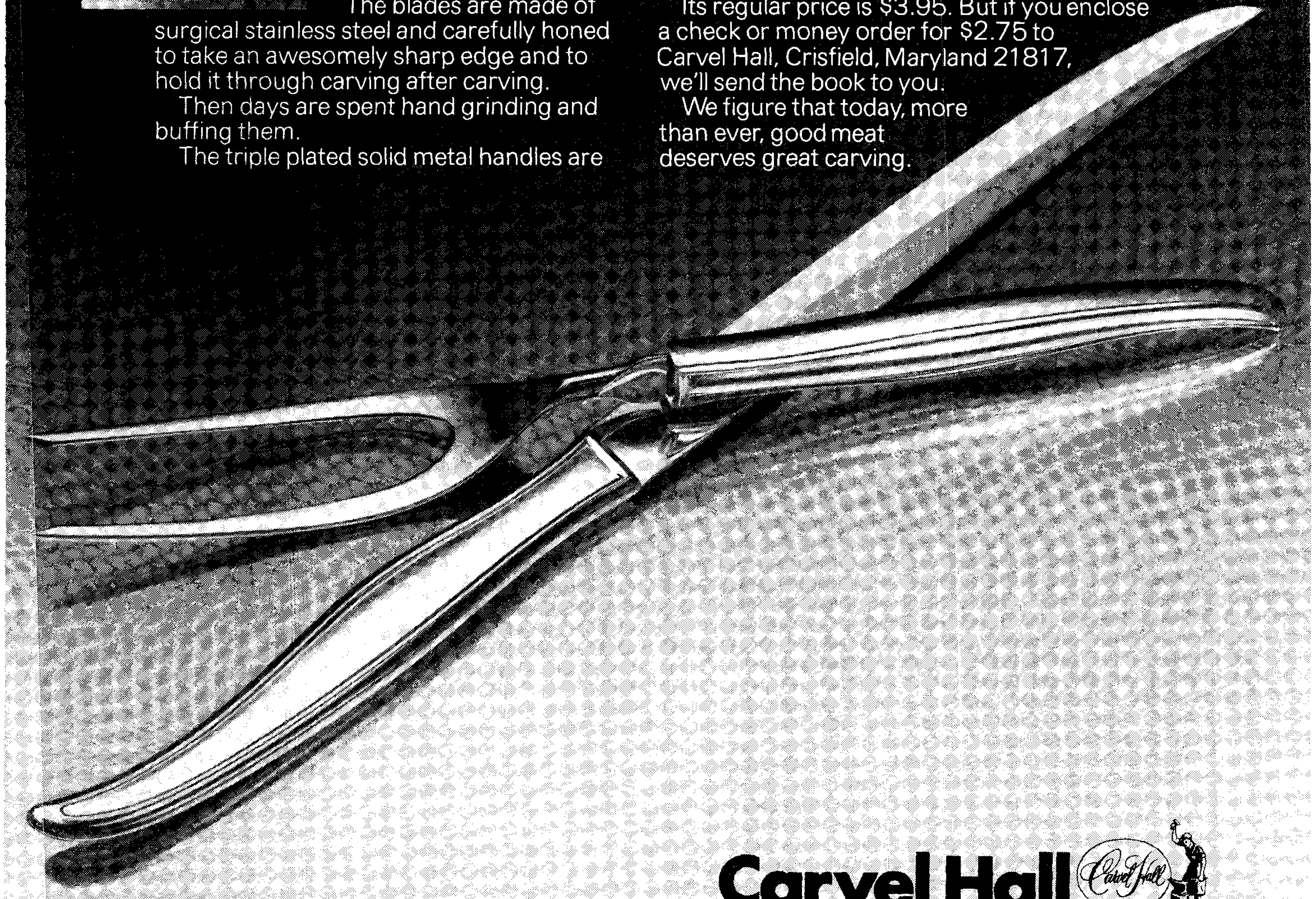
Shown: Glen Hill Carving Set

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stare out over the wide, placid river, and when one tires of that one may gaze at a new ice-skating rink alongside the river, or, in the summer, at fountains and pools. The tall buildings, most of them put up by banks that not long ago were uncertain about the future of downtown Louisville, stand close to the water, and more buildings, including apartment houses and condominiums, are being planned for the riverfront. Property on Main Street is becoming valuable again, and the street itself is now lively at night. The handsome building that Gideon Shryock put up in 1837 has been turned into part of a new home for the Actors Theatre. And Cherry himself now has an office on the riverfront, high in a bank building, with a superb view of the water. Louisville has regained its pride, or a good deal of it, if pride can be measured in glass, steel, and concrete.

THE rejuvenation of Louisville's downtown area did not come either easily or quickly, and although the physical evidence that it has occurred has been standing there on the skyline and on the riverfront for many months now, there are some Louisvillians who say they must still engage in mental pinching to convince themselves that it is not just some architect's rendition they saw in the newspapers. Citizens have been seeing architects' renditions for many years, but until now nothing seemed to happen with them.

The proposals had been coming out since the nineteen-twenties, but the serious planning started around 1960, when the Reynolds Metals Development Corporation retained the planning firm of Doxiadis Associates—which has worked on the Northern Ohio Urban Systems Project, encompassing the cities of Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Toledo—to devise a new life for the riverfront. At about the same time, city officials became interested in the possibilities of public development of the riverfront, and established an Urban Renewal Commission to oversee the assembling of land parcels. The Doxiadis planners came up with the idea of building apartment houses and a marina near the foot of Fourth Street, but that plan was abandoned for a number of reasons. The idea of doing *something* with the riverfront, though, was by this time firmly entrenched in Louisvillians' minds, and although Reynolds Metals eventually terminated its connection with the project, a number of people went about energetically promoting the development. No one was more energetic, according to local

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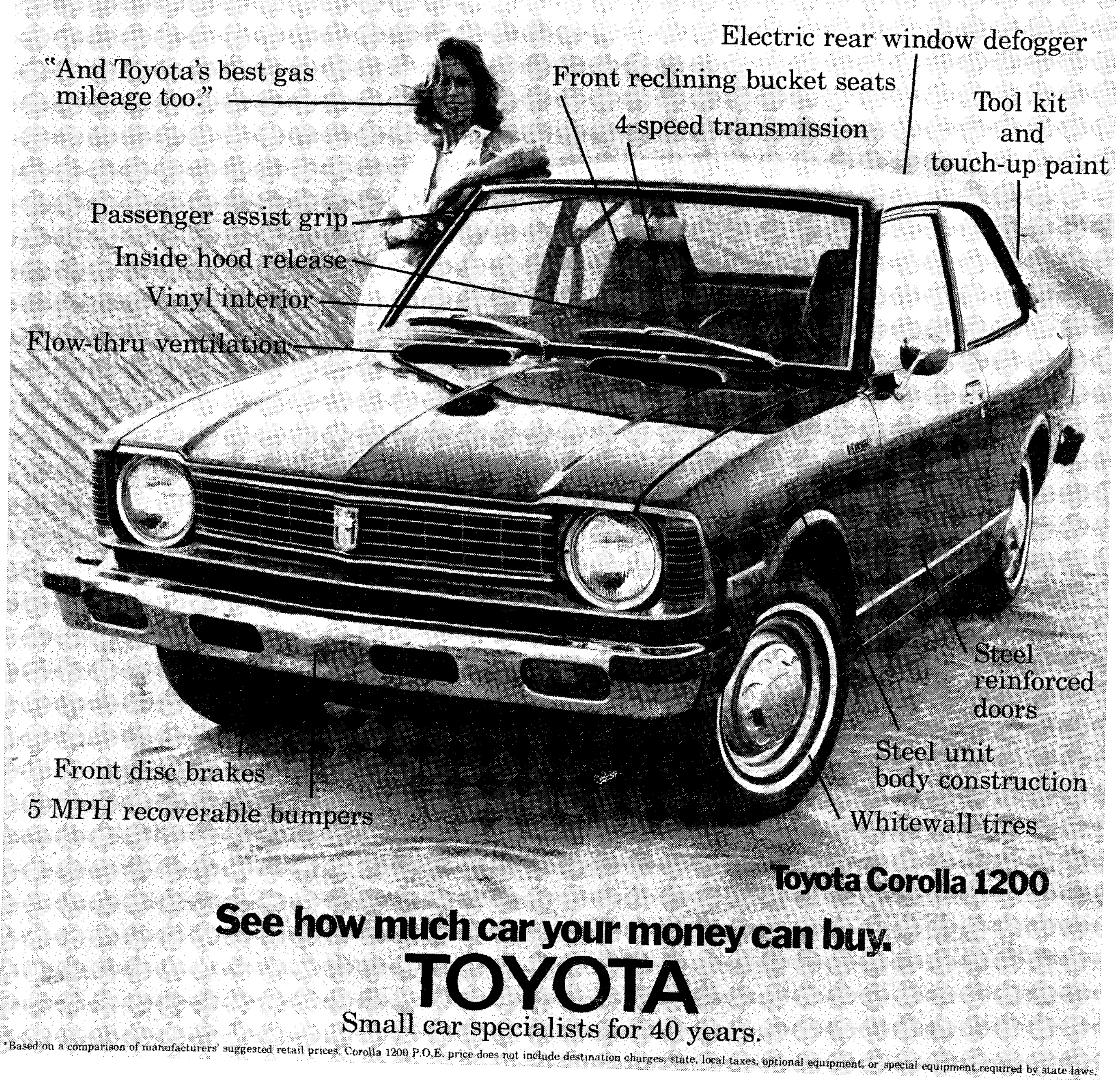
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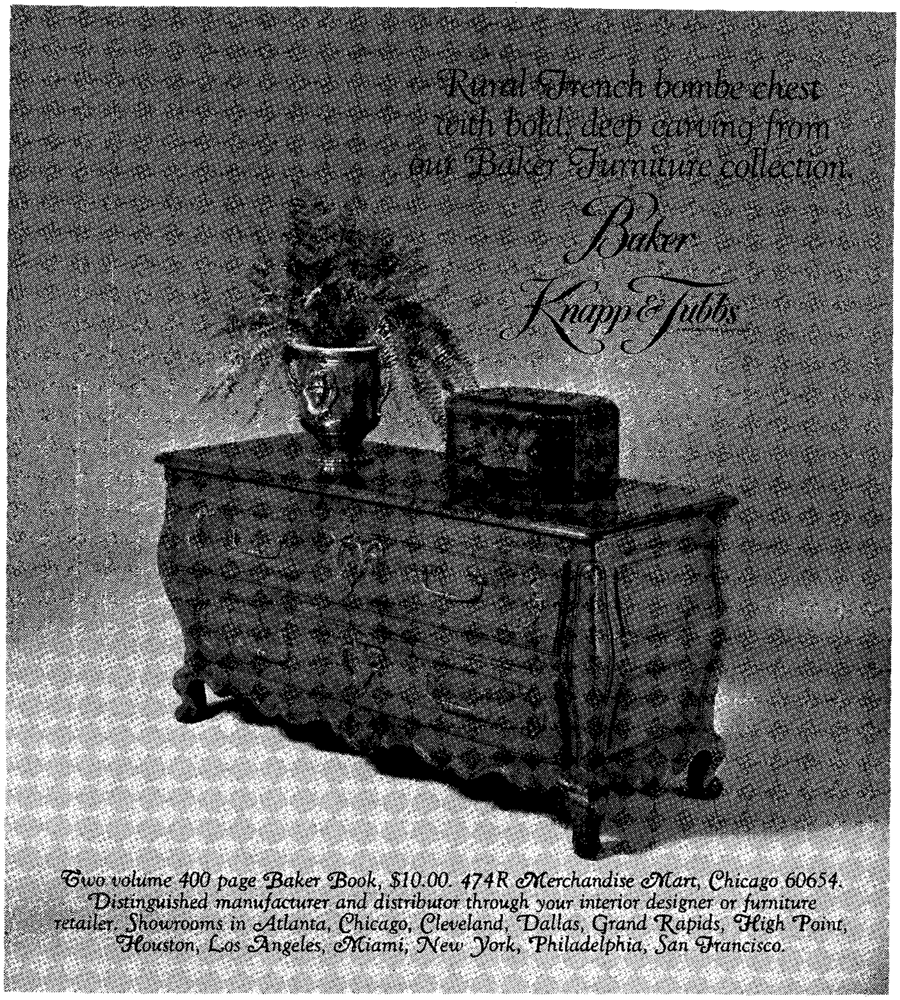

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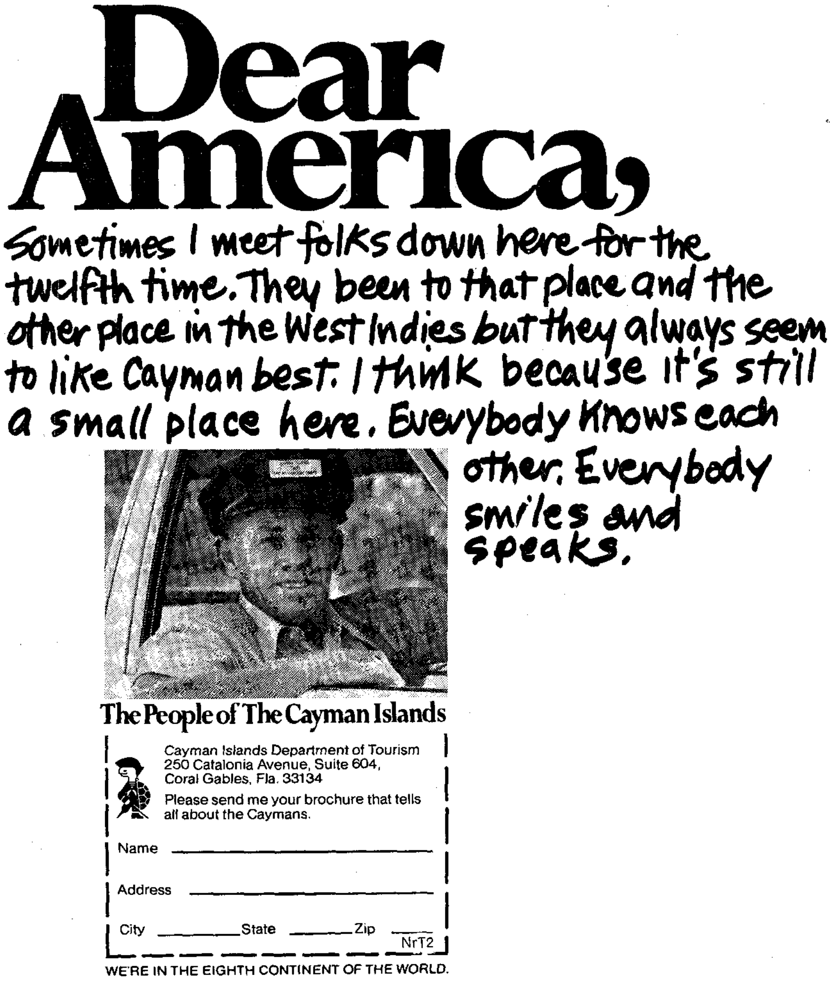

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accounts, than a man named Archibald P. Cochran, who died a few years ago, in his seventies. Cochran, a former Louisville industrialist, had become in retirement a tireless worker for civic good. He was enthusiastic about doing something with the riverfront, so in 1964 Louisville's mayor at the time, the late William O. Cowger, named him Riverfront Expediter and gave him the assignment of turning some of the planning into reality. Cochran worked hard at his job during the middle and late sixties, but his efforts gained little backing from Louisville's traditional leadership—its power structure. The complaint that some have about the power structure, not only in relation to the waterfront but also in relation to almost everything else that has or has not gone on in Louisville, is not that the behind-the-scenes leaders do the wrong thing but that they do nothing at all.

An explanation of Louisville's power structure that a visitor gets repeatedly when asking questions about Louisville is that it is so fragmented that it wields little power. The people with power, some say, include, on the one hand, the current leaders of the old, rich families and, on the other, the new technocrats—the "young movers and shakers," like Cherry. The old, rich families, according to the explanation, are interested primarily in keeping their money, and the new movers and shakers are interested primarily in making more of it, and as a result there is nothing that could properly be called a downtown élite that tries to run the city. Almost by default, then, a lot of Louisville's pool of community power seems to have gone to the city's banks—which, after all, hold the resources of both groups—and to the people who run the city's communications businesses, particularly to Barry Bingham, Sr., who retains a lot of power despite his official retirement as editor and publisher of the newspapers.

A few years ago, Bingham's evening newspaper published a detailed study of Louisville's power structure, and it named names, including Bingham's own. Geoffrey Brown, a reporter for the Louisville *Times*, spent two and a half months studying power, and in February of 1971 he published his findings. "Nobody really runs Louisville," he concluded. "Louisville does have an élite. But it is not a handful of potentates. It is a sprawling mass in which the business and the family are more important, generally, than the individual. Whoever is head of the company or the family this year will be

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courted and flattered and asked to contribute and will have some say in running Louisville. But because the power structure is broad and fragmented, his say may not carry much weight." As evidence of the élite's fragmentation, Brown noted that he had asked eleven leaders to list the ten persons they considered most powerful in Louisville, and that the eleven had come up with sixty-eight names. The two mentioned most often were B. Hudson Milner, the president of the Louisville Gas & Electric Company, and Barry Bingham, Sr. Brown found that the heads of the area's biggest industries—General Electric, Ford, International Harvester, and so on—were not thought of as powerful people, because they were "outside-based" and "their decisions on local civic involvement often are made out of town." The city's five major banks "are where the power is," Brown said, and he explained, "Because of the dispersal of wealth here, the places where it tends to get stored . . . are the most powerful force in town when they choose to work together." But Brown also noted that the banks held to a "long-time timidity" about getting involved in civic matters.

The fragmentation of the power structure, coupled with the reluctance of Louisville's banks to take what seemed to them to be risks, kept a lot of the downtown and riverfront planning on the drawing board through the middle and late sixties, to the dismay of people like Cochran and Schneider. The latter had enjoyed some success with his buildings on Broadway, and he now was trying to convince other Louisvillians that the riverfront was the obvious next candidate for development. As for the people who were doing the planning, they were convinced that if there couldn't be a marina on the waterfront there ought to be something else that would attract the public. Alongside apartment and office buildings, they proposed, someone should construct a parking garage (everyone thought this would be necessary to attract people to the riverfront in the first place) and some sort of pedestrian platform over the railroad tracks and the interstate highway which would afford people an elevated view of the river. The planners started using the word "belvedere"—an old-fashioned term, from Italian architecture, for a structure that commands a superior view—to describe their proposed platform. By 1967, the city had established its Riverfront Commission, with Cochran in charge, and an Urban Renewal Commission, whose members included Schneider. Schneider was also a member of the Riverfront Commission, and since he was a developer and contractor by trade, his presence on the two agencies upset a number of Louisvillians, among them editorial writers for the newspapers, who saw a potential conflict of interest. Schneider, a large, voluble man who is given to doodling on restaurant tablecloths with a pencil (the results are likely to be intricate maps of some downtown Louisville of the future), plunged into his work on the commission, and when he found that investors were reluctant to commit themselves to development of the riverfront he developed it, in part, himself by building a hotel. (The garage and the belvedere were built by the city and are publicly owned. Schneider built the hotel, which he operates, on land leased from the city.) Asked not long ago if the newspapers had perhaps been correct when they accused him of conflict of interest, Schneider thought a few moments and replied, "Well, I guess if you come right down to the letter of the law, yes, it was. Arch Cochran and I could have been in serious trouble. When we were on the commission, we carried on as if we owned the damned place. We never asked the mayor anything. When we wanted to do something, we'd just *do* it, same as we did our own business. Nobody ever complained about it—nobody ever *knew* about it. And we never even dreamed that we were doing anything wrong. This was the way to get the thing *done*."

Schneider's and Cochran's persistence resulted in the construction of an impressive riverfront complex. Schneider built the Galt House, a twenty-four-story hotel with striking river views from most of its seven hundred and fourteen rooms, and with two revolving restaurants on its top. (When he showed a visitor around the place last winter, Schneider casually observed that this was twice as many revolving restaurants as there were on top of Atlanta's showplace hotel, the

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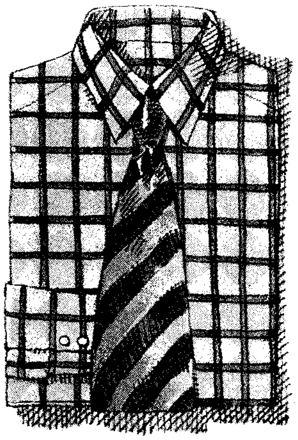

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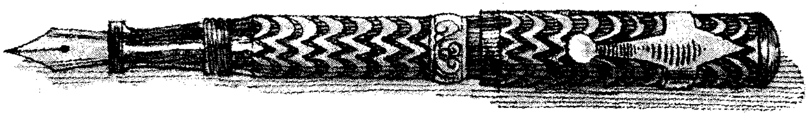

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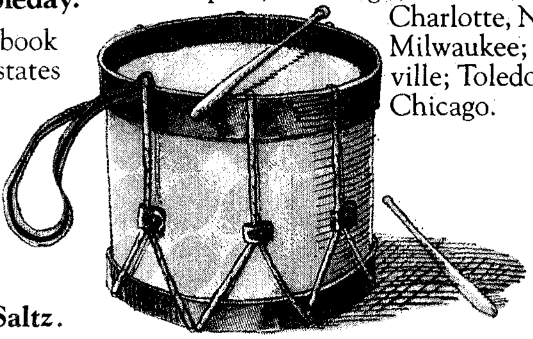

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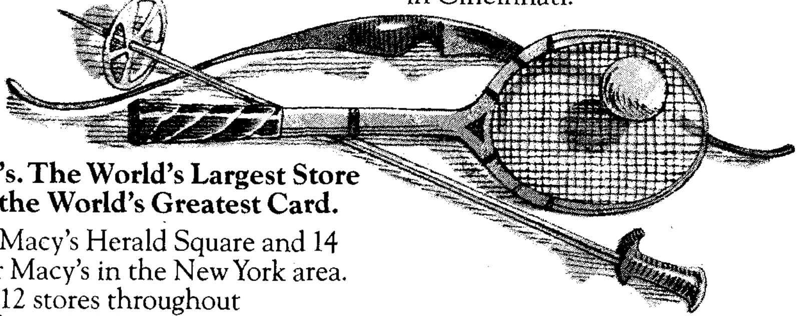

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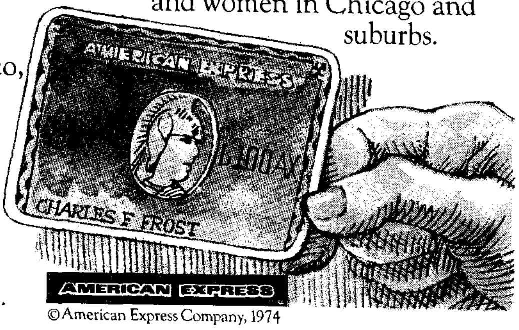

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Regency, and he also noted that he had personally designed the hotel's interior and selected its furnishings, which are something of a conglomeration of decorating styles. "Some of the New York people who come here to write about architecture get pretty upset with what I put into this place," he said. "But I don't care. I picked out what I like.") Beside the hotel is a sixteen-hundred-car garage, and atop the garage and jutting out to the river's edge is the belvedere. It is an attractive structure, and serves as a symbol of Louisville's return to the Ohio. The belvedere and the adjacent plaza take up seven and a half acres, on several levels, and they feature pools and fountains and plenty of room for strolling. One of the pools doubles as an ice rink, and last winter Louisville quickly discovered that it had a lot of citizens who knew how to skate and a lot more who weren't afraid to learn. Since it opened, in late April of 1973, timed to coincide with Derby Week, the belvedere has become a place that a lot of citizens apparently feel is their own—a downtown park, suitable for pleasant loafing, brown-bag lunching, river-gazing, and just walking around. Some citizens have used it for more formal pursuits as well; in the first few weeks after the belvedere was opened, according to *Louisville*, a publication of the Chamber of Commerce, it was the scene of two weddings, a square dance, a yoga session, a church breakfast, and an outdoor religious service.

About the time things started moving on the riverfront project, they started moving in other parts of downtown Louisville as well. In 1967, government and business leaders got together and decided that something ought to be done about the whole downtown area. They also decided to ask for professional help, and engaged a team headed by Gruen Associates, an architectural, planning, and engineering firm that has done research on everything from a new university town in Belgium to what its project book calls a Hamburger Hamlet Addition in Los Angeles, to draw up a proposal. Two years later, the professionals completed their survey and proffered their advice; it was contained in a handsomely produced ninety-four-page document titled "Louisville Center City Development Program" and rich in maps, charts, and elegant typography. The document offered "a program for revitalizing the Center City area of Louisville," and to those citizens who had been deploring Louisville's complacency its major findings seemed to

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hit the bull's-eye. The city's problems "are only partly physical shortcomings," the consultants said. "The more important cause is rooted in attitudes; call it a question of confidence in the future of Center City." Louisville, said the report, needed to change from a regional "service center" into "an urban center of national significance," and the center of the city was "a critical link in this transition." The consultants listed some fifty specific proposals by which, they said, these goals might be accomplished; many of them had to do with transit and parking, the construction of a new exhibition center, a major convention hotel, and a new government center. The most exciting and interesting proposals, though, had to do with what the consultants felt was the absolute need to restore downtown Louisville's friendly relationship with the Ohio River. The city, said the report, had grown toward the south and east, and the result was "a development pattern where, today, Center City is considerably off-center in its urban region." What was most needed, according to the consultants, was the conscious linking of the present spinal column of the downtown area, Fourth Street, to the river, with the riverfront project—just getting under way—serving as the kingpin. The other end of the spine would be Broadway. One way to strengthen the spine, the consultants said, would be by converting Fourth Street into a pedestrian mall. There were handsome maps and line drawings to illustrate the proposed mall, with precise little shrubs here and there, and sophisticated- and satisfied-looking shoppers strolling down it.

When the Gruen Report, as some called it, circulated in Louisville in 1969 and 1970, it became almost a textbook for a few leaders and was almost completely ignored by many, who presumably thought of it as just the latest in the long line of surveys. People had been talking about turning Fourth Street into a pedestrian mall almost as long as they had been talking about developing the riverfront. Back in 1943, a Louisville mayor named Wilson W. Wyatt, Sr., had tried to promote the idea among political and business leaders, with no success. Even after the Gruen Report was published, there was remarkably little enthusiasm in some quarters. B. Hudson Milner, the head of the gas-and-electric company, and one of the few Louisvillians who were universally acknowledged to possess a great deal of power, was asked in 1970 if he had read the report, and he replied, with a smile, "I have gone over

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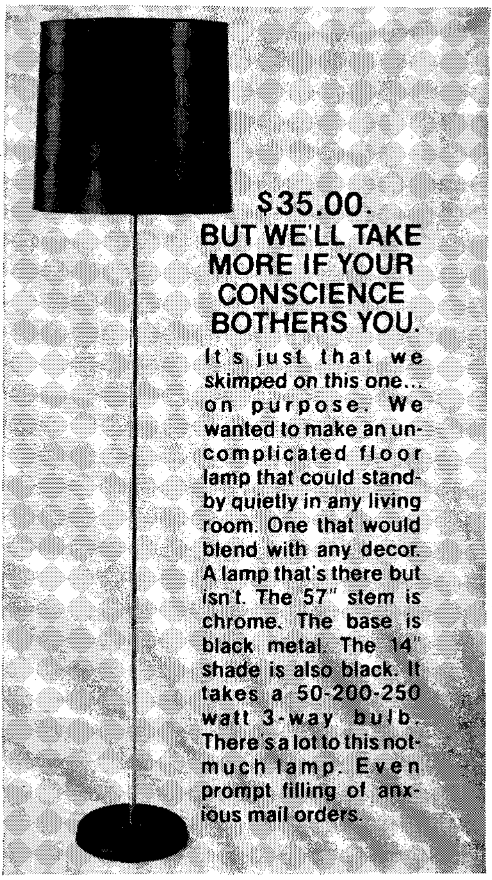

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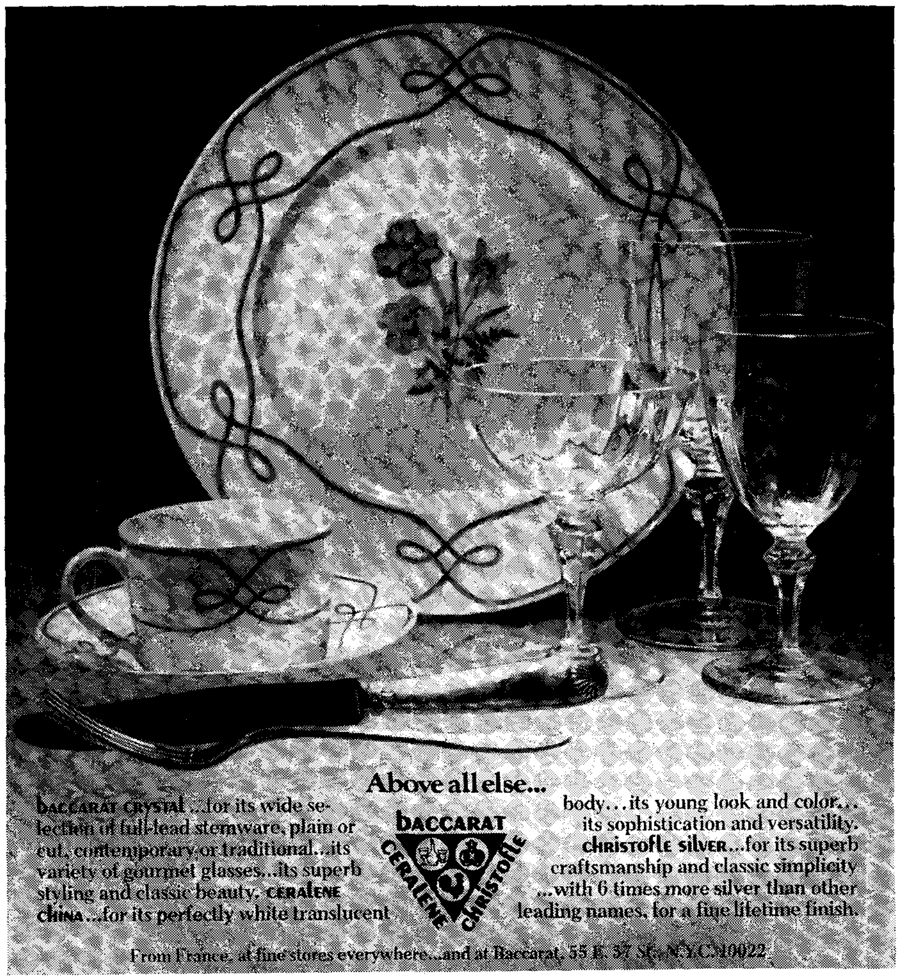

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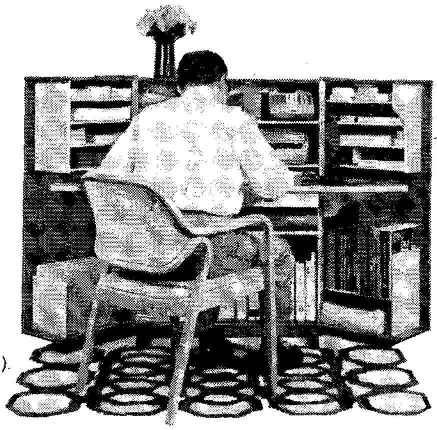

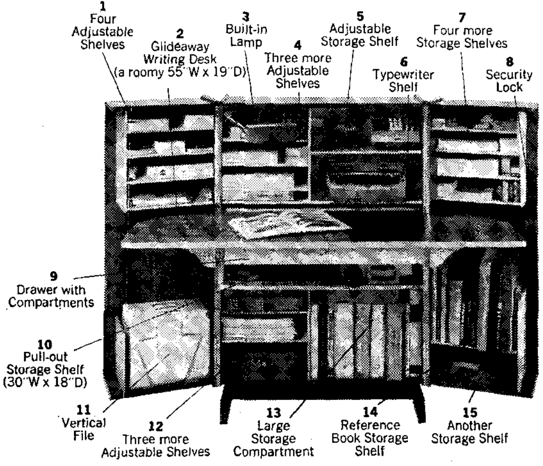
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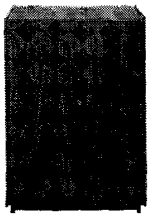

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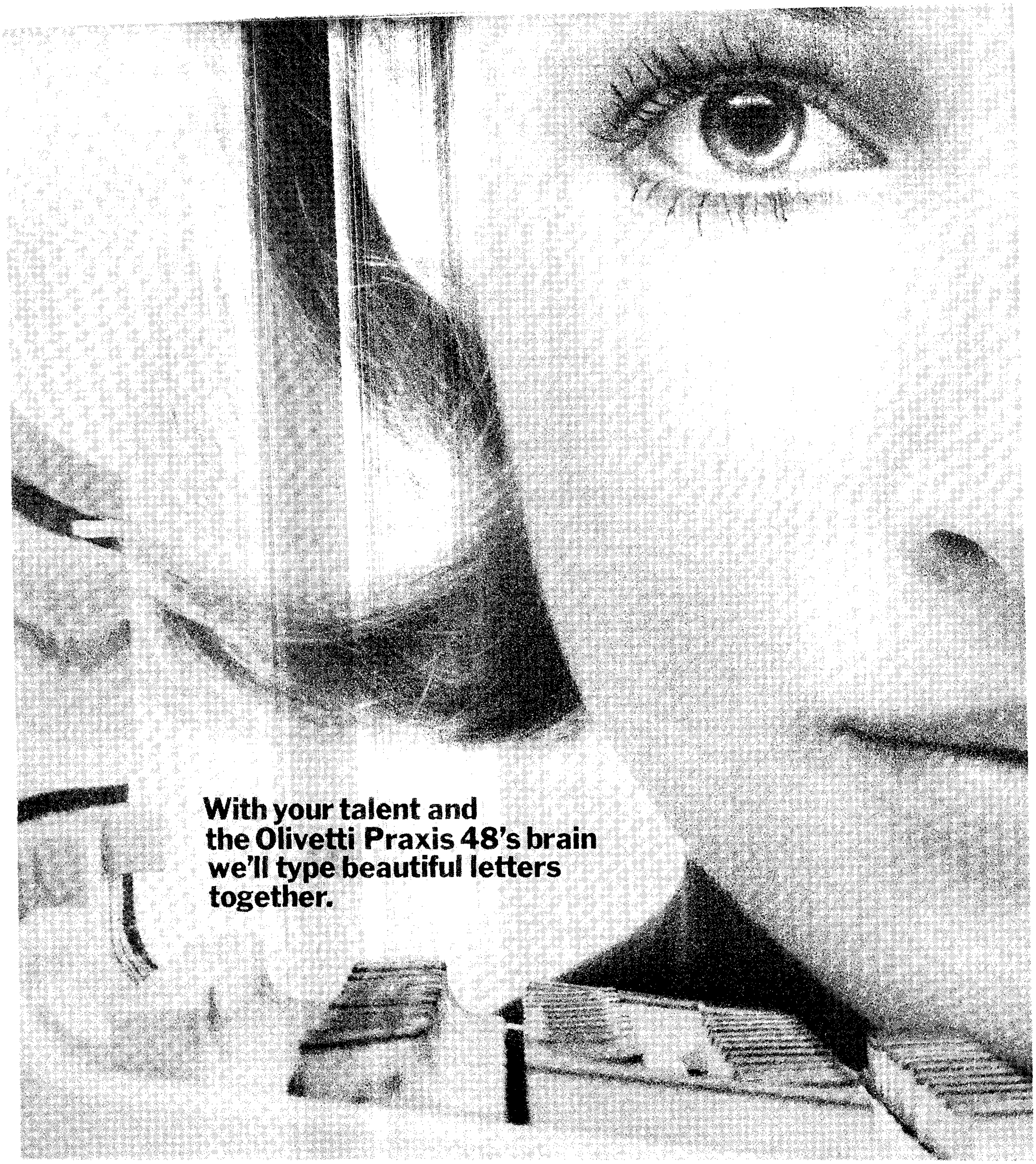
it almost in the way the judge says he's gone over the record, by which he means he stepped carefully over it on his way to the office."

The person for whom the report became most like holy writ was Leslie J. Barr, now president of the Greater Toledo Corporation, an organization set up to redesign and redevelop downtown Toledo, who at that time was the youthful director of the Louisville Central Area, Inc., a chamber-of-commerce-type organization for firms in the central business district. Barr practically memorized the report as he hurried about the downtown area, buttonholing merchants, bankers, and political leaders and trying to convince them that the city needed a spine. "The question is: Will the *process* of all our planning be the only *product*?" he said to a visitor in the summer of 1970. "In other words, will the plan end up on the shelf? That has probably been the biggest trouble with planning in this city to date." The answer to Barr's question, like the answer to the question of whether the riverfront would ever be developed, is, of course, now in hand. In August of 1973, Fourth Street from Broadway to within two blocks of the river became a pedestrian mall—one that looks almost like the designers' drawings. There are trees, and flower beds, and benches, and places for children to play. The three-block-long plaza, which has been named River City Mall, is architecturally pleasing, comfortable, and an all-round delightful place. People seem to slow down their gait when they enter it, as if they had just stepped from a busy thoroughfare into a pleasant park. A major attraction of the mall, however, is not that it is quiet and pastoral but, rather, that it combines the pedestrian's slower pace with the diversity of dozens of places to stop, shop, stroll, and look. A visitor to the mall is likely to be struck by the differences between it and its counterpart in the suburban shopping centers, many of which try to build some sort of mall arrangement into the spaces between their shops. In the suburban centers, one is aware that the stores have been carefully chosen to provide an atmosphere of "togetherness" (and, probably, to minimize competition for the participating merchants). The River City Mall is a lot like a traditional downtown; it has all of a thriving downtown's heterogeneity, with the advantage that one can cross the street without fear of being hit by a car. Walking along the River City Mall, a visitor finds dime stores, men's and women's clothing shops, discount



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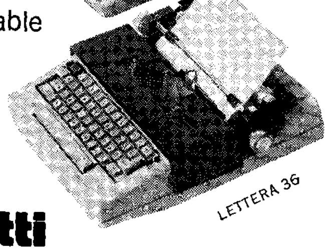
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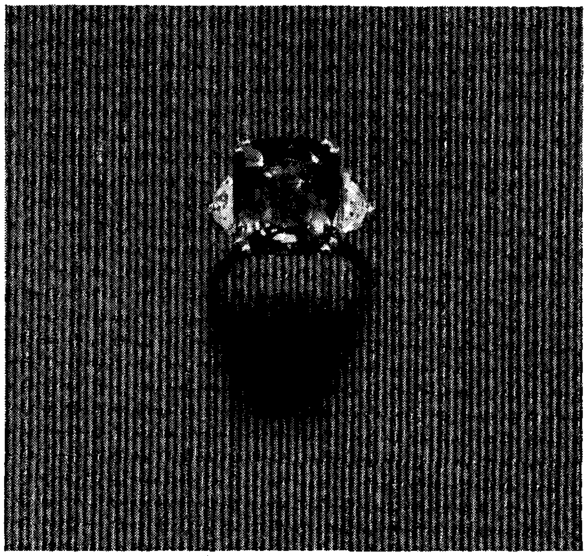
"We approached the mall not as a *shopping mall but as a pedestrian mall*," Wilson W. Wyatt, Jr., said not long ago. Wyatt is the executive director of Louisville Central Area, Inc., the prime mover behind the mall, and has played an important part in creating the downtown attraction that his father, when he was mayor three decades ago, once promoted. "We're trying to create an atmosphere of belonging," Wyatt said. "Not just being a shopping center or a bank building but, rather, a whole exciting thing. It's drawn all kinds of people into Louisville from all over the state, and from Indiana, and then we started getting letters from other cities, saying, 'How are you doing this?' And pretty soon urban planners were saying, 'What's going on in Louisville?' And the truth of the matter is we're just plain having fun in the city."

IT is unlikely, given Louisville's traditional disinclination to do anything drastic or too quickly, that the riverfront and mall projects could have been brought to fruition if the city's leading banks had continued their conservative approach to downtown development. As the seventies began, however, the banks cast off a lot of



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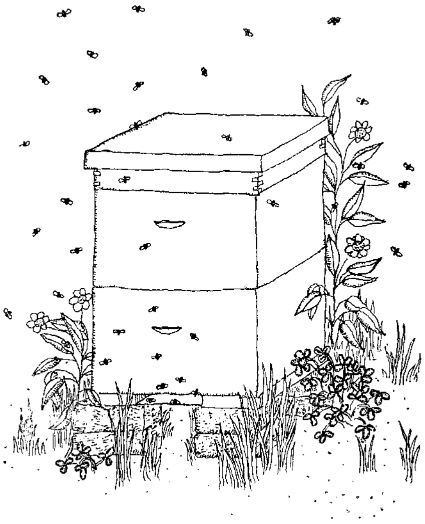
their conservatism and undertook significant building programs of their own, which gave the whole development program a big impetus. Within just a few years, three major banks have erected skyscrapers. The Citizens Fidelity Bank made the first move, with a thirty-story office building that cost about fifteen million dollars and was situated about a third of the way from Broadway to the river. Then the Louisville Trust Company built *its* new home, a twenty-four-story building, costing six million dollars, almost smack on the river, just behind Schneider's hotel. Then the First National Bank of Louisville started construction on a forty-story building on Main Street—about as close to the river as the Louisville Trust Company had got—at a cost of about twenty-two million dollars.

The new buildings are commonly referred to in Louisville as evidence of the bank's commitment to the future of the city, and the bankers do not go to great pains to deny this. A. Stevens Miles, the forty-four-year-old president of the First National Bank of Louisville, explained to an acquaintance not long ago that his bank's decision was based on a combination of altruism and good business sense; the bank, Miles said, had come very close to making its commitment not to the center of the city but to suburbia. Five years or so ago, the bank was considering expanding, and "the real growth in Louisville was in the suburban area," he went on. "When we thought about what kind of facility we needed, we didn't start out by thinking we needed a high-rise building. We had seriously considered having a large branch as our main downtown location, and for our operations and data-processing area we had seriously considered a warehouse-type facility of minimum-grade con-



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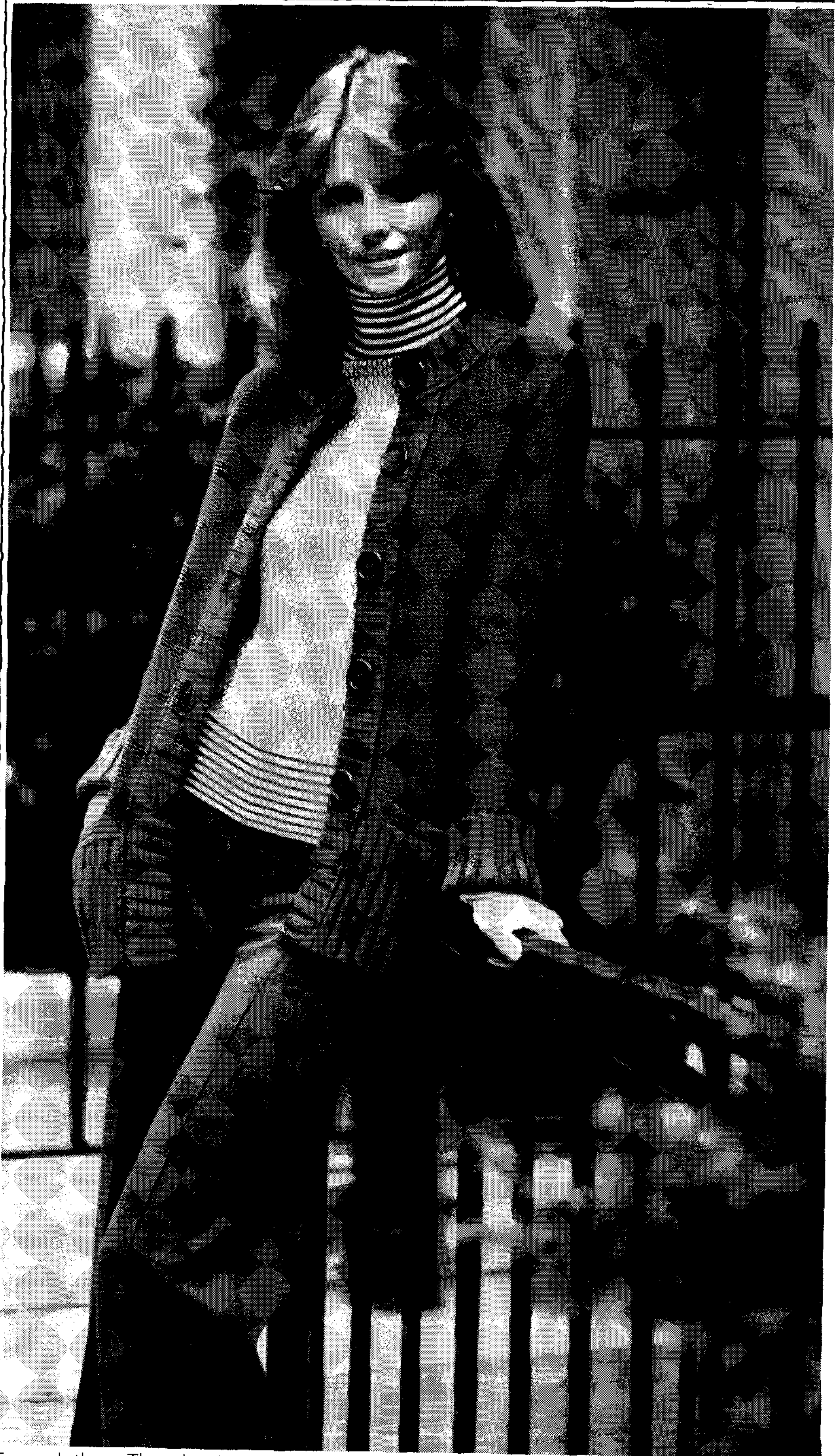

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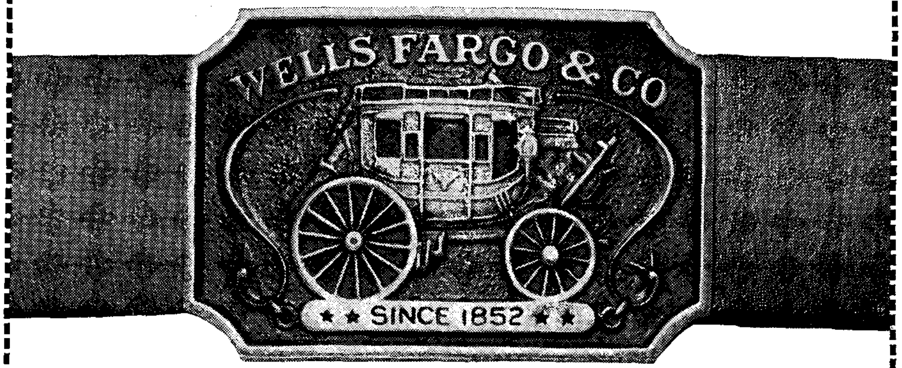

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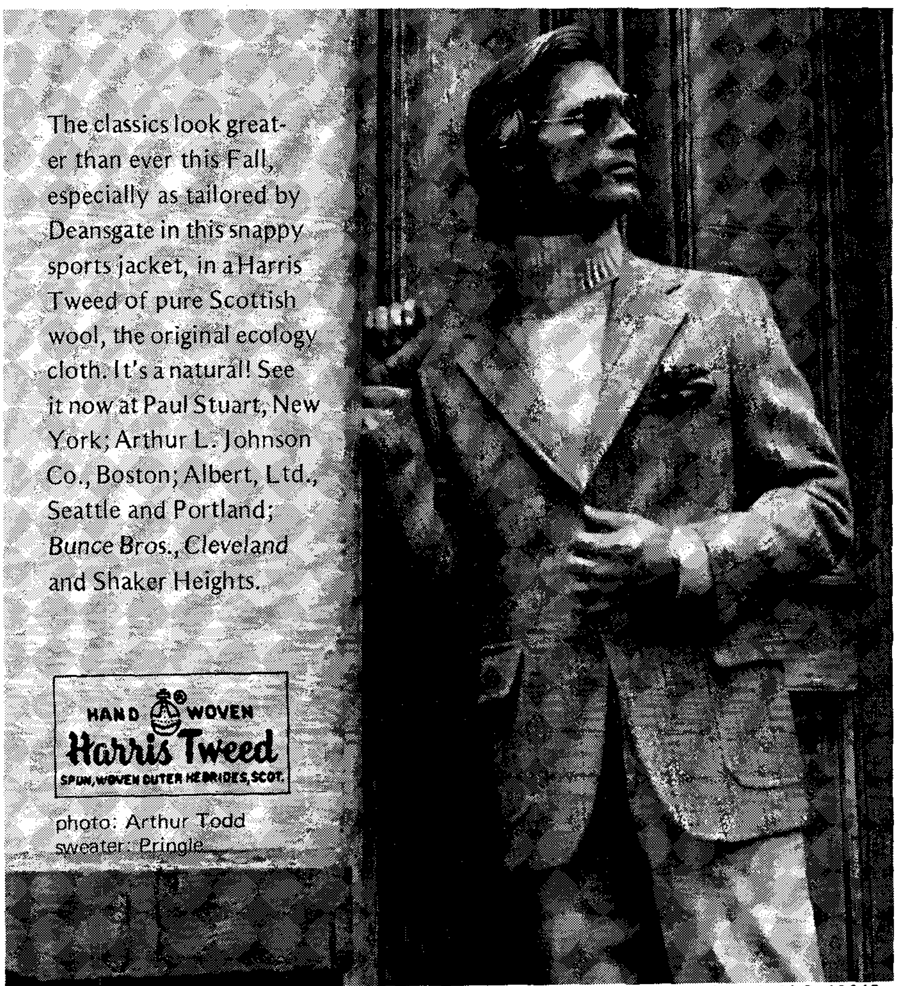

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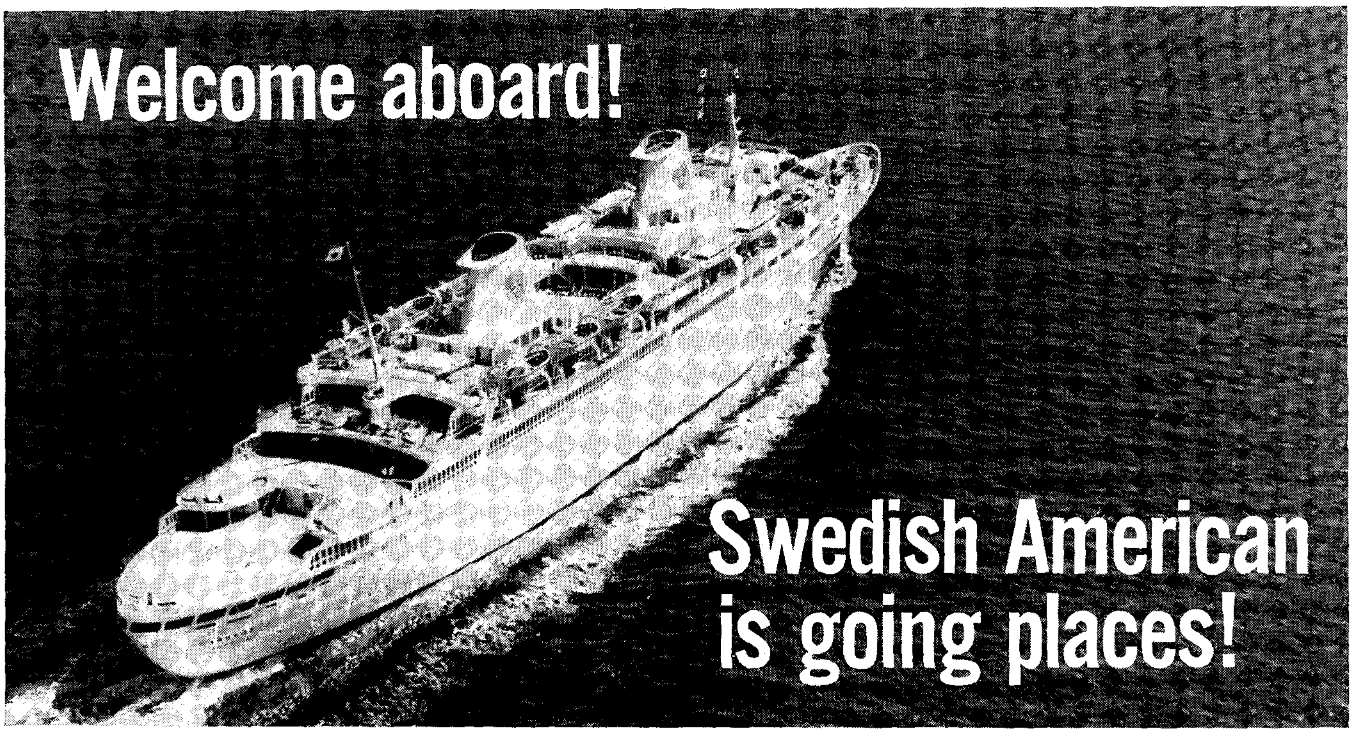
struction on the periphery of town. We felt that communications are no longer a great problem, and, from the standpoint of pure economics, it would cost us some three dollars and fifty cents a foot per year there versus seven-fifty a foot in a new building downtown. So from that standpoint it seemed like a good economic decision. Obviously, I'm glad we didn't make it." Miles turned and looked out of his office window, high above Main Street. A mile away, an enormous tug was slowly pushing a string of barges loaded with steel toward the Mississippi River. An important factor in the bank's decision not to go to the suburbs, Miles said, was the Gruen Report. The bank's directors decided that they wanted to build what Miles called "a facility of some significance," and they thought the consultants' spinal-column approach "made a lot of sense." So the bank asked the architectural firm that was planning its new facility to "find a location at one end or the other of this spinal column." Miles continued, "Property down here on the riverfront was available, through urban renewal, and we could take advantage of the super view that we get of the river, and so we made essentially a twenty-two-million-dollar commitment for construction alone to the redevelopment of the riverfront."

Miles was asked if the people who run the bank were consciously declaring, when they made their commitment, that Louisville ought to be turned back toward the river. "Well, I think so," he replied. "There was no question about that. We feel very strongly that, as a bank, we should participate in the rebirth, the growth, of the community. And there were some economic considerations as well. We have shareholders to answer to. So it isn't *entirely* altruistic. However, to a certain degree we wanted to use our strength and our influence to bring about this rebirth. I don't want to give our bank all the credit, of course. The other banks have all made similar commitments, of varying scope and size. The rebirth of Louisville and the real turnaround in philosophy and attitude aren't the result of our action alone, or the result of Al Schneider's action, or the result of Archie Cochran's planning and dedication to the belvedere and the return to the waterfront. It is really a concerted effort on everybody's part. And now, you know, it's like a winning football team. For some years, Louisville didn't have a very high opinion of itself. People would say, 'Gee, look what's going on in



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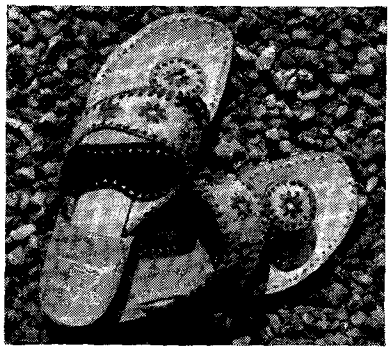

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Cincinnati,' and 'Look what's going on in Nashville,' and 'Look what they're doing in Memphis.' And somebody would say, 'Why doesn't Louisville do that?' And the answer always was 'Oh, Louisville's just an old sleepy river town, and it probably never will do these things.' Now the reverse is true. Contingents from Memphis are coming to Louisville to see what *we're doing.* And people from Nashville are looking at *our* riverfront to see if they can do something like that with the Cumberland River. And, of course, the result of this is that we in Louisville have a much higher opinion of ourselves. This is a contagious sort of thing. Also, we have groups of private investors from out of town—there were some here recently from the West Coast, and others from the East Coast—who are looking at Louisville as a potential site for some sort of facility. Their reaction to what's going on in Louisville is very exciting and stimulating to us, because *they* hold Louisville in high regard, and *they* think Louisville's on the move, so now you find that the business community and all the citizens of Louisville have a much higher opinion of themselves than they had before."

It is fairly obvious that Louisville's business community has more self-esteem now. Tall buildings seem to create that feeling almost automatically, and people who are concerned about the business climate are ready with statistics on growth—such as that in the twelve months ending in November, 1973, two and a half million square feet of new office space had been built, and that the cost of new construction in the city, including a medical complex, educational facilities, and government offices, is averaging about ninety-four million dollars a year. What is harder to determine is the degree to which the citizens' pride and confidence has been increased.

Wilson Wyatt, Jr., seems sure that there is a good deal of momentum behind the big, flashy construction projects, and that Louisville's continued progress in the direction of a revived downtown and riverfront is virtually assured. Just recently, the state government promised to help finance a new exhibition hall, with attendant hotel and garage, on Fourth Street, and Wyatt sees that promise as further assurance that Louisville is being given an entire new downtown, properly oriented toward the river. Now, he feels, it is important to make sure that the people of Louisville—not just its bankers, its merchants, and the visitors who come to stay in its hotel rooms high above the river—become involved in the new downtown. Accordingly, when the belvedere and the mall were opened to the public, Wyatt's office got into the business of what he called "promoting Louisville to Louisvillians." He collected about eighty thousand dollars in donations from commercial interests in the central business district and set about trying to let the citizens know that they had a new downtown. "The idea was that by using the mall as a *stage*, and using the belvedere as a stage, we could introduce people to their new city without any sales and without any gimmicks—and without their buying any tickets," Wyatt said. "Everything was free. The hope was that we might be able—in this city, which had never known it before—to create some improvisation, some spontaneity, to get people to kind of do their own thing. We believed that the riverfront was exciting, but we also knew that it had been under construction, with walls around it, for two years, and no one knew it existed, and they wouldn't believe it until they saw it, and they needed to hear about it."

Louisvillians heard about it, all right. The first formal event to be held in the new downtown, on both the mall and the belvedere, was the 1973 Bluegrass Music Festival of the United States. It lasted three days around the end of May, and Wyatt estimates that it attracted twenty-five thousand people. (The second Bluegrass Music Festival, which took place in the spring of 1974, drew a hundred and twenty-five thousand people.) The singer John Hartford was the leading attraction for the first festival, and there were fifteen other bluegrass groups. "That plaza was running over with people," Wyatt said. "There were about ten thousand there the final night." Then, last year, came the first Louisville Summer Festival, a sixteen-day series of events on the mall and the riverfront, which included presentations by choral groups and the Free Street Theatre, more bluegrass music, and folk music, dance, drama, children's theatre, quartet singing, an arts-and-crafts fair, sidewalk painting, food, street dancing, historic tours, a tennis demonstration, and a "country-and-Western youth festival" that featured such groups as the Kentuckiana Kloggers and the Moon Rockers Square Dance Club. In September, there was a week-long Salute to the Arts, with music, dance, poetry, painting, sculpture, opera, "creative stitchery," crocheting, pottery, silver-

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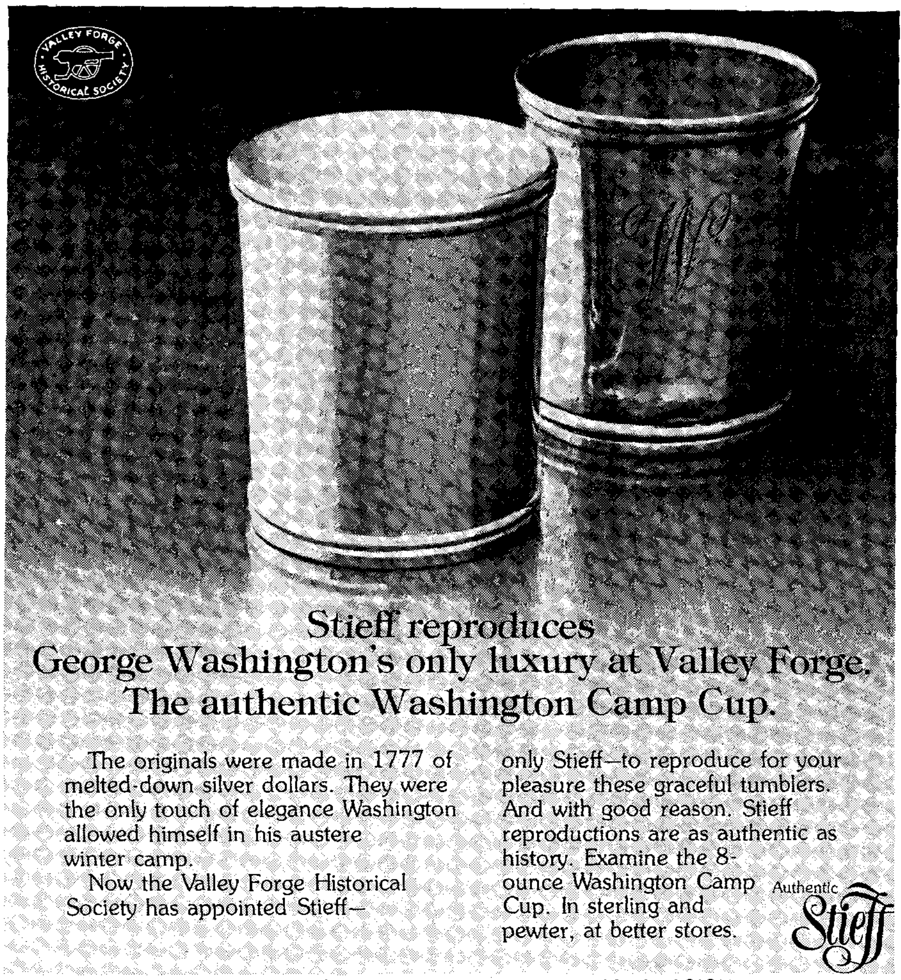

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smithing, weaving on looms, chair-caning, and performances by the Louisville Ballet Company in the display window of Stewart's, a department store on the mall. A few days later, the Louisville Orchestra gave a pop-and-bluegrass concert on the riverfront plaza. It started with Tchaikovsky's overture to "Romeo and Juliet" and ended with the Berea College Country Dancers doing "Appalachian Square Dance."

"What it all did was simply unbelievable," Wyatt said recently. "I mean, you'd go to your suburban cocktail parties and hear people say, 'Gee, you know, I was downtown, and it's a lot of fun. The ballet on the belvedere was just fantastic.' Or 'I'd never heard bluegrass music before, and that was a lot of fun. We went back with the whole family.' And blacks were mixed with whites, and no one felt a thing. Not any tension at all. Not one incident the whole summer, and if you can say that about a public festivity, day and night, that's something. It was like a great big party for the city of Louisville." There was at least one non-scheduled event that some Louisvillians classified as an incident. A group of young visitors to the belvedere in the summer of 1973 decided to go wading in the pools, and at least one of them removed not only her shoes but also the rest of her clothing, and certain other visitors objected to this. A controversy ensued in the letters columns of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, and it was resolved temporarily only by the arrival of cold weather. With the return of warm weather this spring, "No Wading" signs were posted, but they are ignored.

Cold weather also brought to a temporary end the diverse scheduled happenings on the mall and the riverfront last year, but in November, when the city flooded one of the larger pools on the belvedere and froze it, there was ice-skating on the banks of the Ohio, with the new skyscrapers looming in the background. (More than one Louisvillian, commenting on the rink, would start out, "Of course, it's not as big as the one in Rockefeller Center, but . . .") And last December 1st, when Dr. Harvey Sloane was sworn in as Louisville's new mayor, he chose the belvedere as the site for the ceremony. Wyatt, in the meantime, was trying to figure out ways to get people to use their new downtown all year round. He said that a lot of physical work still had to be done—that new shops and restaurants were needed to complement the new tall buildings, and that there was still a great shortage of housing for Louisville's less well-off residents. "We have an awful long period of time during which we've got to deal with things as they are," he said. "And I think that during this period, when we're planning and developing, we need to quadruple our activities—the street events—and have something every single day, seven days a week, and every night all year long. And if we can do that, I think that this entire community is just going to be *beside* itself."

WYATT's assertion that his city now needs to do a lot that is not in the category of tall bank buildings and riverfront belvederes is one that is shared by quite a number of Louisvillians these days. Yet a few years ago a visitor to the city at the Falls of the Ohio heard little talk of this kind. It seems that the shining new downtown has performed several functions in addition to its intended ones of providing a center for the metropolitan area and of pointing the city back toward the river. It is possible that the mall and the riverfront have shown Louisvillians that complacency need not be a chronic condition, and, further, that one can now look beyond the downtown area to the human needs of the city as a whole. There had been talk all along about what a nice place Louisville was, but such talk had referred mostly not to the city itself but to its suburbs—to such upper-middle-class communities as Anchorage, Harrods Creek, the Highlands, and St. Matthews. Now the talk is about making the *city* a better place in which to live, work, and play—but especially in which to live.

One agency that is hard at work on this task is the Planning Commission, a joint city-county agency directed by Donald Ridings, who formerly served as the urban-affairs expert for the *Courier-Journal*. Ridings, who is thirty-seven, and a number of young planners he has hired since December of 1972, when he became the commission's director, have been busy trying to put together what he calls "some sort of over-all development scheme" for the city and the county, and when he talks about development he is not talking about just buildings. "We're trying to develop a *public* focus on the riverfront," Ridings told a visitor not long ago. "We're trying to do something with regard to the historic areas and districts; we're trying to get into *neighborhood* planning; and we're trying to link it all together into one graphically explainable kind of scheme. We want to tie our parks plan into

DOWN "MAINSTREET"
By Donald Brooks

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it. Our bicycle paths, which would go the length of the Ohio River in the city, would be tied into it. The reclaiming of the river as a public utility is tied into it. The historical thrust can be tied into it. These are just things that it'd take a fool not to want to tie into, and it gives us some basis for claiming that the people have reason to go back and grab a piece of the river." Ridings said that as far as he and his planners were concerned the construction of the belvedere was just the first step toward opening up the Ohio River to the people. "We want to make the river accessible to people all along its length, not just at the belvedere," he said. There are a number of barriers to such a plan—notably the railroad tracks, the roadways, and the industries that now run along the riverfront—but Ridings has discovered that most of the land is owned by the city, which leases it out, so he is hopeful that the plan is within the realm of possibility. Ridings' planners discovered that one narrow strip of shoreline is controlled by the Army Corps of Engineers, and are convinced that it is just the right width for a bicycle path. Along stretches of the shoreline that are classified as flood plain, and that therefore will not support permanent structures, they are thinking about anchoring floating restaurants in the water. There is an old railroad bridge over the Ohio which the railroad does not use but which, according to Ridings, it says it is too impoverished to tear down, and some planners are suggesting that it be made into an interstate boardwalk, with shops and restaurants on it.

The bankers and the commercial interests were primarily instrumental in turning the Riverfront Project and the River City Mall into realities, but if the proposals of Ridings and others are to be implemented help will have to come from two other areas: the elected officials and the citizens themselves. And, interestingly, movement is now well under way in both those areas. Louisville has had progressive political leadership for some time, but the current occupant of the mayor's office, Harvey Sloane, is thought of as a person likely to give unprecedented attention to the needs of individual citizens, and especially individual neighborhoods. Mayor Sloane is a thirty-eight-year-old physician, who was elected last fall on his first try for political office. He was born in New York City, grew up in Virginia, and attended Yale and the Western Reserve School of Medicine. Being independently wealthy, he never entered private medical practice. He

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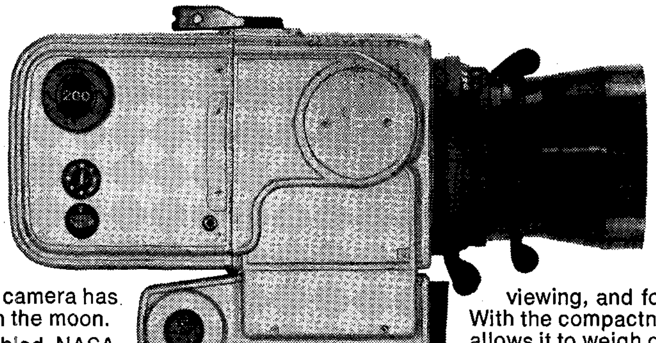

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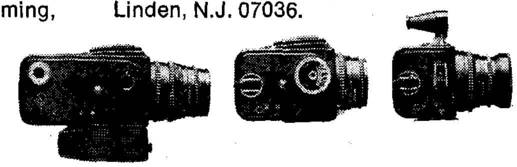

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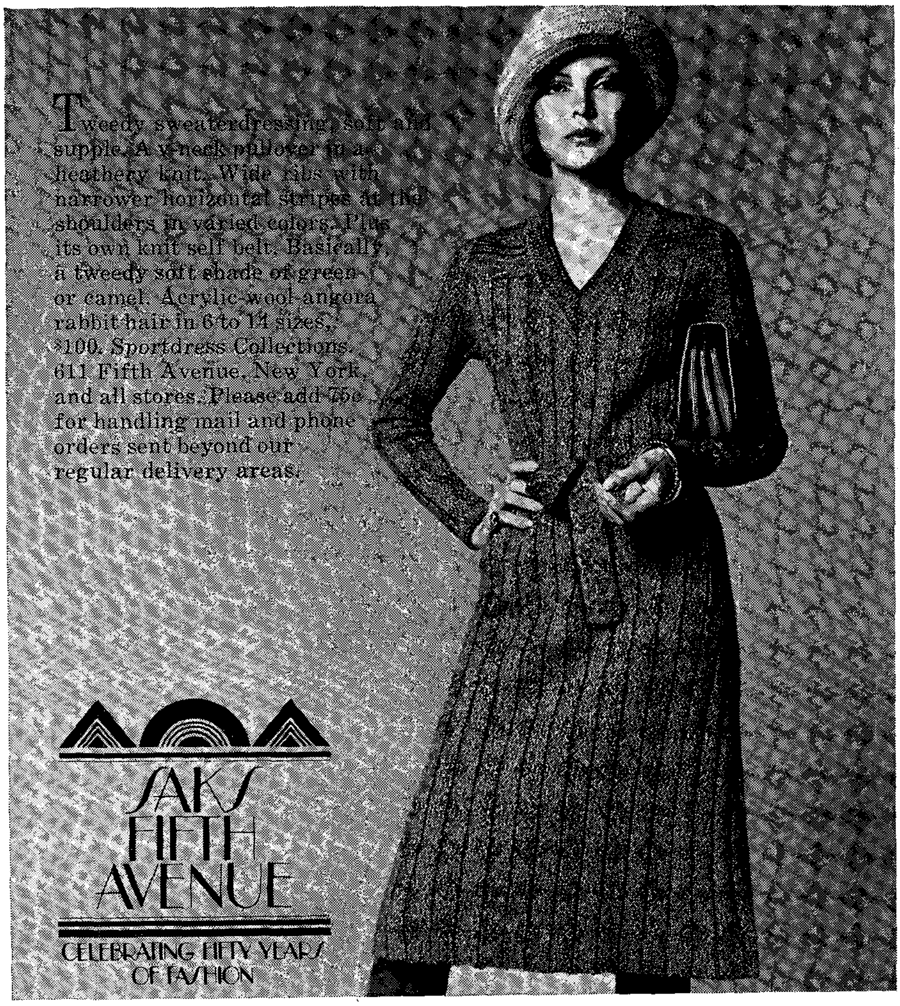

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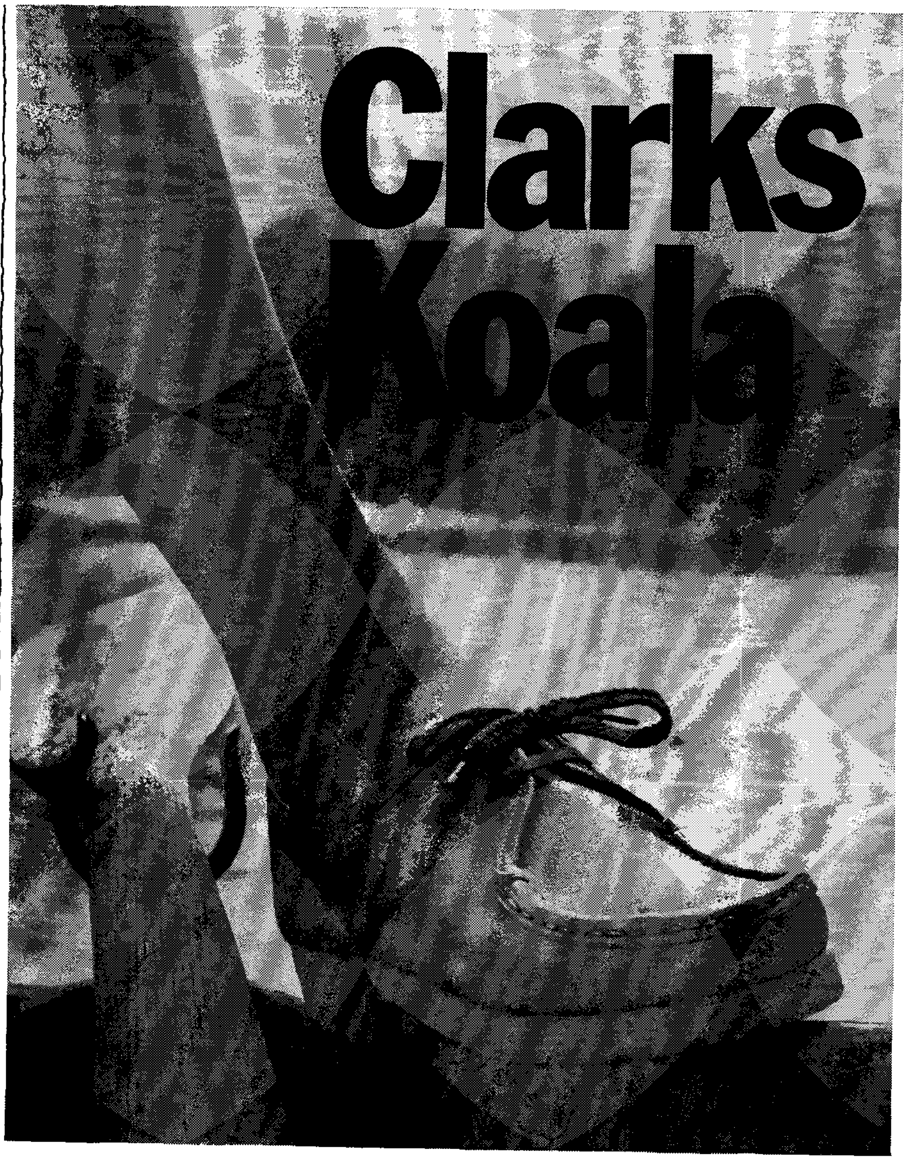
has worked with the Public Health Service in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, and when he came to Louisville, in 1966, he started and directed a neighborhood health center in one of the city's poorer black communities.

Politicians were surprised in May of 1973 when, in the Democratic primary for mayor, Dr. Sloane defeated a candidate who had the support of the incumbent mayor, Frank Burke, who by law could not succeed himself. In the ensuing campaign, Dr. Sloane was assumed to be a "limousine liberal," who would founder on the political realities, but, as the *Courier-Journal's* political editor, Bill Billiter, said in an analysis, he "stressed flinty-eyed pragmatism rather than dewy-eyed liberalism." One of the issues Dr. Sloane was flinty-eyed about was law and order. His chief opponent, a Republican named C. J. Hyde, was a former Louisville police chief, and it was assumed that Hyde would have the edge on the issue. Dr. Sloane neatly reduced that edge by becoming the law-and-order candidate himself, but not in a way that infuriated the more liberal voters. He advocated more foot patrols for the police department; he said he wanted to relieve policemen of duties not directly connected with law enforcement; and he opposed the formation of a civilian review board to oversee police activities.

The emphasis on security unquestionably gained Dr. Sloane points among the voters (the newspapers said that all the opinion polls had shown it to be the electorate's major concern), but the candidate also placed great emphasis on Louisville's need to do more about the places where its people



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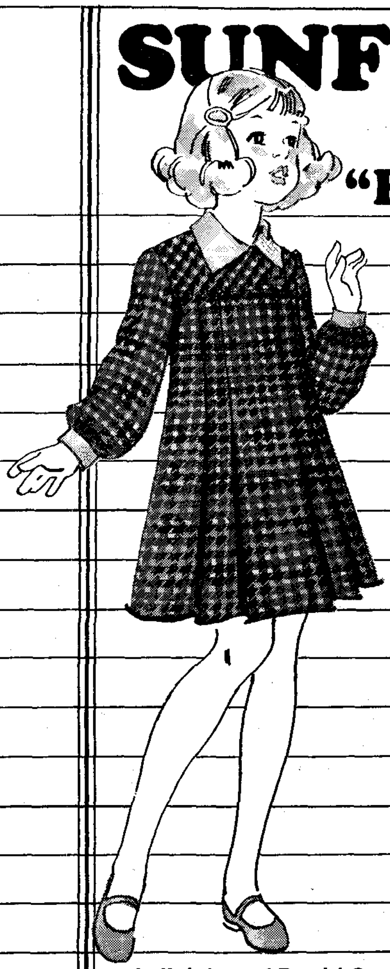

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lived—its neighborhoods. The city's downtown development, which was then nearing completion, fitted handily into Dr. Sloane's campaign rhetoric. In January of 1973, when he announced that he was running for mayor, he told the voters, "We see the concrete evidence of brick-and-mortar progress all around us, and we have marvelled at it and taken new pride from it. But you may have asked what does it do for you. And I think you seek assurance that this city of the seventies will also meet the simple human needs of people living in their own neighborhoods, building a future for their own families." During the months of campaigning that followed, Dr. Sloane issued a number of detailed position papers on issues facing Louisville, and several of them concerned his ideas about neighborhoods. He proposed the creation of a revolving fund, in which the city would deposit half a million dollars in local banks but would not draw interest on it. Rather, the banks would be allowed to use the interest they would have paid out to reduce by about half their own interest rates on loans to Louisvillians who wanted to improve their homes. Dr. Sloane also advocated for Louisville an experimental "urban homesteading" program, like one now in effect in Wilmington, Delaware. In Wilmington, houses that have been abandoned or whose mortgages have been foreclosed because of tax delinquencies are given to people who agree to rehabilitate and live in them.

In the election, on November 6, 1973, Dr. Sloane won by a margin of better than two to one, and there is little doubt that he interpreted the returns as a mandate for increased neighborhood development. After the election, he told a visitor, "I want to concentrate on neighborhoods as much as in the last three or four years we've concentrated on the downtown." The new mayor reiterated this theme during his inauguration ceremony on the belvedere. Again he used the new downtown, part of which he was standing on, as a contrast. "Here, at our river's edge, our city's place of origin, we now see all the vital signs of self-renewal," he said. "Each stone in this belvedere, each brick and iron bar in the buildings around us, witnesses the power and determination of our city and her people. . . . We must look at our city as a whole to see the true nature of our problems. Proud as we are of this great urban center, our goal is not sheer growth. The end of our actions is the source of our strength: people, not buildings; people, not highways; peo-

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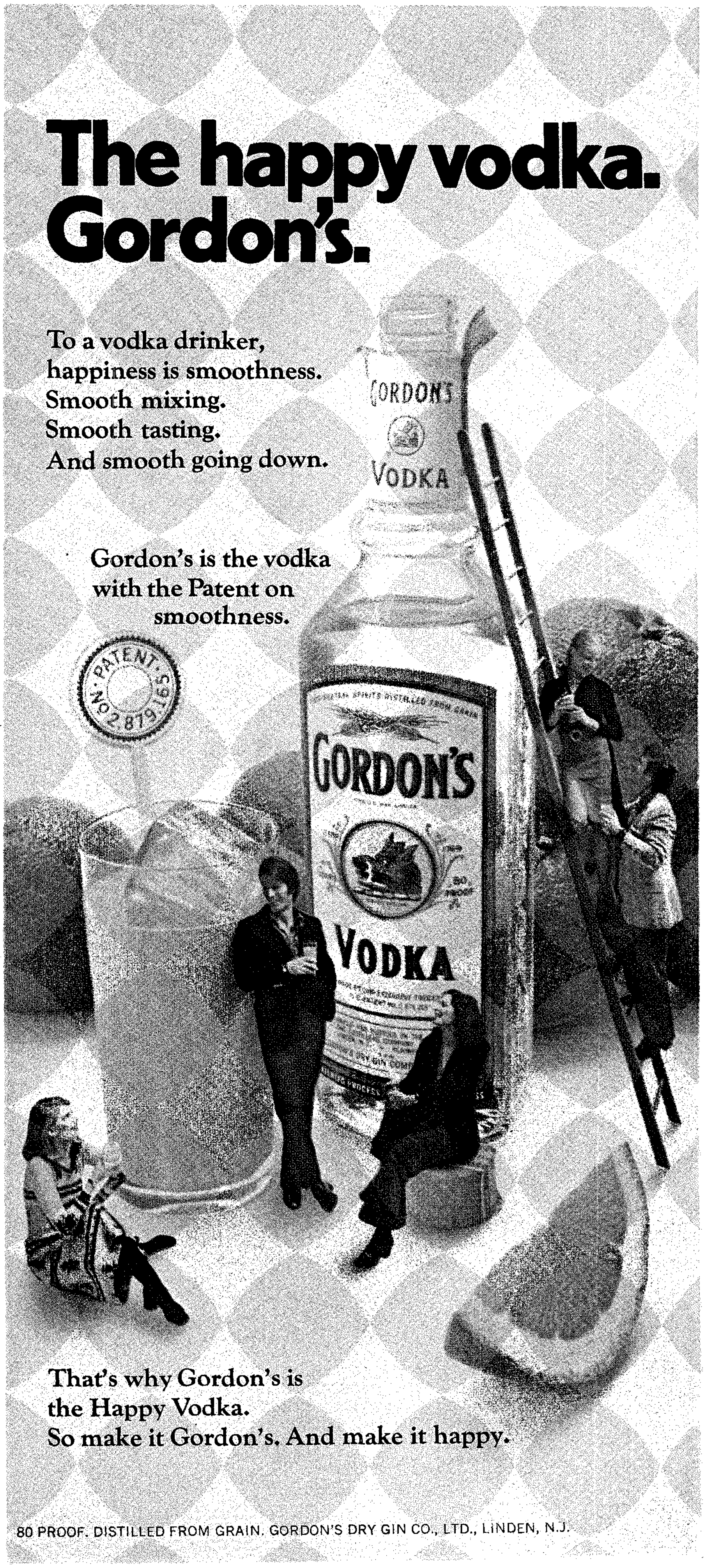
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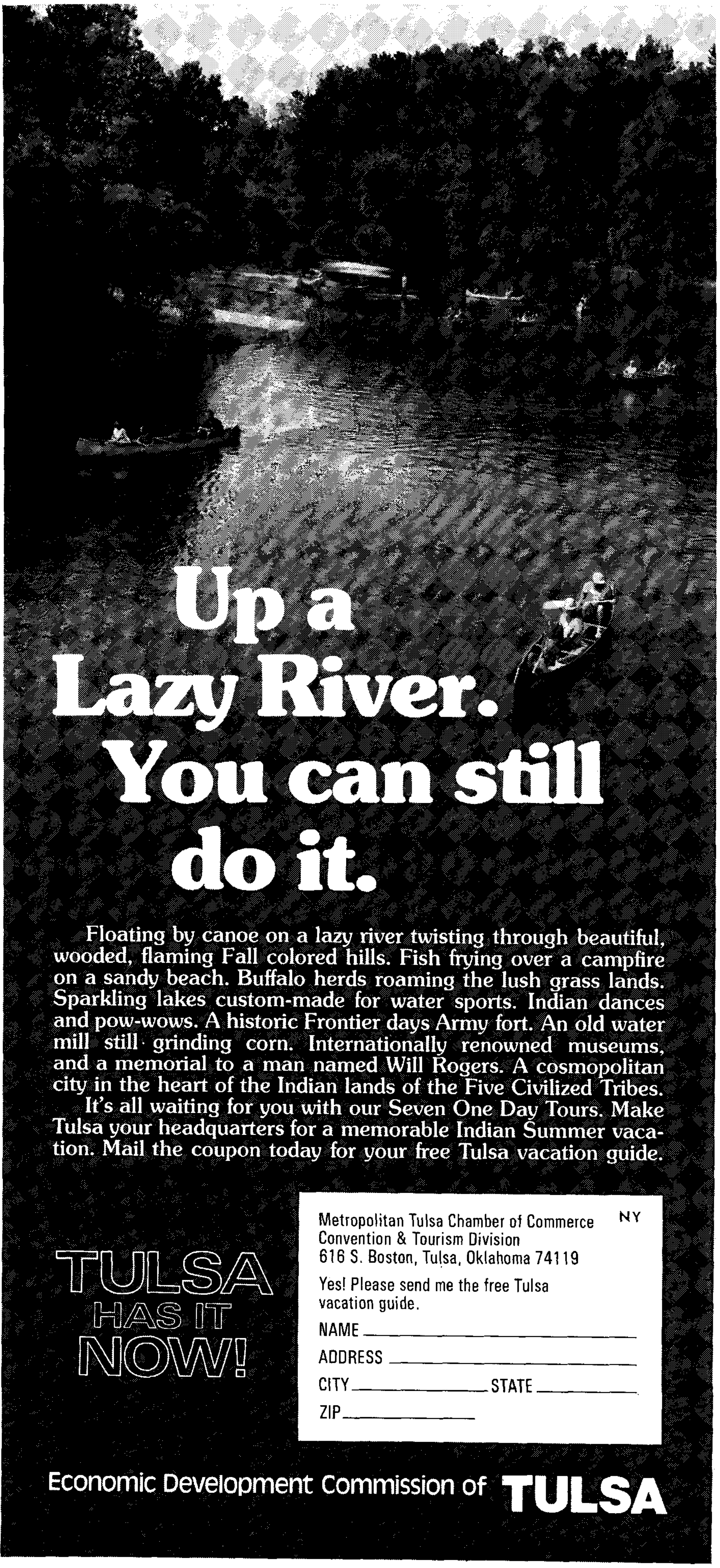
ple, not sprawling and unmanageable growth. We will not allow the neighborhoods that house and sustain our people to be split, gouged, and torn asunder by purposeless development. Those neighborhoods that have declined, whose houses have been blighted, abandoned, or boarded up, must be renewed. The city is a place to live. We must save it as a homeland for our children." After his speech, the new mayor led his fellow-Louisvillians in a brief walk from the belvedere to a reception, which was held, in what was undoubtedly an act of unconscious symbolism, in the lobby of one of the new bank buildings.

A SURPRISINGLY large number of citizens are already at work renewing neighborhoods and staving off purposeless development. Almost every older American city of any size has its renovators—the counterparts of the young professionals who in recent years have swept into the Georgetown section of Washington and the brownstone neighborhoods of New York City—but in Louisville the movement seems to have a little more organization and bite to it. The renovators there, as elsewhere, have formed neighborhood associations, and they hold block parties, but they also have become activists: they have got into the house-buying-and-renovating business, and they occasionally have brought lawsuits to protect their communities from what they consider the encroachment of irresponsible or unattractive development. The movement has been particularly effective in Mayor Sloane's own neighborhood, which is called the Old Louisville area. Around a century ago, when Louisville's business district was close to the river, Old Louisville was one of its first suburbs. It is situated a little more than two miles south of the Ohio and a short distance north of the campus of the University of Louisville. Although the neighborhood was one of the city's more fashionable residential areas, with a number of antebellum mansions and eighty per cent of the homes built before 1909 still standing, it was in constant danger of being torn down or overrun by commercial and new residential and institutional development. A 1969 report of the University's Urban Studies Center noted, "No other neighborhood in Louisville is as integrative of different social, racial, and economic groups. To the west lie solidly black neighborhoods. To the east and south lie suburban white Louisville and Jefferson County. It is the only area of the city which offers some hope of a community that can include all of the diverse people of a city. It *is* both rich and poor, black and white, old and young."

In December of 1968, the Neighborhood Development Corporation was formed in Old Louisville, largely through the efforts of four churches in the area, whose leaders wanted to halt the trend toward deterioration. The incorporators thought that by obtaining housing-rehabilitation funds from the federal government they could do a lot to restore some of the neighborhood's older but still attractive houses. The original plan was to buy about ten houses—"unoccupied, derelict, boarded-up property that was still good enough to save," in the words of one of the planners—which when renovated would yield thirty-five to forty apartments, and to rent them, with the help of one of the Department of Housing and Urban Development's rent-subsidy programs, at reasonable rates to people who wanted to stay in the city. Then came President Nixon's January, 1973, freeze on federal housing money. "We decided we'd just try it without any federal help," Mae Salyers, the executive director of the Neighborhood Development Corporation, said recently. As Mrs. Salyers spoke, she was at the top of a ladder in a pleasant eighty-five-year-old house in Old Louisville, straightening out the seam in a length of candy-striped wallpaper that she had just hung. She explained that after the federal freeze the corporation revised its goals and purchased four houses and a vacant lot with a conventional bank loan. (A member of the corporation's board personally guaranteed the loan.) One of the houses, the one Mrs. Salyers was working on, had cost the corporation eight thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. "It wasn't a bad buy," she said. It was a large, rambling brick home, the perfect size for a large family. Mrs. Salyers said she thought the corporation would ask about twenty-four thousand dollars for the house after it was renovated. Two months ago, the corporation sold the renovated home for twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars to a black family with six children, and recently it has purchased, with the help of low-cost loans from the state, seven more houses it plans to renovate and an eighth it resold to a buyer who will do the renovation himself, bringing to twelve the number of houses that the Neighborhood Development Corporation has had a hand in upgrading in about a year's time.

The corporation, Mrs. Salyers explained, is not just a tenants' associa-



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tion, nor is it a real-estate outfit in search of a profit. "We're sort of an organization that tries to act as a catalyst to get anything done that will help to revitalize the neighborhood," she said. "We sit and watch requests for zoning changes; we appear at hearings; we've filed a couple of lawsuits in zoning situations. In one we were successful, and the other hasn't been settled yet. It involves that industrial-looking building across the street." She pointed with her paperhanger's brush out the window, toward a nondescript building on a lot filled with trucks and cars. "They applied for a building permit to build offices. What it is, really, is a wrecker service."

Resuming her work, Mrs. Salyers continued, "First of all, we want to provide some decent housing at a reasonable cost. We concentrate on the worst-looking property on the block, and hope this will turn the neighborhood around and start the trend the other way. Also, it will give us visibility in the community, and that will help us do other things." The corporation's efforts seemed to be paying off. "We're getting a lot of interest in the immediate vicinity," she said. "The house next door is owner-occupied, and the lady who owns it was getting very discouraged about the neighborhood and had decided to sell out and move away. Well, then this started happening." Mrs. Salyers waved a hand toward the candy-striped wallpaper and new plasterboard around her. "And the lady next door said, 'I'm going to stay, because I like my house, and the neighborhood seems to be improving.' This is what we're trying to do."

A FEW hours later and a few miles away, Jim Segrest sat before the fire in his brick town house in Butchertown, another neighborhood close to Louisville's new downtown, and explained what Butchertown, Inc., had done. Except for the fact that it was undergoing renovation, Butchertown had little in common with Old Louisville. The houses in Butchertown are not mansions; they are solid-looking dwellings that were originally inhabited by German settlers who came in the eighteen-thirties to start Louisville's meat-packing industry. (The stockyards are just to the east of the city's business district, and Butchertown is just next to them.) Some of the Butchertown houses are two- or three-story brick structures, tall and narrow, like the row houses of Baltimore or the brownstones of New York; others are

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short and squat. Butchertown is surrounded by industries, and until a few years ago it was inhabited almost exclusively by people who worked in those industries, or by older German-American families who owned their homes and had decided to stay, or by people who needed rental housing at relatively low cost. The neighborhood had about three thousand residents. In the middle and late sixties, Butchertown was discovered by a younger, more affluent group of people, who bought houses and set about renovating them.

This has happened in a number of American cities, and the result has usually been that well-off suburbanites who are bored with suburbia discover what the young renovators have done and buy their way into the neighborhood, driving the sale value of the housing ever upward until all the original, lower-income residents are gone. This is not what has happened in Butchertown, though, and if people like Segrest have their way it will never happen there. "We don't want to drive anybody out of the neighborhood," said Segrest, who is thirty-three years old, and who was a city planner before he started working in and on Butchertown full time. "We want everybody who's here here. We have the idea that if there are people in this neighborhood who have problems—social problems, any kind of problems—we don't want to 'improve' Butchertown's situation by moving them someplace *else*. That's an idea that lots of people have, I think: that if you've got a problem the best way to handle it is to move it away."

In the mid-sixties, Segrest and others who felt the way he did founded Butchertown, Inc., and Segrest has been one of the organization's most energetic members. Like its counterpart in Old Louisville, the Butchertown agency has not been content with being just a neighborhood-improvement association; it was organized as a profit-making corporation, with about a hundred residents chipping in ten dollars a share to get it started. The corporation sponsors some of the traditional neighborhood activities; there is a spring festival, at which artists and flea-market and antique dealers are invited (after paying a fee) to set up their displays and sell their wares on the sidewalks, and there is an Oktoberfest. ("We try to keep that as pure as we can," Segrest said, with a smile. "Just eating and beer-drinking and music. Last time, about fourteen thousand people came. We hope that someday it will rival the Derby.") The corporation has planted

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

a hundred trees—the gift of one of the downtown banks—along the sidewalks. But it has also used its shareholders' money, and the profits from the festivals, to buy three run-down houses, and one of them has already been renovated. Apartments in the house now rent for sixty and sixty-five dollars a month. And the corporation has used some of its funds to fight what it considers unnecessary intrusions into the area. When a nearby hospital announced plans to construct a laundry facility of the Quonset-hut variety in Butchertown, the corporation hired an architect to suggest modifications in the plans for the laundry which would fit in with the architecture of the neighborhood. The hospital accepted the architect's suggestions.

A lot of the things that Butchertown, Inc., has been able to do—especially the purchase of the houses—have been made possible by the fact that property costs in the neighborhood are low. The house that Segrest lives in, a two-story brick row house, would command at least fifty thousand dollars in a New York brownstone neighborhood, but he bought it for two thousand. A visitor asked Segrest what he would take for the house now. "I would take exactly what I have in it, which is about seventeen thousand dollars," he said. "You see, one of our ideas is that if we cause property values to become inflated, then we're going to undo our whole purpose, which is to keep the people who are here here." Segrest recently sold the house for eighteen thousand five hundred dollars—seventeen thousand dollars plus a fifteen-hundred-dollar agent's fee. He has since moved into another house in Butchertown, which he had previously renovated. Some real-estate agents, Segrest said, had already alerted themselves to Butchertown's potential, and they were asking residents if they'd like to sell—presumably so that better-off suburbanites could move into a city neighborhood that was certified to be on the upswing. So far, he said, not many Butchertowners were selling. "A lot of property that's here is under the control of people who are interested in the Butchertown idea," he said. "And we hope we can let the people who own property here know that they can't do any better anyplace else—that the whole idea of the neighborhood will be destroyed if all new people move in and the people who were here move out."

There is, however, the possibility that Segrest himself will move out. He explained it this way: "Butchertown is

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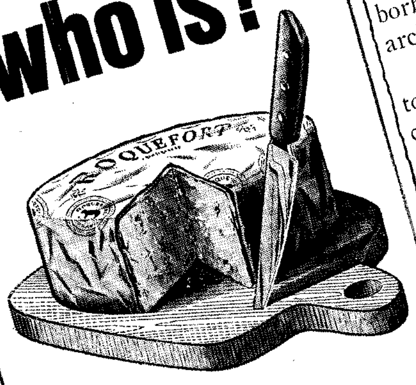

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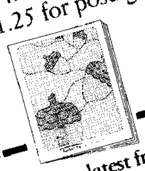

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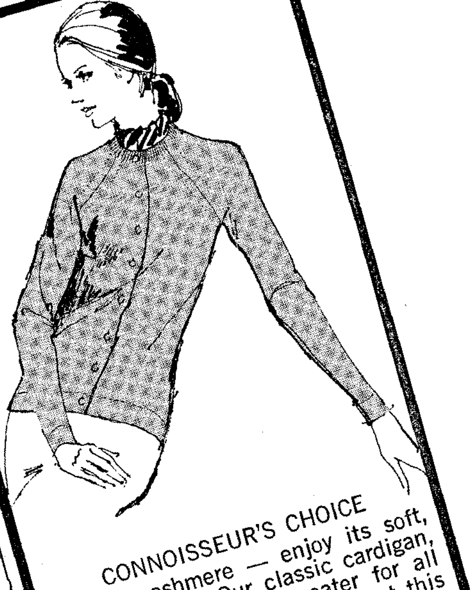

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getting so *good*, and so *stable*, and there are so many people involved, that they can do it themselves. And I'd like to move on to another neighborhood and try to get the same thing going there. Take the West End, for example." The West End is a largely black and run-down area of Louisville. It is separated from Butchertown by downtown—the shiny new downtown that a lot of Louisvillians used to think would never get built because of complacency and laziness. "In the West End, there are just *lots* of fine neighborhoods where all the people are really close to one another, but they don't have a great deal of enthusiasm about the place where they are," Segrest continued. "And I think that if we could try some of the same ideas there—young people moving in and doing over houses that are in really bad shape—we could get the same thing going. We could get the same thing going in a *lot* of different places in Louisville, and then none of the neighborhoods would get overdone. They could still remain neighborhoods. And the outcome would be that *all* the neighborhoods would be really good places to live, and nobody would feel he was in a ghetto, and everybody would want to stay. The people would realize that their situation and all the things that are available in the city make it the best place for them to live."

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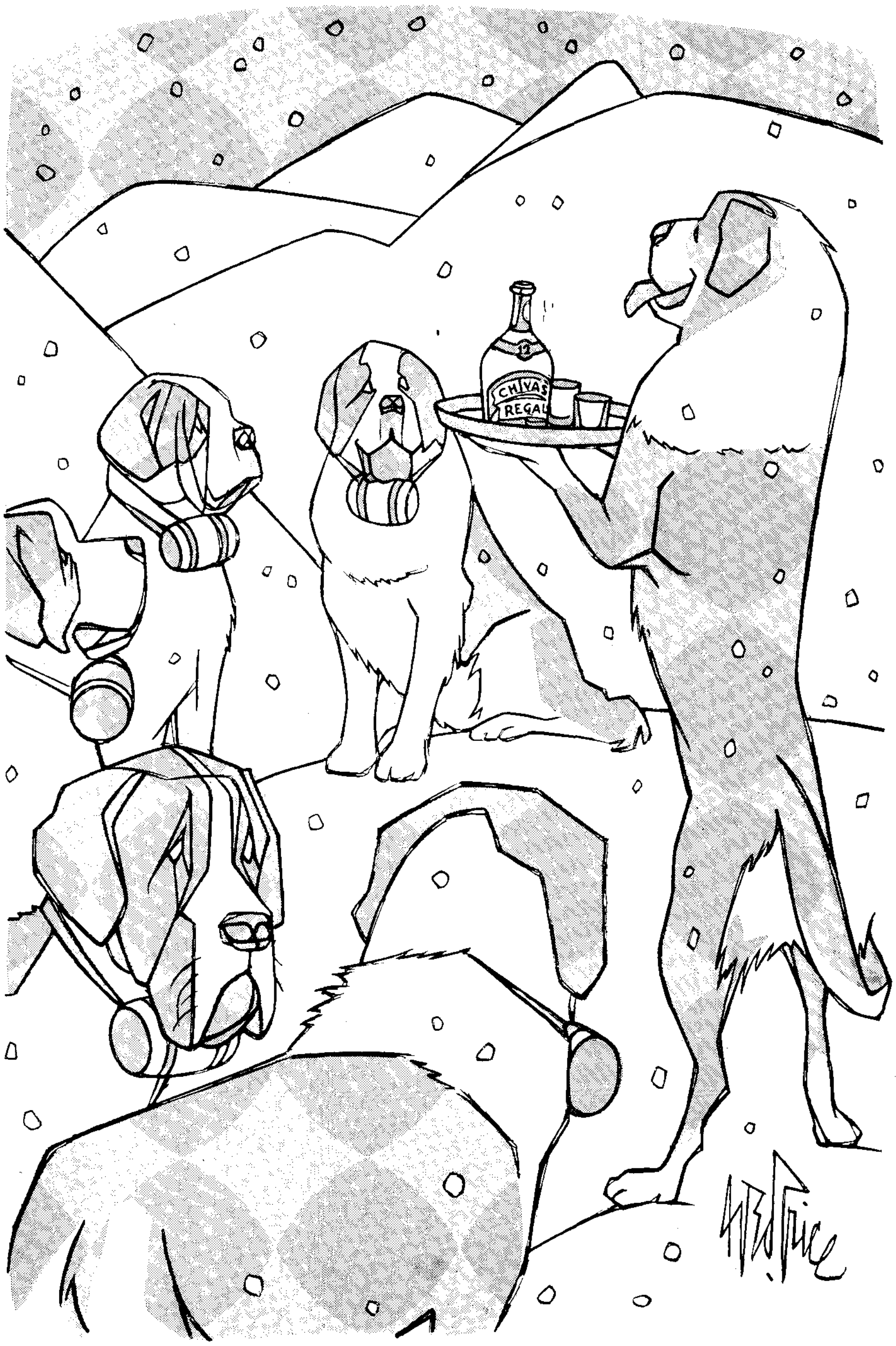

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

AS EMPTY AS EVE

Natalie Parker, as I'll call her, is an attractive woman of medium height, with large gray eyes and light gray hair, but thin—still painfully thin. She is in her early fifties, and is an economist by profession. Her husband, Alan, is an artist and illustrator. The Parkers live in Washington, in an apartment on J Street that also includes Mr. Parker's studio. They have no children. Until September of 1973, when she retired for reasons of health, Mrs. Parker was employed—and had been for more than twenty years—at the Department of Commerce. Her work there involved certain aspects of the computation and analysis of the gross national product.

The misfortunes that led to Mrs. Parker's premature retirement began in the spring of 1972, when she learned from her dentist that she had a serious gum problem. He referred her to a periodontist of his acquaintance. In June, the periodontist, after a long and interested examination, referred her to an orthodontist for the realignment of several teeth affected by the condition of her gums. The orthodontic work was not a success. Indeed, as Mrs. Parker subsequently declared in an application for disability retirement, the results were both mechanically and cosmetically "disastrous." They were also emotionally daunting. As the summer passed and autumn came on, she began to despair, and fell into a deep depression. She was tired all day, she couldn't sleep at night, her teeth hurt, her appetite vanished. Her family physician prescribed a conventional tranquillizer. She continued to work, but with increasing difficulty. Her weight dropped from a normal hundred and eighteen pounds to a hundred and ten, and then to ninety-eight. By Christmas, it was down to eighty-nine. Her physician referred her to a consulting psychiatrist. The psychiatrist's prognosis was guardedly hopeful. He thought a period of rest in a relaxed environment would be a sufficient restorative. The environment he had in mind was that of a psychiatric hospital. Mrs. Parker was at first appalled. The idea was socially unacceptable. In time, however, her resistance weakened, and at last, too discouraged to care, she allowed herself to be admitted for observation to a well-appointed hospital with which the psychiatrist was associated. That, according to Mr. Parker, was on February 8, 1973, and his recollection is confirmed by the hospital records. Mrs. Parker herself has no recollection of that decisive event. She has, in fact, no recollection of any part of her hospital stay.

Mrs. Parker's stay in the hospital lasted about nine weeks. She was discharged around the middle of April. Nothing of that time remains in her memory but an occasional shifting shadow, a half-heard sound, an indefinable feeling. She has had to recover the nature of the experience from sources outside herself. One of these, of course, is her husband. Mr. Parker came to the hospital every day for a leisurely visit, often joining her for lunch or dinner, and he sometimes took her out for a drive or for an afternoon of shopping. Another source—an almost eerily definitive source—is a series of letters that she wrote to her parents, in Boonville, Missouri, nearly all of which they fortunately preserved. The first of these letters was written on February 16th, the ninth day of her hospitalization. It reads:

> Well, here I find myself in a totally new experience for me, and one I never expected to have—residing in a mental hospital. This place is a nice new building. The atmosphere and décor are those of a hotel. The patients, nurses, and other staff members all dress in casual clothes—no uniforms. There are two patients to a room. Most of the patients here are perfectly lucid, though some are kind of mixed up. One woman laments that she knows that she is going to live forever, whereas she would rather die. There is a cute young colored girl who worries because she thinks the Communists are taking over the world etc. But all are perfectly harmless.
>
> [Alan] has been coming over to have lunch and dinner with me. I am a unique patient here. Some are on drugs, some are on electric shock, some are on individual psychotherapy,

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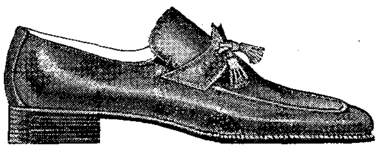
> and some are on group therapy. I seem to be on a sort of do-it-yourself therapy—in other words a sort of rest cure. I had been assigned to the head doctor (I mean the chief doctor; I guess they are all "head doctors"), but I felt dubious about him. Also, one of the patients told me that he is noted for wanting to give all of his patients electric shock. I told him that I had the same kind of intuition about him that I had had about the orthodontist—namely: This man doesn't understand my case. I said that after being turned into a monster by the orthodontist, I didn't want to take any chances on being turned into a hopeless lunatic by him. So I lounged around for several days in nobody's charge, and then was assigned to a young fellow (thirtyish) named Dr. [Smith]. I told him my problem was that I have to get adjusted to life as a damned ugly woman. He said, "You certainly have a gutsy way of putting it." Actually, the name of what ails me is depression. After fighting the battle of the hopeless dental work for so many months, I was so worn down that I lost all appetite for food, work, or anything else. Every little thing—even putting my clothes on—seemed as difficult as climbing Mt. Everest. I tried resting at home, and tried going back to work, but nothing got me into gear again. The medical doctor recommended that I talk to a "consulting psychiatrist," and the latter recommended that some time in the hospital—change of environment and no need to push myself—might get me going again. So here I am. I look at it philosophically, and when I get out I will tell people that it is "mod" to be "mad."
>
> Don't worry about my being out of my head. It is not like that at all. I pulled myself together a few days before I came here and made out all the income-tax forms—federal and D.C. and estimated tax. I didn't want to leave poor [Alan] with that job because I have always done the household paperwork and he wouldn't know how.

The next letter in the series was written about a week later, on February 25th. It reads:

> I continue taking it easy here—something like living in a college dorm. My main pals seem to be the girls in their twenties. Perhaps the teeth braces automatically identify me with the younger group. I had thought that I might get to tell my dreams and interesting life experiences. But instead I get a diet supplement and a laxative pill. There is quite a lot of humor around here of the type [Alan] calls gallows humor. One little girl is determined to commit suicide but can't figure out any way to do it here. I offered to save up a hundred laxative pills for her. She got the giggles. My case has been so mixed up that they only got around to giving me my entry exam a couple of days ago—two weeks after I had come here. Apparently I am O.K. except for being weak and run down. A nurse was doing something at her desk with rubber bands, and I told her in case I got violent, she could use one of those to restrain me.

A following letter in the series, written early in March, appears to have



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been lost. The next, and penultimate, letter is dated April 5th. It reads:

> I certainly am in a strange state. Early last week I suddenly came to—so to speak—and wondered where I was and how I got here. I learned that I had had something called "electric-shock treatments" that had caused me to lose my memory. Now I know how Eve must have felt, having been created full grown out of somebody's rib without any past history. I feel as empty as Eve.
>
> I can remember a few things. I know my phone number and who my relatives are. However, the letters from you all that I found in my dresser were completely new to me. I reread them without any recollection of having read them before. There were a number of get-well cards, and some were from names I didn't recognize. There were a couple from a [Margaret Davis], who [Alan] says lives on our floor, but I don't remember her. Also some from people in the office whose names sound familiar but whom I couldn't visualize.
>
> A cute-looking young fellow with a turned-up nose came in to see me and was asking how I felt. I told him I felt all right except that I couldn't remember much of anything. I asked him who he was and he said he was my doctor. Then I asked him what kind of doctor he was. He looked surprised, and said he was a psychiatrist. I said: "A psychiatrist! Then I must be crazy." He said: "Oh, no, no!" However, I presume I must be off balance to some extent or I wouldn't be in what turns out to be a mental institution.
>
> Actually, the so-called patients here all seem to be in command of their wits except for one—namely, the woman who has been my roommate for the past couple of days. She is a nice-looking woman and about my age, but she talks a blue streak, pure nonsense—on and on about the Pope and sex and euthanasia and syphilis and strangers' toothbrushes and God knows what all.
>
> This morning I went to the orthodontist and this afternoon I have an appointment with the periodontist, Dr. [Brown]. [Alan] has kept track of my appointments—otherwise I wouldn't know about them. Oddly, I can remember Dr. [Brown's] attractive red-and-black waiting room, but I can't remember him—don't know whether he is young or old, short or tall. I haven't the slightest idea what kind of dental work he is doing to me.

Mrs. Parker wrote her final hospital letter to her parents on the following day, April 6th. She had learned by then that she had been given a total of eight treatments. Her letter reads:

> For the first several days after those electric-shock treatments were over—possibly as long as a week—I felt just fine, perfectly relaxed and comfortable and also very hungry, as if I were making up for lost time. However, beginning Monday night (today is Friday) I began feeling all churned up and nervous and jittery and tense for no reason, and I have felt that way ever since. [Alan] said that what I was describing was the way I have felt for a long time. Then,

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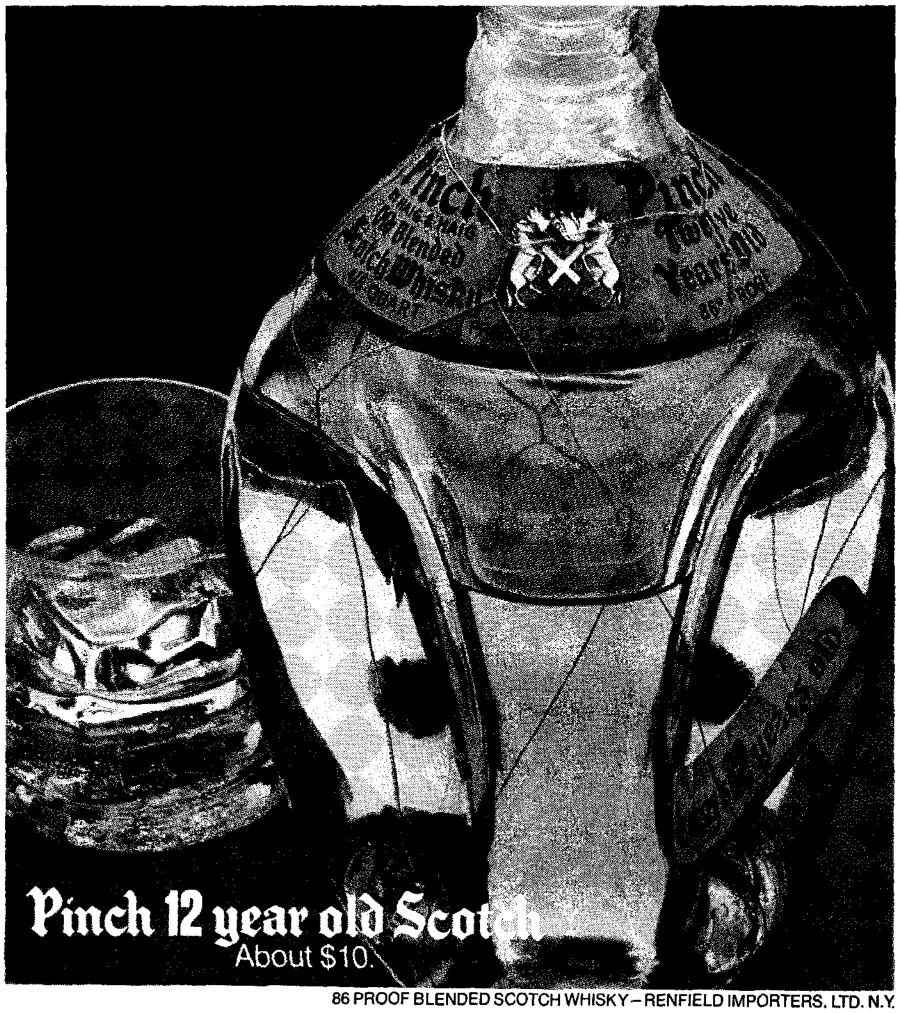

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beginning last night, in addition to feeling tense and agitated, I also felt scared, also for no reason.

Somebody the other day asked me to make a fourth at bridge and I refused, saying I hadn't played bridge for at least fifteen years. Then he said I had been playing right along for the two months I had been at the hospital. Also I was surprised to find a very pretty black-and-white checked raincoat in my closet. [Alan] told me I had bought it one day soon after I came here when we went out to get my hair fixed. They tell me that gradually I will get my memory back. I hope so.

ELECTROCONVULSIVE-SHOCK therapy is a relatively recent refinement of a primitive procedure that was first employed around the turn of the eighteenth century. Johann Christian Reil (1759-1813), a German neurologist and anatomist whose name distinguishes several structures of the human body, is generally regarded as its pioneer proponent. Reil's curious contribution to psychiatry was a product of his interest in the then just forming humanitarian opposition to the traditional chain-and-shackle treatment of the mentally ill. Reil went further than most of his associates in the movement. It was not enough, in his opinion, that the inmates of the madhouse be merely freed of their fetters. They should also, he proposed, be given some sort of restorative treatment, and after consideration he came up with a plausible psychotherapeutic program. Its aim was to frighten, or shock, the patient into rationality. Reil's regime could be administered in many different ways. The unsuspecting patient might be suddenly seized and flung into a pond. Or a cannon might be shot off behind him. Or he might be wrenched from sleep to face a hovering ghost. More heroic measures were prescribed for stubborn cases. Medical historians of the period have reported elaborate tableaux (with large casts drawn from the madhouse staff) that depicted such salubrious horrors as a resurrection of the dead, the Last Judgment, the yawning gates of Hell. Reil called his treatment "noninjurious torture."

If Reil was the first to attempt an instant psychotherapy, he was also (except for the perennial hypnotist) the last. Most subsequent attempts to achieve an immediate emotional rehabilitation by means of a cathartic shock have employed a chemotherapy. The renowned eighteenth-century American clinician Benjamin Rush was responsible for one of the earliest of these. Rush treated mental patients in his Philadelphia practice with a shock therapy that involved the induction of suppuration at the back of the neck to excite a tonic discharge "from the neighborhood of the brain." The triumphant confirmation in the late nineteenth century of the germ theory of disease provided a more convenient method of producing a chemotherapeutic shock. In 1890, the Austrian neuropsychiatrist Julius Wagner von Jauregg used an extract of the tubercle bacillus to ignite what he hoped would be an explosively curative fever in an insane patient. This early effort was not a success, but many years later, in 1914, he tried again, with the malaria organism, and this time achieved a distinct improvement in the condition of a group of men suffering from general paresis. The discovery of insulin, in 1921, made possible a variety of chemotherapeutic shock that remains the awesome ultimate in the pharmacopoeia of psychiatry. Another Austrian, a clinical investigator at Berlin's Lichterfelde Hospital named Manfred Sakel (1900-57), is recognized as the discoverer of insulin as a psychiatric tool. Insulin is distinguished for its power to reduce the sugar content of the blood, and it is this power, of course, that makes it a salvational drug in the treatment of diabetes. Its impact on a normal person is very different. A large injection will produce confusion, deep sleep, and, finally, coma. It was this capacity that interested Sakel. He first experimented with the induction of insulin shock, or hypoglycemic coma, as a means of calming morphine addicts during a withdrawal period. The results (when he learned to reverse the action with a timely dose of glucose) were gratifying enough to encourage him to try the same treatment in other excited states, and in 1933 he reported its usefulness in the treatment of schizophrenia. Sakel's estimation of the value of his work was soon confirmed by other in-

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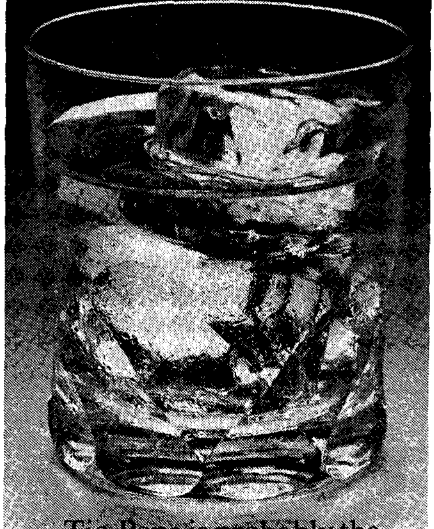

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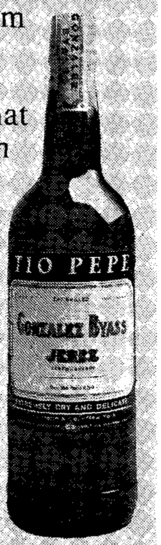

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vestigators, and insulin-shock therapy—though not without drawbacks, and even dangers—is still in widespread use. It is, however, most highly esteemed as the inspirational prototype of electroconvulsive therapy.

The principles of electroconvulsive therapy were developed by the Italian clinicians Ugo Cerletti and Lucio Bini, and first described by them in a report (entitled "L'Elettroshock") to the journal *Archivio Generale di Neurologia, Psichiatria, e Psicanalisi* in 1938. Electric shock differs from other forms of shock therapy in that it involves the direct mechanical manipulation of the brain to produce a generalized convulsion, or epileptiform seizure. It is thus a physiotherapeutic treatment. Cerletti and Bini conceived electric-shock therapy as a treatment for schizophrenia—as an improvement on Sakel's insulin shock—but subsequent investigators have found it most effective in treating the depression of old age (involutional melancholia) and the depressive phase of manic-depressive psychosis. The procedure currently in vogue is as simple as it is direct. Electroconvulsive therapy is usually given in the morning, and the patient is prepared for it as if for surgery: he is allowed no breakfast, and false teeth, if any, are removed. He is positioned comfortably in bed on his back, and given an intravenous injection of a muscle-relaxant drug and a complementing injection of a hypnotic to maintain normal respiration. An electrode is then placed on each temple, and an alternating current of (usually) eighty or ninety volts is passed between the electrodes for a fraction of a fraction of a second. In that stupendous instant, the brain is so raced that the mind cannot function, and it is from this eerie quietus that the beneficial results of the treatment appear to spring. Just why a halt in cerebral function should be therapeutic is not, however, known. Most cases of depression require several such treatments, and the usual course is between eight and twelve convulsions. In the early days of electroconvulsive therapy, before the development of a satisfactory muscle relaxant, fractures or dislocations were frequent in the moment of violent seizure, but they are now relatively rare, and the patient passes from a brief (four or five minutes) unconsciousness into a peaceful sleep.

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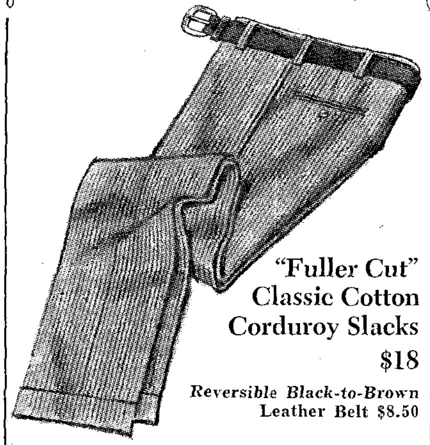

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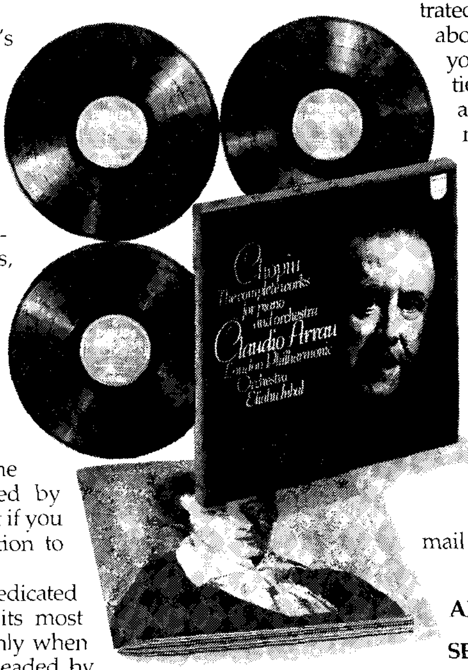

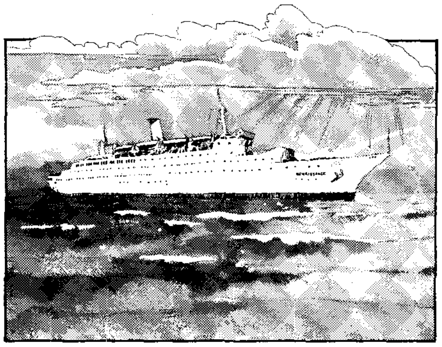

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total amnesia. The patient has no idea who he is or where he is or what has happened to him. He is often also weak, unsteady, and dizzy. Nausea, sometimes with vomiting, and headache are not uncommon. Some sense of identity soon and spontaneously returns, and from the attending doctors and nurses the patient learns his whereabouts and the nature of his situation. At that point, reorientation slows, and the deepest amnesia remains. The distant past—the past of childhood and adolescence—is the first to gradually reappear. The middle past is more difficult to recover, and the immediate past—the weeks or months just preceding treatment—is almost always irretrievable.

Psychiatrists are generally inclined to regard electroconvulsive therapy as a useful psychiatric tool. Some are more enthusiastic than others. The late Arthur P. Noyes, director of psychiatric education at the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare, and Lawrence C. Kolb, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, who together wrote the standard text "Modern Clinical Psychiatry," observe, "In the depressions of involutional melancholia and of manic-depressive psychosis, the improvement following electroconvulsive shock therapy is striking. In eighty per cent or more of these disorders, five to ten treatments are followed by full or social recovery." Justin Hope, clinical professor of psychiatry at the Tufts University Medical School, and Raymond D. Adams, Bullard Professor of Neuropathology at Harvard Medical School, take a somewhat guarded position. In a collaborative contribution to "Principles of Internal Medicine" they note, "Although carefully controlled experiments cast some doubt upon the efficacy of electric-shock therapy in terminating an individual depressive episode or preventing recurrences, nevertheless it is the authors' clinical impression that it does indeed favorably influence the course of the individual depressive episode." Aubrey Lewis, professor of psychiatry at the Institute of Psychiatry of the University of London, has expressed what seems to be the opinion of a majority of clinicians. "Electric-convulsive therapy," he suggests in a current monograph on the psychoses, "has been over-used in the last twenty years, being applied in unsuitable cases or when less severe methods would have sufficed; but this reproach has been taken from it since the new drugs have superseded it as

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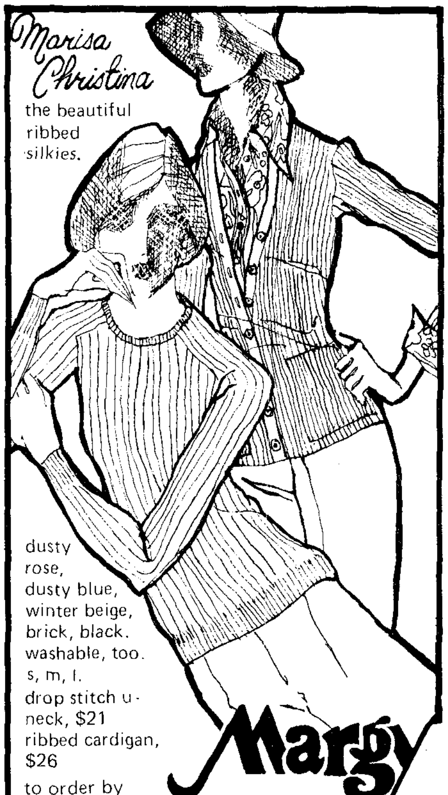

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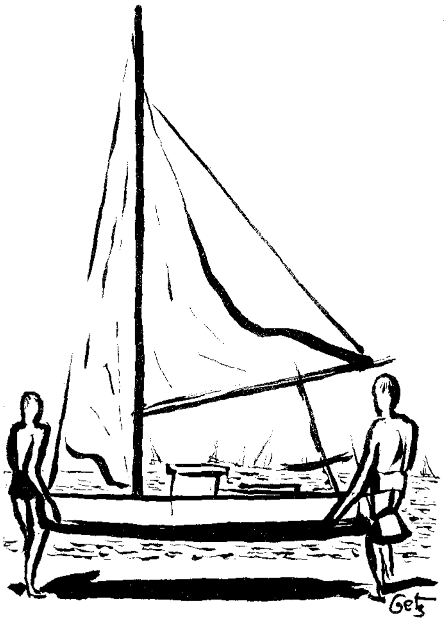
the easiest acceptable form of somatic treatment."

Most psychiatrists are satisfied that electroconvulsive therapy is as benign as it is beneficial. They are generally agreed (on the basis of numerous psychometric tests and other objective studies) that the patient undergoing such treatment runs no risk of basic intellectual impairment. There is less agreement on the question of memory impairment. Some investigators have recently suggested that the more or less permanent amnesia resulting from repeated electric-shock treatments may not be confined to the period immediately preceding treatment. Larry R. Squire, assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of California School of Medicine at La Jolla, reported to the third annual meeting of the Society for Neuroscience, in San Diego in 1973, that controlled tests involving memory of long-past events indicated that repeated electroconvulsive stimulation "apparently produces a defect in recall which can extend to memories that are some twenty years old, [but] it is not yet known how long this amnesia . . . persists." And J.-O. Ottoson, a participant in the 1967 International Congress of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, observed in a paper entitled "Memory Disturbance After E.C.T.—A Major or a Minor Side Effect?" that while "in most cases memory impairment soon vanishes . . . some patients have prolonged, perhaps irreversible, disturbances." These, however, are minority cautions. The majority view would seem to be the one proclaimed by the editors of the 1973 edition of "The New Home Medical Encyclopedia." They conclude, "Memory may be somewhat impaired as a result of the treatment, but it returns



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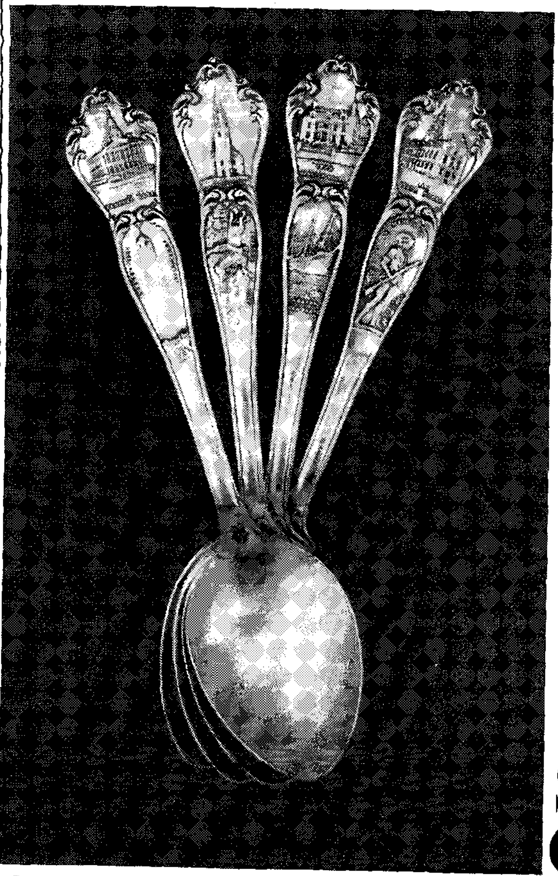

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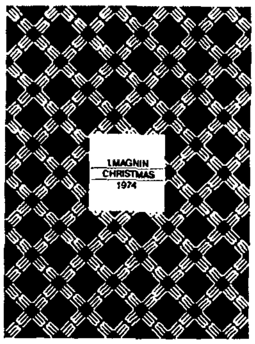
when the full course of treatment is terminated." This is the reassurance that most patients are given as they prepare to leave the hospital after treatment. It is precisely the reassurance that Mrs. Parker received at the end of her hospital stay.

MRS. PARKER's return, on April 13th, to the apartment that had been her home for many years was something of a *déjà-vu* experience. She had an uncertain feeling that she had been there before. It was strange, and yet familiar.

"It was all very peculiar," Mrs. Parker told me shortly after her retirement. "I was puzzled—but only vaguely. I really felt too vague to care. Nothing really bothered me. Not at first. I felt physically very well. I felt vegetablized and calm. I didn't have enough memory to think, or even worry, with. And then, because the apartment was so familiar, my mind seemed to open up a little, and my memory began to come back. I mean my memory for where I was—for simple, household things. Although there were odd gaps even there. I remember my first morning at home. I thought of breakfast, and my mind was a blank. I turned to Alan: 'What do I usually have for breakfast?' He looked a little startled, but he told me—an egg and a cookie. Oh, yes. I remembered. I was full of questions. It was like beginning life all over again. I said something one day about the hospital, about the bills, and Alan said Blue Cross was taking care of it. Blue Cross? I didn't know what he was talking about. I'd never heard of it. And, of course, Watergate. I kept hearing 'Watergate' on the radio, and seeing it in the paper. It meant nothing to me. So Alan had to explain. That was the way I remembered, the way things came back, the way I relearned.

"The hospital had told me to take it easy, to rest at home for a few weeks, not to even think about my job. I had a general memory of my job. I knew where I worked, and that I was an economist and analyst. But it was no problem not to think about my work. Work was just something that drifted across my mind from time to time. It didn't interest me. I was too comfortable doing nothing. I've always been a great reader, but even reading didn't interest me now. I read a couple of novels, and the minute I put them down I forgot everything about them. I read a book called 'Zelda,' but I don't remember a single thing about it. Any more serious reading—a book that



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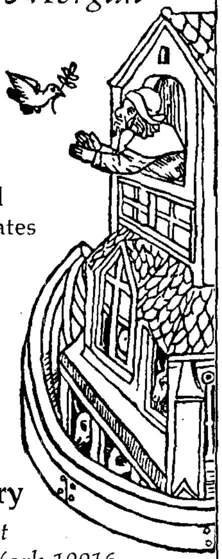

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required any background of general knowledge—I simply couldn't read. I couldn't understand it. So I gave up trying and just let myself be comfortable. And I was comfortable. I got to know our friends again. We went out to dinner now and then. We went to the movies. I kept house. I functioned very well.

"I went back to work in July. The rest at home and some sessions with a sympathetic psychotherapist had done me good, and I felt almost like my old self again. My memory seemed to be coming back the way the hospital had told me it would. I was eager to work, eager to put my mind to work again. And I was curious. I wanted to find out what I had been working on before I took my sick leave. So I went back to work one Monday morning and up to my office and sat down at my desk, and my old associates flocked around. Most of them looked familiar, and I was able to remember some of the names. I was still feeling pretty good. Then I started going through my desk—all the current papers and pamphlets and so on. I gathered that I'd been working on the income of securities dealers—relating their earnings to the gross national product. The papers were full of professional terms that seemed familiar. I knew what they were, but I didn't know what they meant. 'Over-the-counter,' for example. It was a familiar term, but I didn't know—I couldn't remember—exactly what it referred to. 'Mutual funds' was another. And 'odd-lot dealers.' All blanks. But I had a vague idea that there was something that might help, that might get me reoriented. I went to one of the girls. I hemmed and hawed, and said I'd forgotten but wasn't there some particular book that I had been using? 'Oh, sure,' she said. 'You mean that book you got at the National Association of Securities Dealers meeting in December.' I said I guessed that was it, but had I been at the meeting? She almost laughed. She said, 'Were you there? Why, Natalie, you practically ran it. It was you who asked most of the questions. It was you who got most of the information we needed.' It was a terrible moment. I thought I was losing my mind. I had no recollection of it at all. And then, like a shadowy film, I got a dim sense of a man sitting on my left in a meeting room. But that was all. Just the shadow of a presence. My friend just stared at me.

"I came home from the office that first day feeling panicky. I didn't know where to turn. I didn't know what to do. I was terrified. I've never been a

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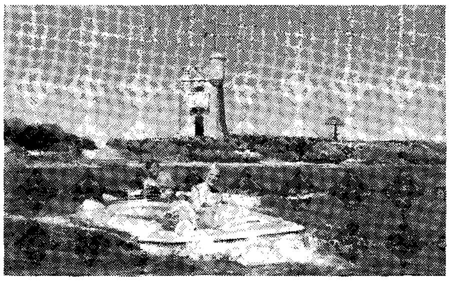

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crying person, but all my beloved knowledge, everything I had learned in my field during twenty years or more, was gone. I'd lost the body of knowledge that constituted my professional skill. I'd lost everything that professionals take for granted. I'd lost my experience, my knowing. But it was worse than that. I felt that I'd lost my self. I fell on the bed and cried and cried and cried.

"But you know how it is. One always hopes, or tries to hope. I told myself that maybe it was only a matter of time. If I was patient, maybe in time everything would come back to me. So I went back to the office determined to try. I was going to start all over again. I was going to relearn. I started looking everything up and making elaborate notes. It was like learning to walk—I started out taking little baby steps. The days and weeks went by, and everybody at the office was good and patient and helpful. Every now and then, I'd get a little glimmer. But mostly it was discouraging. There weren't just gaps in my memory. There were oceans and oceans of blankness. And yet there seemed to be a kind of pattern. My childhood recollections were as strong as ever. That, I've gathered from my reading about electric shock, is quite typical. The fog of amnesia increased as I came forward in time. The events of the past several years were the blurriest and the blankest. Another area that didn't seem to be affected was ingrained habits—repetitive acts and procedures. I mean, I hadn't lost my command of the English language, I still knew the multiplication tables, I could still do double-entry bookkeeping. And then there was an area that I call emotional. I could still remember experiences from any period of my life that had had a big emotional impact. Good *and* bad. I could remember pains and hurts. And I could also remember a trip we took to Spain only a few years ago. A wonderful trip.

"But the worst of all my problems was that I couldn't seem to retain. I couldn't hang on to my relearning. Or only a part of it. The rest kept sliding away again. I *think* there was—and is—another factor involved in that. I mean my teeth. My ordeal at the orthodontist goes on and on. And it's a constant worry, a constant distraction. I think that stands partly in the way of my relearning. Anyway, sometime in August I was so discouraged that I had an idea. I was still seeing my psychiatrist—the psychotherapist. Well, one day I asked him about the possibility of

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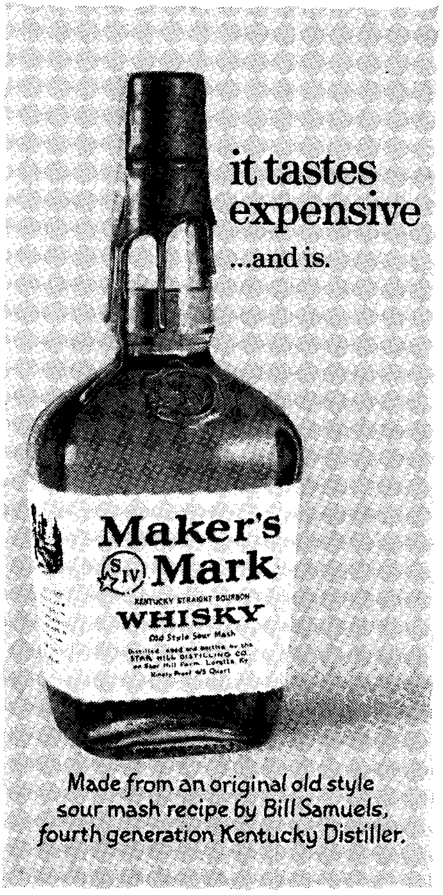

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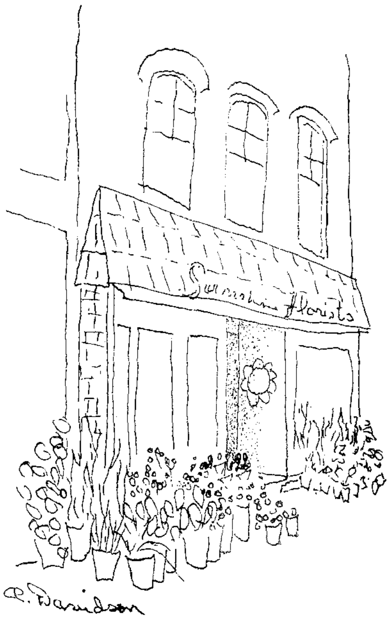
recovering my memory through hypnosis. He said he didn't know but he would try to find out. The next time I saw him, he gave me the name of a professional hypnotist. I got in touch with the man and made an appointment. I told him my troubles, and I told him what I had in mind. My idea was to be put to sleep and then asked where I had bought the dress I had on. That was to sort of start my memory working. Then, if I remembered that, he was to ask me the meaning of a term we use at the office—a certain labelling of a concept on which I've written a dozen little treatises. But that wasn't what *he* wanted to do. He was a Freudian psychoanalyst at heart. He got me talking—to blubbering out a sort of intellectual life history. It began with how I could hardly wait to go to school when I was a little girl, and then on to how I never cared about amassing money but only about amassing mental capital—and now it's gone and I want it back. That was on my second visit. I saw him three times, but we never got together. All I wanted was a kind of parlor trick. I wanted him to pull my memory back. All he wanted was to analyze me. That was the end of it. He said he could help recover an emotional memory loss—but not a loss from brain damage. He didn't seem to know anything about electric-shock memory loss. He said he couldn't do much about that. So we both gave up.

"I believe the electric-shock literature is right in one regard. My brain may be damaged insofar as part of my memory has been erased, but my mentality is certainly not impaired. I can still use my mind. And, except for that period of vegetating at home, I've nev-



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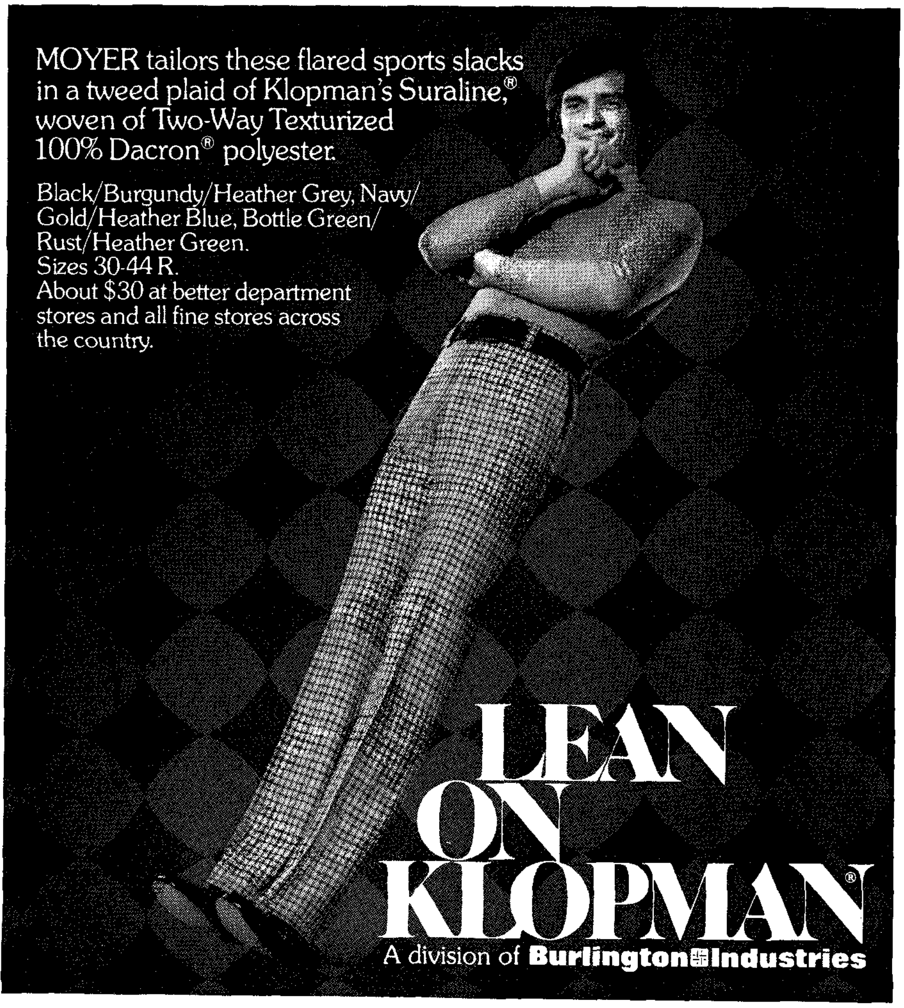
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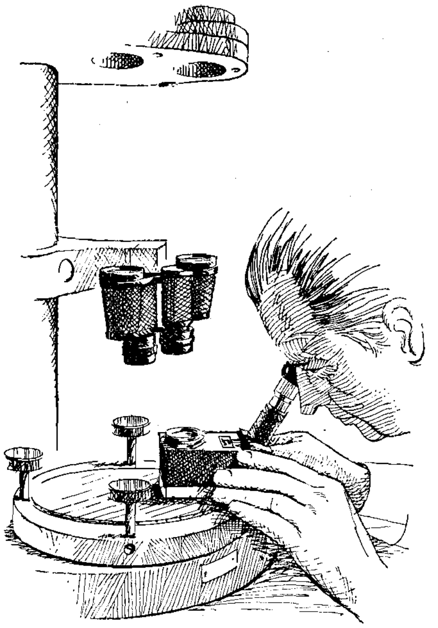

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er lost my intellectual curiosity. I was curious almost from the beginning to learn more about what had happened to me—about the whole idea of electric-shock therapy. So I began to look into the literature. I got a list of references from the National Institute of Mental Health. That was around midsummer. I went through the list at one of the medical libraries—the George Washington University library. The result was almost nothing. The authorities all seemed to be parroting each other. I couldn't find a single study that tested the permanence of memory loss. Then, almost by accident, I got started on a little investigation of my own. Soon after I went back to work, I devised a routine to handle my inability to recognize the names and faces of people around the office. I would say, 'I'm sorry. I haven't any memory. You will have to tell me who you are and what you do.' I was going through this one day with a man from one of our coördinating sections when he stopped me. He said, 'You don't have to apologize to me. My wife had shock treatments a couple of years ago, and she hasn't any memory, either.' Well, you can imagine my interest in that. I got him to sit down and tell me all about it, and I made notes on it later. He told me, 'Within a few weeks after her discharge, my wife got reoriented to the main outlines of her life. After that, there was very little further spontaneous memory return. I'm a statistician, so I'll put it this way: maybe she improves three per cent a year. She gets by. For the life of a suburban housewife, she doesn't need much memory—the kaffeeklatsches and all that.'

"That conversation was the beginning. I started bringing up the subject of electric shock whenever I met new people, and it's absolutely astonishing how many people have a relative or a friend or somebody who has had the treatment. I met a museum friend of Alan's at an art exhibition in Baltimore whose aunt had had the shock experience. He said her memory for the year that preceded treatment was a blank, but she could function. She has money, he said, and doesn't work—just lives quietly at home. I remembered an older woman from my home town who had had shock treatments maybe twenty years ago. She was a professional woman—a dietitian. I wrote and asked her about her experience. She told me, 'There was a lot of memory I never got back. But I did manage to relearn my work—all those recipes and things.' Another person I questioned was a

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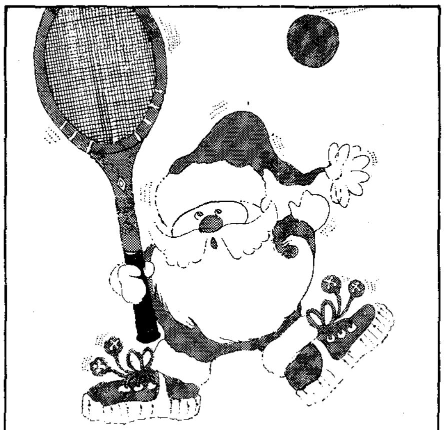

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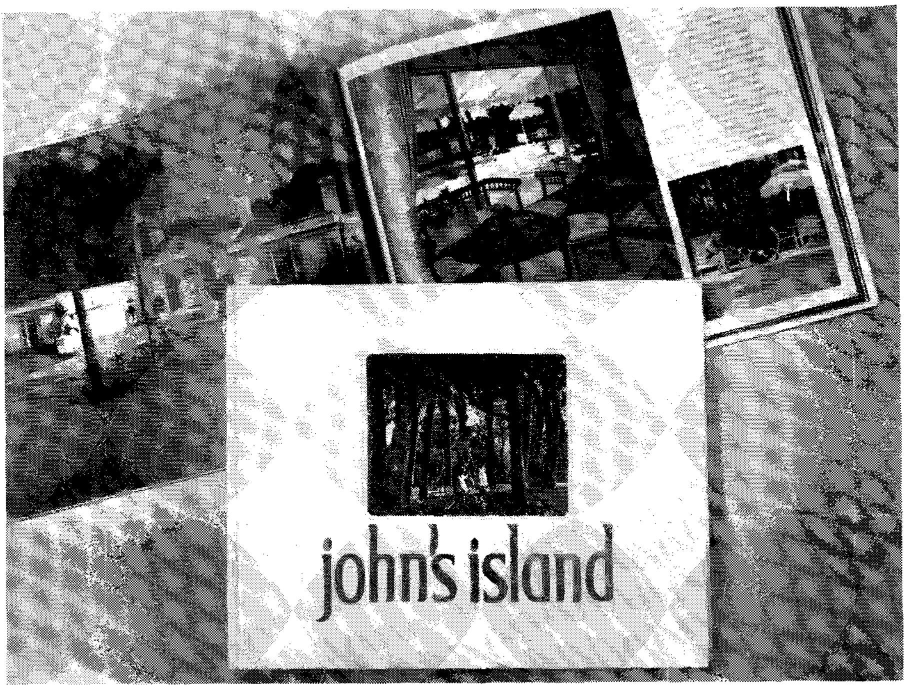
man who had been at the hospital with me. He was a political analyst for the C.I.A., but he hadn't gone back to work. I talked to him at his home. He said he could remember the general type of work he had been doing but not the specifics. Then there was a lawyer I met. He had had shock therapy about four months before. He told me, 'I haven't any memory, but I have a book that I look things up in.' I questioned about a dozen people in all, and there really wasn't much difference in the answers. Their experience was pretty much mine. Oh, yes—I even wrote to Senator Thomas Eagleton. I thought his experience would be interesting. After all, it cost him the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination. But he never acknowledged my letter.

"All that while, of course, I was trying to work—desperately trying to relearn my job. But it was heartbreaking. It was so slow. I was relearning, but only a little, only after a fashion. It was like tunnel vision. I couldn't seem to see the whole panorama anymore. As far as my actual job went—the job I was being very well paid for—I was doing nothing. I was totally unproductive. I wasn't worth my salary, and I didn't see how I ever would be again. No one was pushing me. Everyone was wonderful. Still and all, the office isn't running a home for incurables. So I did what seemed to me the only sensible thing. I applied for disability retirement. I asked for one concession. I asked to be allowed to stay on—without pay—as what's called a 'guest employee.' They were kind enough to grant both of my requests. I have my retirement, and I also have a desk at the office. I go there almost every day. I can type. I can do low-level clerical work. And I'm trying, still trying, to rebuild my mental capital."

MRS. PARKER and I had our first conversations in the fall of 1973. We met again, by prearrangement, some four months later—early in 1974. She told me at once that there had been no appreciable progress in her efforts to recover her professional past.

"But I don't want to sound like a pill," she said. "I mean, I mustn't give the impression that my experience with electric shock was a total disaster. There have been some beneficial results. For one thing, my physical health has improved. I'm beginning to eat again, my digestion is much improved, and I have no trouble with sleep. I also feel emotionally relaxed. And I've lost a lot of bothersome inhibitions. I



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don't shrink the way I used to. I got in a cab the other day that had a big 'No Smoking' sign, and the driver was one of those know-it-all non-stop talkers. But I interrupted him. I said, 'I see you have a rule against smoking. Well, I've got a rule against talking.' He gave me a look, but he shut up.

"I'm thankful for those little blessings. I'm thankful that I got something for the price I paid. Because my memory is still as blank in those certain areas as it was when I went back to work in July. I walked out of the office one evening last week with a man I'd worked with very closely for a number of years. He was saying something about his children, and I asked how many children he had. He looked surprised. 'Why, six,' he said. I said, 'Well, that's a statistic I would certainly think I'd have remembered.' He said, 'Yes—I would have thought so, too. You were always telling me that six was too many.' That's just one example. I could give you dozens more. It happens all the time, and it makes me feel so stupid. It keeps reminding me of how much of myself I've lost. There are times when I almost wish I were back in those weeks of resting and vegetating at home. When I didn't know what I know now. But that's a little frightening. If I hadn't been a professional woman—if I hadn't been a woman with a highly specialized and demanding job—I might never have realized the extent of my amnesia. I would have thought that I was still perfectly whole and complete." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

He asked the man in the subway booth where 410 Riverside Drive would be, and the man said to get off at 11th Street.—*From "This Sweet Sickness," by Patricia Highsmith.*

And walk rapidly north?

•

Generally, when a group forms an organization, whether religious, political or recreational, there is always at least one member who is a drinking force and keeps things moving at an even pace.
—*Wilmington (Del.) Morning News.*

How true, how true!

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK
[*From the Newport (N.H.) Newport-Lake Sunapee Times*]

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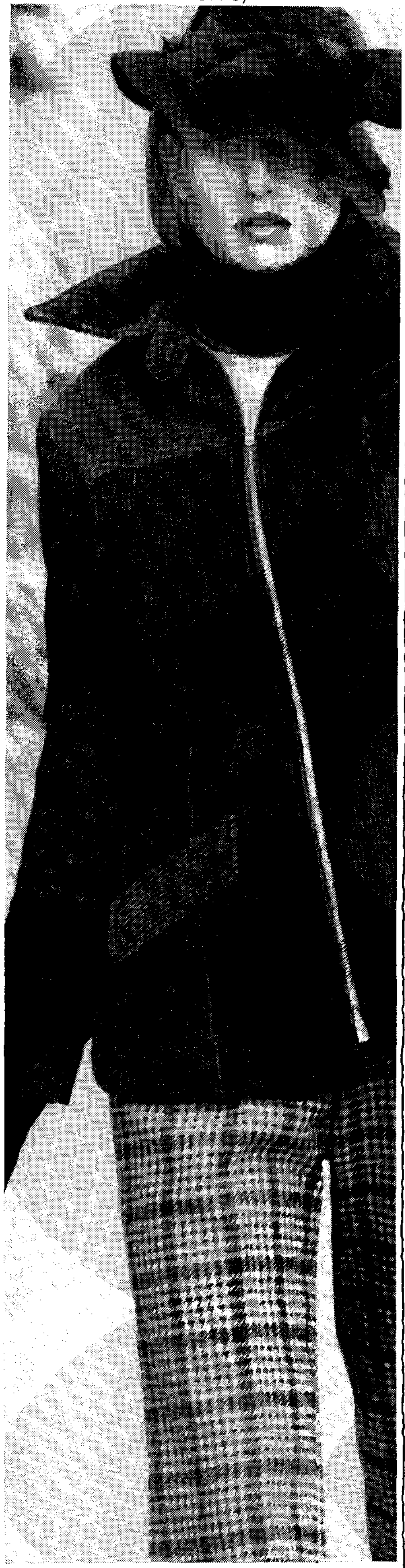

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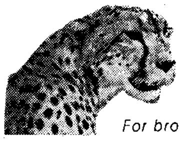

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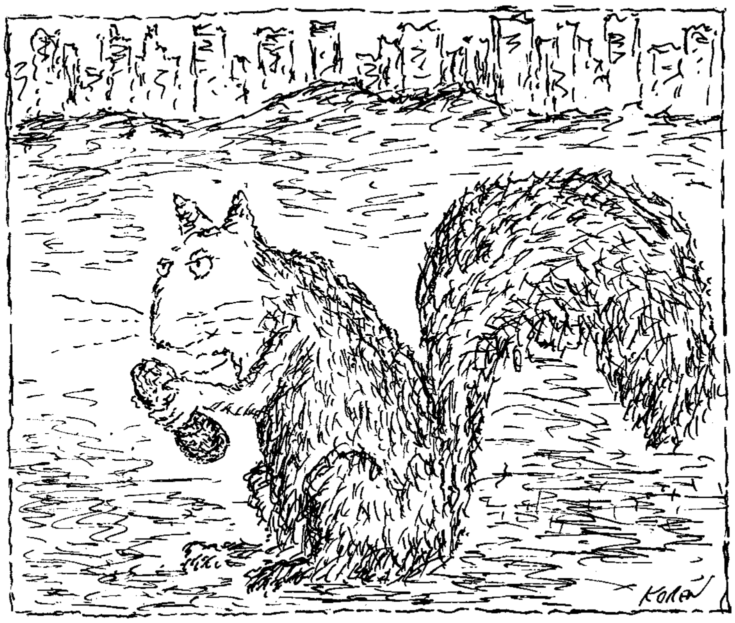

Central Park's squirrels, one of nature's most pampered forms of free-living wildlife, were the subject a while back of a prolonged, if unconventional, study by an eminent American mammalogist. He is Dr. Richard G. Van Gelder, the curator of mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, which faces the Park along Central Park West between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets, and the study started in August of 1957, a year after Van Gelder, at the age of twenty-eight, had come to the museum as its assistant curator of mammals. Each morning and evening for many months, he left his apartment, near the museum, for a walk in the Park with his Doberman pinscher, Roulette. They entered at Central Park West and Eighty-first Street, usually walked south along the West Drive or over the terrain to the west of it, and exited at Central Park West and Seventy-seventh Street. With Roulette on her leash, Van Gelder, to the considerable mystification of passersby, frequently paused to observe his research subjects, often taking notes, sometimes while gazing aloft into a tree. The section he studied west of the West Drive between Eighty-first and Seventy-seventh Streets amounts to about one and a half acres, and Van Gelder estimated its squirrel population to be thirty. "Obviously, this is inordinately high," Van Gelder told me recently (squirrels in the wild average only about two to the acre). "The explanation is that most of the squirrels in the section I studied were to be found clustered around the two entrances. In Central Park, entrances are locations that have a distinct squirrel-survival value. The animals get most of their food from human handouts. Thus, they are directly dependent on the volume of human traffic, and this is heaviest around the entrances. On rainy or snowy days, in particular, people will come there to feed the squirrels but will not think of venturing into the interior. At such times, the middle of the Park is virtually barren of human beings. So the heavy squirrel population near the entrances is a survival technique, and in no way indicative of the squirrel population in the Park generally."

Soon after this conversation, in an effort to get some idea of the number of squirrels in the Park, I decided to take a census of them myself. I found Van Gelder's generalization about entrances to be true everywhere except in the Park's northern sector. The Park has a total of fifty-two entrances—eighteen for both vehicles and pedestrians, and thirty-four for pedestrians only. Twenty of these entrances are in the northern sector, however, and there, despite the presence of a seemingly magnificent habitat for squirrels in the lordly woods crowning the Great Hill, there was a marked dearth of squirrels. I laid this scarcity to the relatively unprosperous adjacent neighborhood. The inhabitants, I assumed, had other things on their minds, and other uses for their money, than feeding squirrels. At the end of my census, I estimated the Park's squirrel population, made up of eastern gray squirrels, at more than four hundred animals. Whatever the precise total, it is, in Van Gelder's opinion, at least two or three times what it would be without the provision of a never-ending free lunch by visitors.

Van Gelder's study ceased in 1959, two years after it began. Three factors were responsible. In the first place, an idea he had for distributing mimeographed maps to other dog walkers for help in the project in other sections of the Park came to naught. Even after Meyer Berger had written up the project in his column in the *Times*, dog walkers proved extremely cool to combining squirrel enumeration with pet exercise. In the second place, Van Gelder, who sought a scientific control for his enterprise, wanted to squirt dyes of various colors from a water pistol onto the tails, backs, foreparts, or hindquarters of different squirrels. This would allow for later identification and enable him to gather exact information on separate animals' range, habits, and so on. A special Parks Department license would doubtless have been necessary for the operation, but even if he procured one, Van Gelder decided, he would rather not roam the park brandishing a pistol of any description. Finally, in March of 1958, Van Gelder was appointed acting chairman of the museum's Department of Mammalogy, and his work load increased.

Still, Van Gelder's study did produce certain results other than the observation that squirrels are abundant around the entrances. The principal data he assembled concern the urbanization of the Park's squirrels. Almost slavishly, they have adapted themselves to the ways of the city. Their forebears were native stock that inhabited the woodlands of the site before the Park was constructed, almost a hundred and twenty years ago. Squirrels in the wild are notoriously wary, as any hunter can testify. The squirrels in Central Park today, however, show no trace of wariness. During his study, Van Gelder saw more than one crouch practically nose to nose with the menacing Roulette, straining at her leash, as it waited for some tidbit to be thrown. Squirrels that provide for themselves in the woods particularly prize hazelnuts and the acorns of the white oak. Van Gelder discovered, however, that when mixed nuts were placed in a line before Park squirrels they habitually grabbed what was closest to them without searching out a favorite. Nor do the Park squirrels confine themselves to nuts. They consume, apparently quite happily, Cracker Jack, popcorn, Fritos, peanut-butter crackers, and even pancakes, to name some of the provender on their bill of fare. But above all else,

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it seems, they eat peanuts. Visitors buy bags of these from venders in or near the Park and scatter them profusely for the squirrels—a practice, by the way, that may be nutritionally bad for the recipients. Van Gelder found a relatively large amount of fur loss and eye trouble in Park squirrels, and he suspects that both conditions may result from an overabundant diet of peanuts. Further evidence of the marked influence exerted by the city on Park squirrels is the fact that they flout the peak periods of daily activity that are normal for gray squirrels in the wild. Characteristically, these are a few hours after dawn and the last few hours of full daylight. The Park squirrels, by contrast, are active throughout the day. I have seen a pair of them climb head downward into a wire wastebasket to retrieve some sandwich scraps from a discarded lunch bag at the noon hour.

Nor do the Park squirrels make their own dens or nests if they can crowd into a man-made squirrel house, of which a number were placed in trees in the nineteen-forties by Park attendants. Van Gelder once stood below a squirrel house near Eighty-first Street and Central Park West and coaxed out of it with a clucking food call a total of sixteen squirrels, which expectantly circled in a stream down the bole of the tree. Some Park squirrels have turned the nooks and crannies of buildings beside the Park into shelters. I have seen several nonchalantly using the space between sills and old-fashioned air-conditioners jutting from the windows of the museum as a refuge during a pelting rain. Such squirrels are traffic-wise, fearing the automobile, which in the Park is a main squirrel predator. Rarely do they venture incautiously onto the motor highways. The bandleader Meyer Davis swears that he saw one on the grass by the West Drive near the Tavern-On-The-Green patiently waiting for the traffic light to change before crossing the drive.

SQUIRRELS, found widely in the Old and New Worlds, belong to the family Sciuridae. The range of the eastern gray, the species in Central Park, covers the entire eastern United States. Its scientific name is *Sciurus carolinensis*, the species having been described first in the Carolinas. The word "squirrel" itself comes from the Old French noun "*esquireul*," created from the diminutive, "*scurellus*," of the Vulgar Latin "*scurius*," a distortion of the formal Latin "*sciurus*." That, in turn, derived from the Greek

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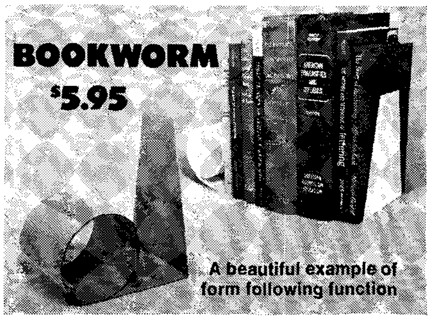

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term "*skiouros*" (formed of the roots "*skia*," or shade, and "*oura*," or tail); that is, "he who sits in the shadow of his tail." The description especially fits the eastern gray. Of all the quadrupeds inhabiting eastern North America, few have a tail that is at once so splendid, so dramatic, and so useful. The eight-to-ten-inch plume makes up roughly half of the adult squirrel's total length. One indication of the importance of the tail is that its owner spends much time fluffing and grooming it, being particularly careful to comb out all bits of foreign matter. One of the unhappiest squirrels I have ever seen was sitting on a low limb of a tree near Summit Rock, the Park's highest point (a hundred and thirty-eight feet above sea level), just off Central Park West at Eighty-third Street, and trying to remove with claws and teeth some chewing gum that had become embedded in its tail. The eastern gray depends on its tail for many vital functions. The tail serves as a sunshade, as a blanket in cold or stormy weather, as an expressive aid to communication, as a counterbalance in effecting marvellously quick turns, as an aerial rudder on its customary leaps from branch to branch, and as a parachute to soften the impact of occasional falls. On sunlit summer noons, the squirrel arches its tail over its head like a parasol; in the dead of winter, the squirrel does not hibernate, but the tail is wrapped around the curled-up form in the nest like a comforter, preserving body heat. Males can be seen flicking it in skirmishes that interrupt their pursuit of females over the bare limbs of the Park trees in late February or early March.

Squirrels are highly vocal, their sounds ranging from soft, friendly buzzes or purrs to barking quacks and feet-stamping, teeth-chattering raging, all invariably accompanied by ripplings of the tail, the tempo of which indicates the depth of emotion being expressed. Squirrels are not especially rapid on the ground. Leaping—the propulsion coming from the strong hind legs—is their method of locomotion

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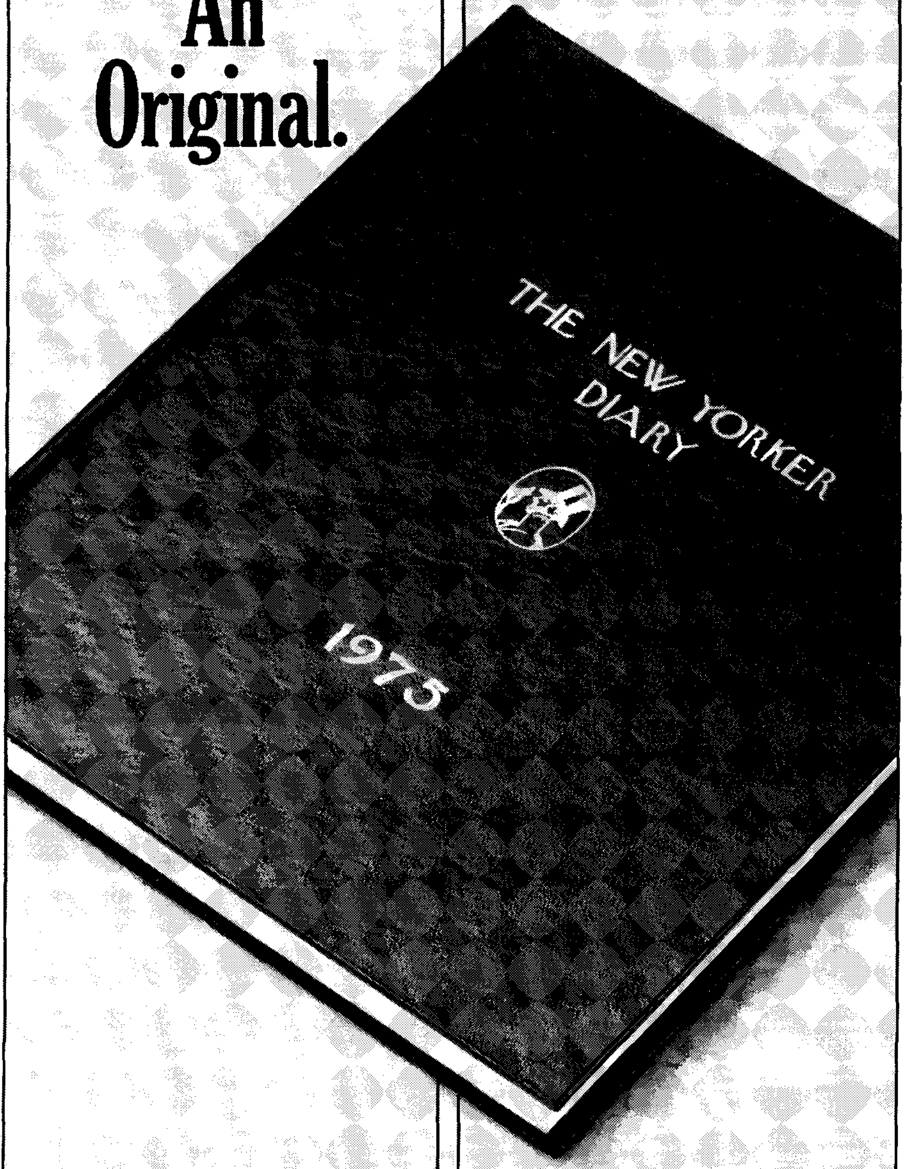

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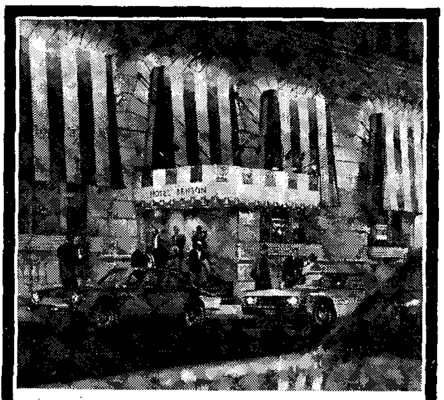
there. Normal hops are twelve inches. These increase to twenty-four inches when the squirrel is travelling, and to three or four feet at ordinary high speed. When the animal is being closely pursued, it can cover six feet at a bound. The top straightaway speed is seventeen miles an hour. Many creatures are, of course, swifter, but the squirrel does not depend on this kind of speed for safety on the ground. Instead, quick dodges and lightning turns, accomplished with the use of the tail as a counterbalance, are its safeguards. In my observation, no small boy in Central Park, however persistent, has come even close to catching one. Though squirrels normally avoid the water, they sometimes do take to it, particularly in the mass emigrations common in the nineteenth century. During such an emigration forty years ago, more than a thousand were sighted swimming down the Connecticut River, from Hartford to Essex.

Habitually, of course, squirrels in trees leap from branch to branch and from tree to tree. They have often been seen to make level leaps of six feet—a distance achieved in part through the agency of the tail, which streams out behind like a glider's wing, giving lift in the air and acting, as well, as a rudder to steer the animal in the desired direction. Leaps of as much as twenty feet from tree to tree have also been observed, but in these cases the landing point is always well below the takeoff, the tail again assisting in guidance and in the glide.

Throughout the winter, squirrels forage actively, and since winter life in Central Park is less rigorous than in the woodlands, Park squirrels generally have an easier time of it in cold weather than their country cousins. However, both sorts are endangered by ice storms, when the branches of trees are glazed with frozen rain. These storms make for perilous footing aloft, and more than once in Central Park I have seen squirrels fall to the ground while trying to make progress along ice-coated tree limbs. The tail swings rapidly from side to side during the fall, gripping the air somewhat in the manner of a parachute, and without exception, in my experience, the squirrel picks himself up after hitting the ground and makes off none the worse for the mishap.

This function of the tail was undoubtedly exercised in what is perhaps the longest nonfatal squirrel drop on record. It occurred July 19, 1934. On that morning, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cooper, of Memphis, checked into the



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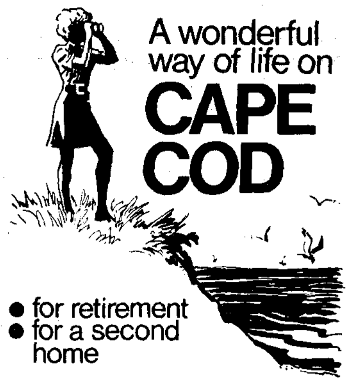

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Hotel Lincoln here for a rest after an all-night drive. The room clerk noted that they were accompanied by a pet squirrel, which they said they were taking South to their son Billy. In their room, on the sixteenth floor, the travellers retired, the couple to bed and the squirrel to a towel spread for it on a chair. Not long afterward, an office crew on the third floor heard a thud in a nearby airshaft. At the bottom of this they found the squirrel, which had either fallen or jumped from an open window in the Coopers' quarters. It was stunned, so they picked it up and summoned a veterinarian. He noted that the squirrel had suffered a slight nosebleed, but predicted that it would be all right. Sure enough, by four o'clock that afternoon the pet was frolicking about the Coopers' room.

ALTHOUGH the urbanized Park squirrels clearly prefer to reside in man-made squirrel houses, these are now in short supply. In the nineteen-forties, there were a dozen or more. At that time, a woman refugee from Nazi Germany promulgated the unshakable opinion that the Park squirrels suffered cruelly in cold or stormy weather and should be supplied with enlarged versions of snug wooden birdhouses in which to keep warm. She demanded these lodgings of Park authorities on pain of exposing them in letters to the newspapers as heartless abusers of animals. Her particular target was the horticulturist for the Borough of Manhattan, an amiable man named Cornelius O'Shea, whose assistants regularly ascended trees for pruning and other duties. Soon, they were also fixing squirrel houses to tree branches. The refugee long ago returned to Germany, and only a few of the structures she inspired remain, because of the ravages of time and weather and the lack of a forceful advocate. A couple still exist in the Ramble, the heavily wooded area southeast of the museum, where once they were fairly common. Among the missing is a house in Van Gelder's section, near Eighty-first Street and Central Park West. People still keep an eye on the houses that are left. A woman inquired recently of the horticulturist's office about one that was missing from a beech near the statue of Wladyslaw Jagiello, the fifteenth-century Polish king, which stands in the middle of the Park, east of Belvedere Lake. When the house reappeared after rehabilitation, she telephoned her appreciation to those responsible.

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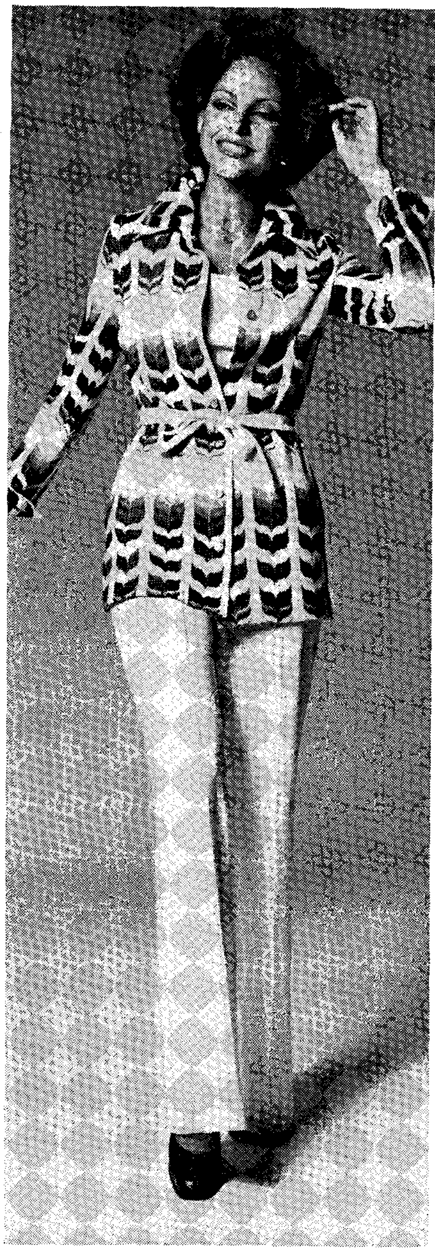

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ready-made accommodations still available in the Park, most of the squirrels do what squirrels have always done—find or create their own. They hole up in tree hollows, which they can enlarge with their incisors, or they build nests of branches, twigs, and leaves. The nests can be seen in trees all over the Park. They are of two kinds—a relatively permanent, year-round litter nest, and a more loosely built resting nest, usually built in summer. Both are so constructed as to shed water. Both resemble a large ball of leaves a couple of feet in diameter and may be built close to the tree trunk or in particularly woody branches, but within the litter nest is a cozy cavity six inches across and about four and a half inches high, lined with loose bark or other soft material. A good example of this sort of nest sits about thirty-five feet from the ground in the crotch of a red oak some yards in from Fifth Avenue at Sixty-seventh Street. During my census walk, I watched a squirrel scamper up to it bearing a bit of cloth, which presumably it was going to put in the cavity. It carried the cloth by tucking it against its chest and lowering its chin.

In this sort of nest—or in tree hollows or man-made squirrel houses—during late March or April and often again in late July or August, after a gestation period of forty-four days, the female gives birth and suckles the young, which in the Park may exceed the average woodlands litter of two or three. The newborn squirrels are helpless—tiny, naked, blind, with ears that are tightly folded flaps. Growth is slow. But the mother, equal to the male in size and strength, is affectionate and capable. She licks and nurses the infants. In three weeks, their lower incisors erupt, followed a week later by the upper ones. The incisors are the animal's most formidable teeth, very sharp and strong. In adults, the upper incisors are about a quarter of an inch long and the lower more than half an inch. (People who hand-feed squirrels in the Park should be warned not to hold the nut too tightly; in the effort to get it, a squirrel may inflict a nasty bite. The squirrel's incisors, too, can cause great damage if the animal blunders—usually down a chimney flue—into an unoccupied house and attempts to gnaw its way out.) After five weeks, the eyes open and the triangular ears have already taken shape, and a week later the molars begin to push through the gums. In the adult, these teeth have crowns with low cusps, adapted for crushing nuts, seeds, roots, and other

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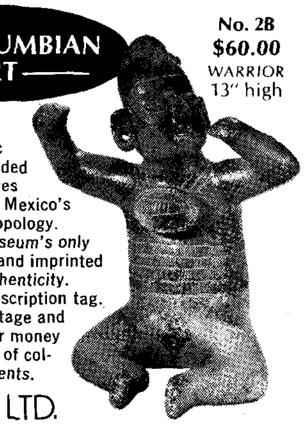

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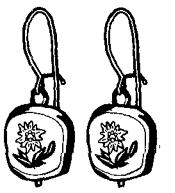

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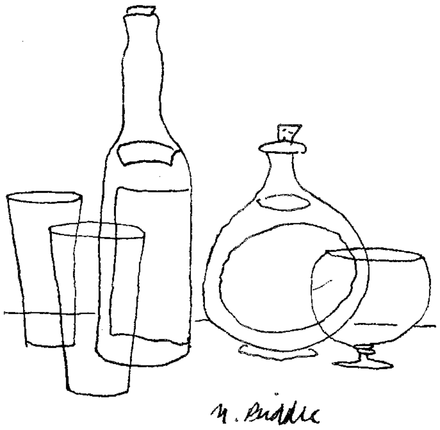
vegetable matter. At six weeks, the young can take solid food as well as milk. They then begin to emerge cautiously, and, staying very close to the nest, may eat tree flowers, buds, or young leaves. In a fortnight more, they are almost half grown and fully furred, and scamper around the bole of the home tree. (In circling a tree, a squirrel uses all four legs separately instead of the front and back legs in pairs, as it does when it hops on the ground.) The young usually stay with the mother for from twelve to thirty weeks, depending on whether they are born in early spring or midsummer, after which they part company. Full growth is achieved at two years, but mating may start much earlier than that. The longevity of a healthy—and lucky—squirrel may, it is judged, run up to twelve years. Pet squirrels have lived up to twenty years.

The resting nest, in contrast to the litter nest, is a loosely built structure often placed well out on an upper limb. From below, it may look like an untidy crow's nest. Those in the Park which are more than one year old are usually in a state of disintegration. After mating, the male leads a bachelor's life, with no family cares whatever. It employs a nest merely for lazing and sleeping.

SQUIRREL feeders were very much in evidence on the several mornings and afternoons that I walked through the Park taking my census. Peanuts were far and away the main food offered. Some people cast quantities on the grass to gatherings of two or three scurrying beneficiaries; others hand-fed individuals. Both categories of recipients often carried off the peanuts for burying. The feeders themselves were a varied lot—male and female, old and young, uncommunicative and garrulous. The most expansive was a stout, well-dressed man standing on the lawn beside Driprock Arch, in the middle of the southern part



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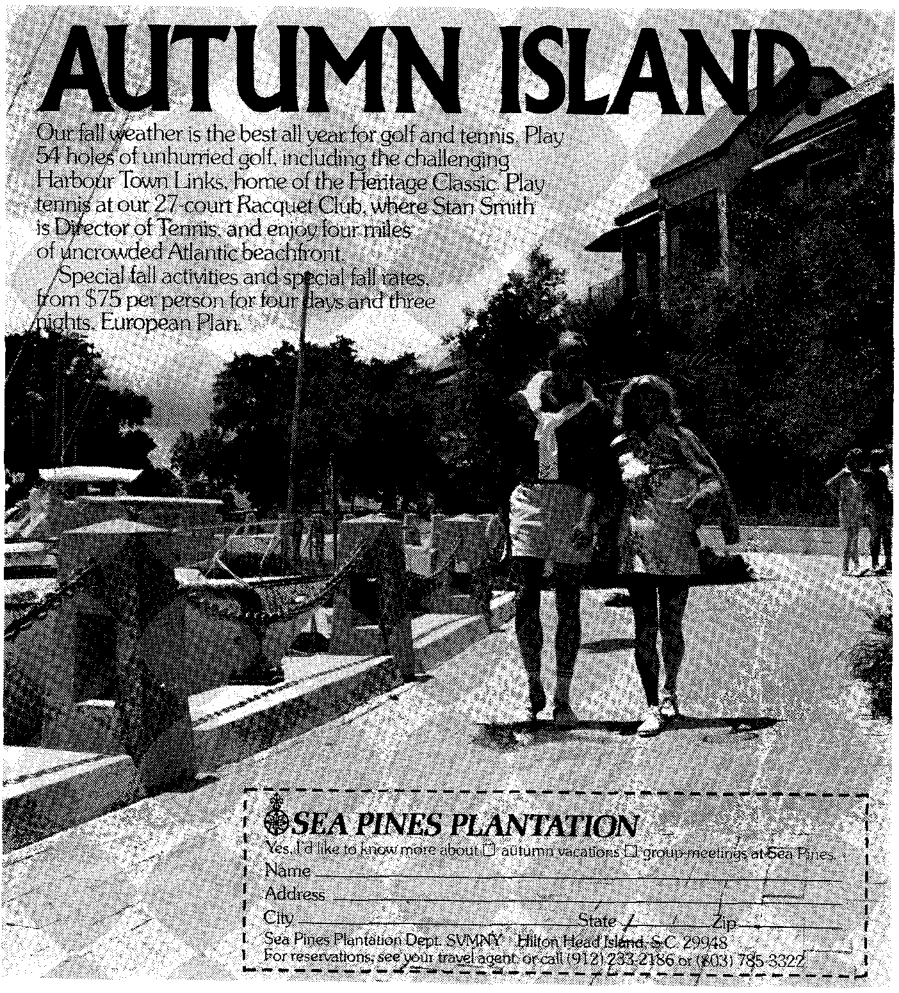

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of the Park. He was disposing of three bags of peanuts, whose contents he strewed on the turf around him to the great excitement of a throng of guests. "These squirrels," he told me, with obvious satisfaction, "are the best fed in the world."

Thousands of peanuts and a few other nuts are unquestionably buried each year in the Park by squirrels, and many, if not all, are retrieved during later foraging—not through memory but through the sense of smell, which, aided by a little digging, operates even after snowfalls. Cracked nuts (which would spoil) are never buried. Usually, the squirrel eats these on the spot, along with the first two or three offered it, before it starts burying food. The burying act is a ritual. A longtime observer of park squirrels, the late naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton, reported on it, in "Lives of Game Animals," as follows: "His procedure is always the same. He receives the nut in his teeth, then takes it in both paws, puts it back in his mouth, turns it round, licks it with his tongue, then goes off a few bounds, and, with forepaws, digs a hole in some open place, making it about 3 inches deep. Holding the nut in his teeth, he rams it down point first, into the hole; with his snout, he roots the earth back into place, tamps it down a little with his paws and his snout, replaces the leaves, combs up the grass with both paws, and goes off. If another squirrel comes near at once, the owner of the cache drives him away."

Other squirrels are not the only potential thieves repelled. Seton goes on to report that when a man started to dig up a newly buried nut in a park in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he was rushed by a squirrel, which knocked his hand away. After fifteen minutes, he tried again and there was no such reaction. The squirrel seemed to have forgotten the nut, or its sense of ownership had dimmed. Seton has related that he repeatedly watched park squirrels "bury ten out of thirteen peanuts within an hour, each in a separate hole." They did this, under his observation, every fine morning during the three months of the nut season—from mid-September to mid-December—and he calculated that in those months each eastern gray probably buried several thousand nuts, perhaps as many as ten thousand. Seton was one of the scientists who have suspected that a heavy diet of peanuts is bad for a squirrel's health. Perhaps such a diet accounts for the fact that squirrel fur is not at its most beautiful in the

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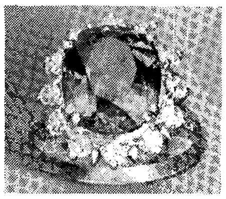

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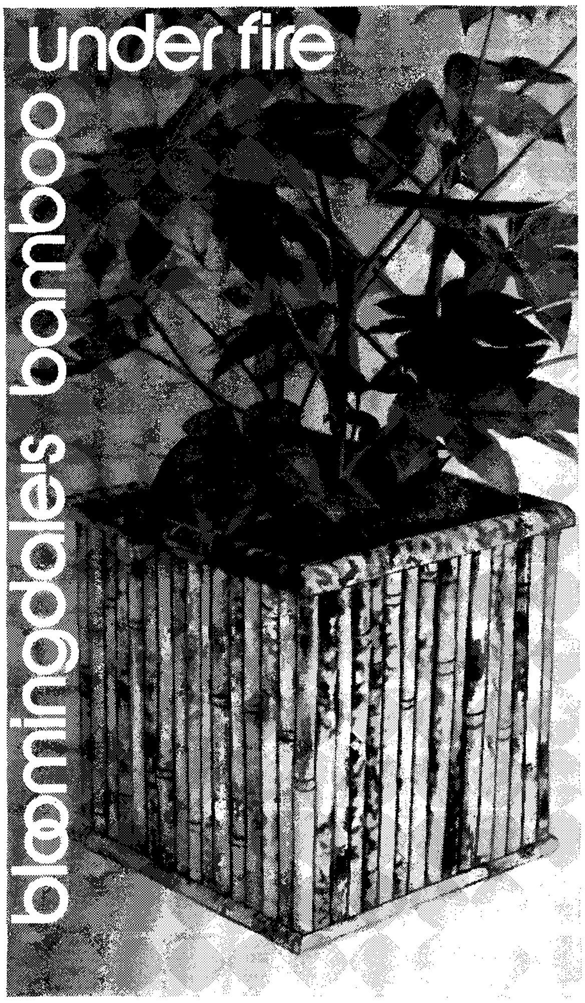
Park—although here and there individuals may exhibit extremely handsome pelts. In any event, American gray-squirrel skins are not used by furriers. The material for squirrel coats and the like comes mainly from Siberian squirrels, which produce thicker pelts. Occasionally, a black squirrel will be seen in the Park. This is a melanic phase of the eastern gray, very common as one goes farther north in the range, and, indeed, a fairly frequent sight in parks in the Bronx. Albino eastern grays are also known, but I've found no record of one in Central Park. At Olney, in southeastern Illinois, a colony of several hundred exists.

The health of the squirrels in the Park, if it is teetering from a weighty diet of peanuts, is doubtless helped by some of the other foods they are known to take. In the spring, such foods include staminate flowers of oak, pine, and beech, and the buds and young leaves of various kinds of trees. In eating buds, the squirrel grasps a stem with the claws of its forepaws and clips it off with its incisors. Then it revolves the cluster slowly, eating the buds one by one. (A squirrel's claws are not retractable, like a cat's, but it can raise them to keep them from being dulled—a helpful ability when it is moving about the pavements of the Park.) After stripping the stem, the squirrel drops it to the ground. On spring bird walks through the Park, I have passed trees under which the ground was heavily littered with such cuttings. Another food that squirrels like is sweet maple sap. They gnaw stems and twigs in the spring to encourage the flow, and then lick the sap. If after a chilly night it has become frozen, they eat the sugary icicles. Squirrels enjoy drinking water, and the Park has a generous supply of it, in a variety of places. Squirrels seek it wherever it is handy, including the zoo's beaver pool, from which they can sometimes be seen drinking under the impassive gaze of the immersed owners.

In 1900, the Park was much wilder than it is now, though even then it was more than forty years old. There were fewer visitors, and they were more considerate of the terrain. At that time, the remoter parts of the Park had a number of little-frequented sections. Wandering into one, a pedestrian might feel that a real part of nature was dozing nearby. Witness a large, tree-shaded rock (since removed to make an entrance for automobiles at 106th Street and Central Park West)



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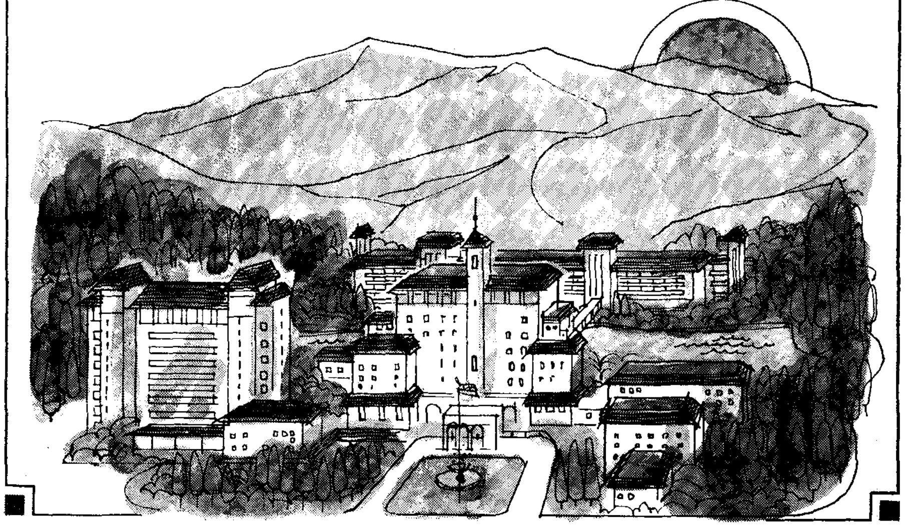

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of which the late herpetologist Raymond L. Ditmars wrote that its crevices served as hibernating dens for scores of brown and garter snakes—creatures that in mild weather roamed the Park. The absence of the automobile contributed to the naturalness of the Park scene. Trees and all other living things thrived better without its fumes.

The squirrels in this period, aided by excellent forest conditions and the handouts of visitors, thrived to such an extent that a thinning of their ranks became necessary. For a week during 1901, the squirrel population, estimated to be more than a thousand, was reduced by three hundred; Park attendants shot them. The task of shooting the relatively tame squirrels was easy—quite a different matter from bringing down squirrels in the wild, which is one of the more difficult feats in hunting, because the squirrel, if it cannot reach the safety of a hollow, flattens itself on top of a lofty branch until it seems barely more than a wisp of gray lichen. Andrew Jackson supposedly won the battle of New Orleans because his frontier riflemen had developed their marksmanship by hunting squirrels in their dense native forests. Jackson's men hunted squirrels for the pot, tasty squirrel meat being an essential ingredient in a now almost forgotten delicacy, Brunswick stew.

The predators of Park squirrels in earlier days included such traditional ones as hawks and owls, which are now no longer much of a threat. Today, the greatest danger may be the automobile, but Van Gelder thinks that dogs and feral cats may also be a menace to squirrels. Sight, rather than smell, is the sense that squirrels use to detect enemies.

SOMETHING that puzzled Van Gelder quite a bit during his study was the number of squirrels in Theodore Roosevelt Park—a four-block area separated from Central Park by Central Park West. This smaller park, which lies between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets and is bounded on the west by Columbus Avenue, contains the museum where Van Gelder works, a few acres of greensward, and some trees, whose branches, during the period of Van Gelder's study, contained several squirrel nests. At times, the squirrel population in Theodore Roosevelt Park was greatly in excess of what the nests could carry. Van Gelder strongly suspected a two-way flow of transients between it and Central Park. He could not be sure about

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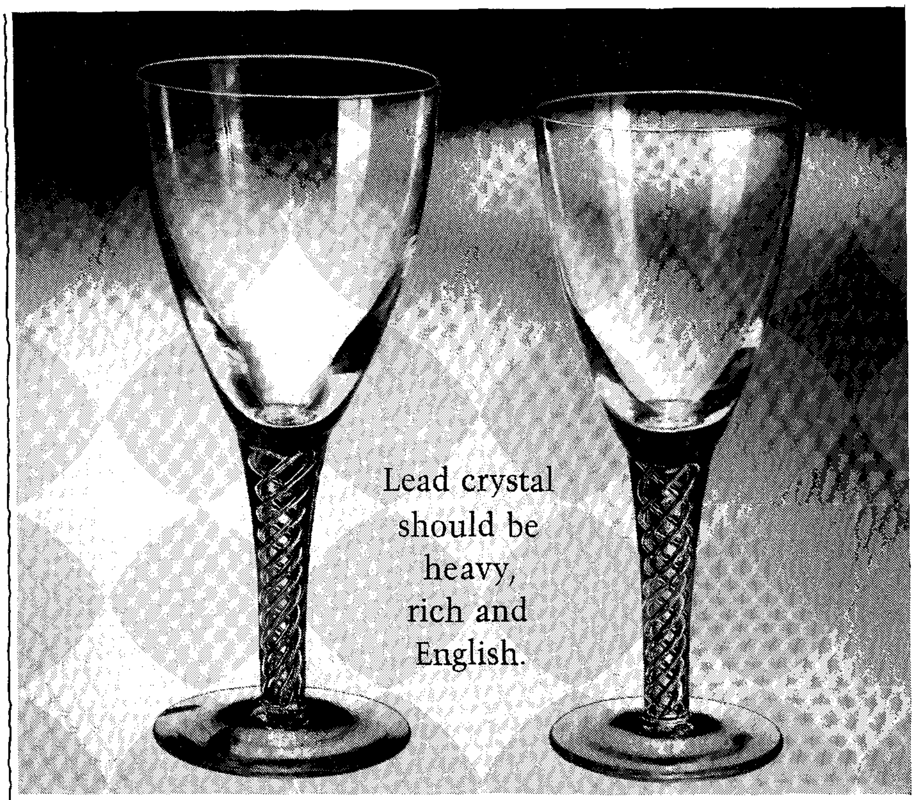
this, however, until one morning when he arrived at the museum very early after a light snowfall. Squirrel paw prints dotted the snow covering Central Park West, on which traffic was still sparse. "The squirrels were crossing from Central Park apparently just after dawn, before the traffic started," Van Gelder told me.

Another plot of greenery adjoining Central Park, across Fifth Avenue between East Ninetieth and East Ninety-first Streets, is visited by similar migrants. This is the sizable garden of the former Andrew Carnegie mansion, now occupied by the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. There I spoke with the caretaker, Manuel Perez, who has been with the place for forty years—the first twelve while it was still the home of Carnegie's widow. The garden has turf, flower beds, and several large trees, with benches interspersed to let people sit outside—everything surrounded by a high ornamental iron fence backed by stout wire mesh. "We have always had Central Park squirrels coming in and out," Perez said. "They climb right up and down the fence with no trouble at all. They are very smart, because they come mostly when they see people in the garden who may give them nuts. They take the nuts and run up the trees with them."

Central Park squirrels have gone even farther afield. In what is the longest confirmed trip to date, a squirrel crossed Fifth Avenue at Sixtieth Street early in June of 1930 and paid an extended visit to the East Side. It proceeded along Sixtieth to Madison Avenue and on to Park Avenue, by way of the pavement, street trees, and house balconies, producing as it went a rash of telephone calls from residents announcing its presence to authorities at the Central Park Zoo. Eventually, a



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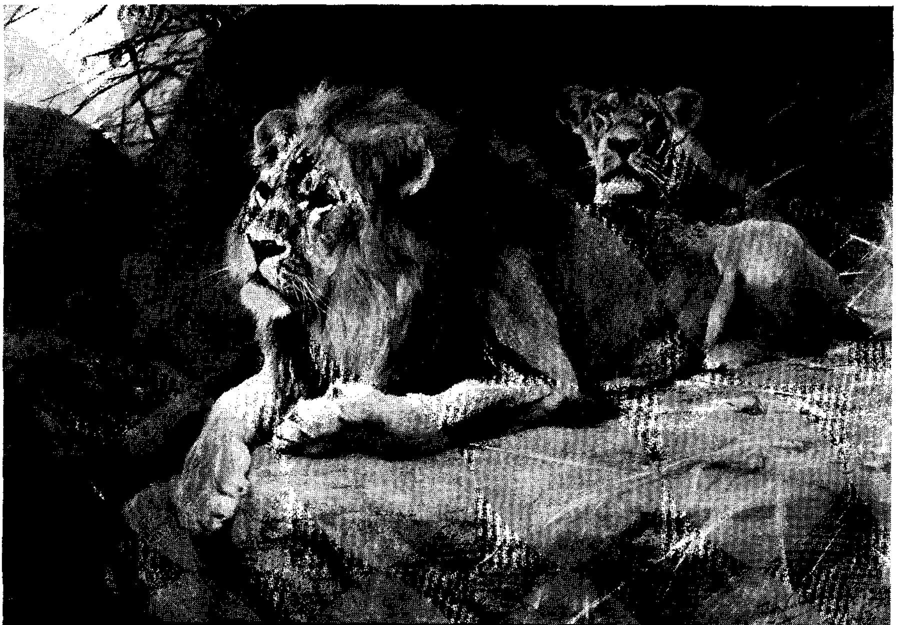

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keeper was sent in pursuit, but despite his best efforts he was unable to retrieve the rover. By the next day, it had worked its way to Fifty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, now the throbbing heart of Dry Dock Country, where it scampered over store awnings, collecting a crowd. The assemblage was shortly augmented by four policemen. Armed with heavy paper sacks, the policemen spent an active half hour resolutely pursuing their quarry, to the cheers of the onlookers. Finally, after a neat bit of encirclement, the squirrel was bagged by a policeman, who carried it unceremoniously back to the Park.

Whether this is actually the longest squirrel journey that has occurred in the city is not entirely clear. Van Gelder always wondered during his study whether there was some squirrel traffic between Central Park and other parks several blocks away, such as Riverside Park, right after dawn or at other times. There is some evidence that there might be. One afternoon, Van Gelder followed a squirrel along West Seventy-seventh Street. It crossed Columbus Avenue and was halfway to Amsterdam when he lost sight of it among sidewalk pedestrians. "It may have eventually made its way across Broadway and West End Avenue and on to Riverside Park," Van Gelder said. "My guess is that's where it was going."

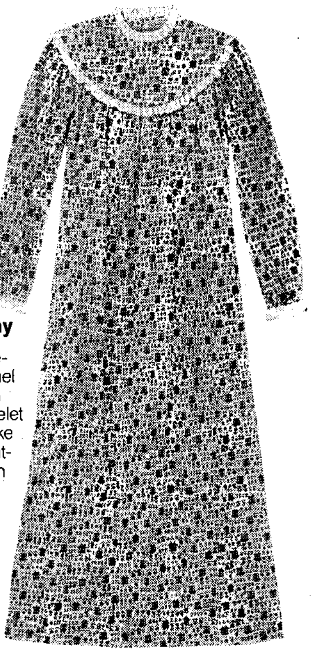
—EUGENE KINKEAD

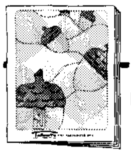
•

WEDNESDAY

I could say the day began
behind the Sierras:
in the orange grove the ladder
that reaches partway
to the stars grew
a shadow, and the fruit
wet with mist put on
its color and glowed
like a globe of fire,
and when I wakened
I was alone and the room
still, the white walls,
the white ceiling, the stained
wood floor held me until
I sat up and reached out
first for a glass
of stale water to free
my tongue, and then
the wristwatch purchased
before you were born,
and while the leaves ticked
against the window and
the dust rose golden
in the chalice of the air,
I gave you this name.

—PHILIP LEVINE





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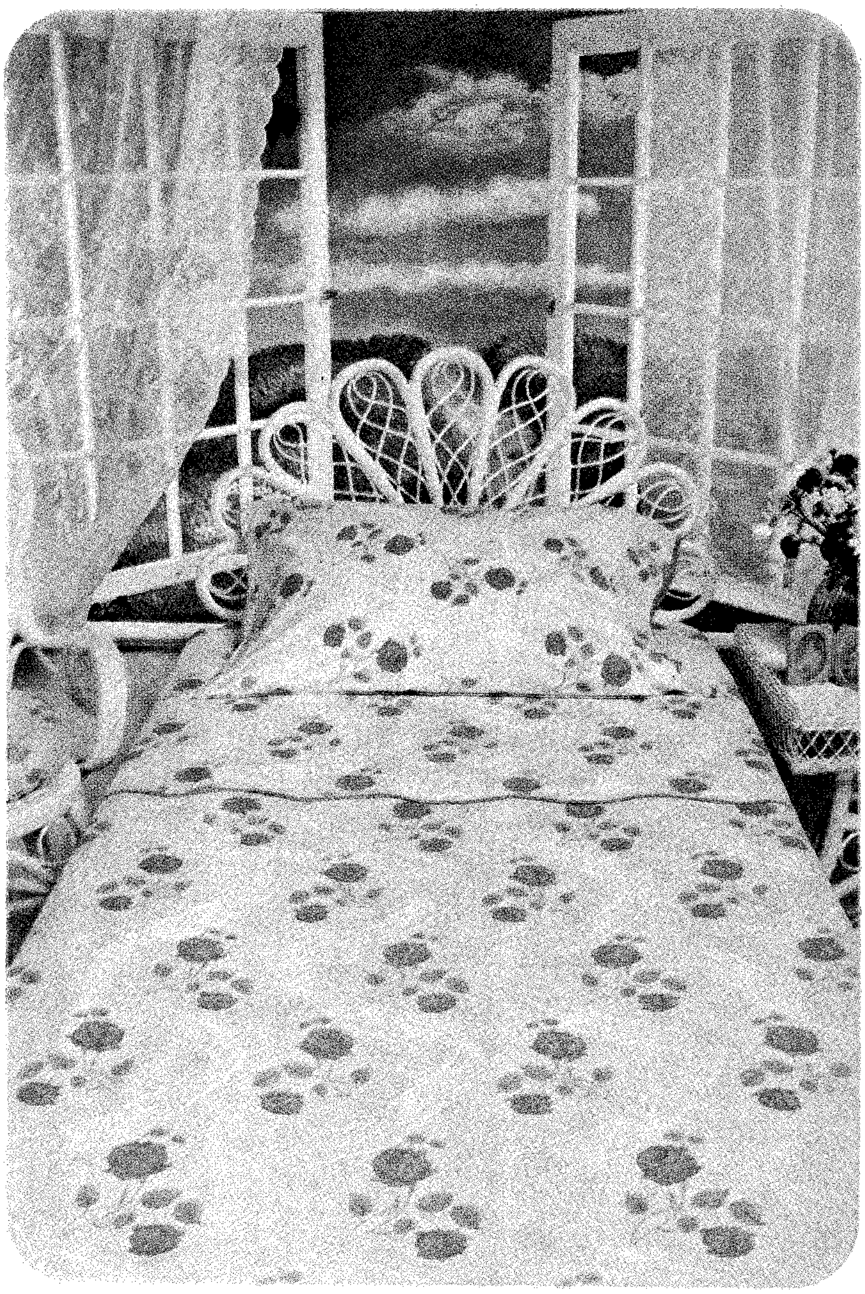

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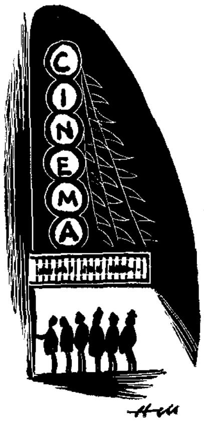
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Mighty Saphead

IN 1906, when he was eleven, Buster Keaton played little Lord Fauntleroy. There exists a photograph of him which exhibits no enormous trust in the part. He wears a black velvet suit with a big lace collar, and suffers the ignominy of ringlets. The huge dark eyes look as if they had never blinked, let alone slept, even at that age. They express a dignified alertness to the possibility of storms or custard pies which might wreck the abhorrent costume in this short-lived—with any luck—reign of fortune's saccharine smile.



When Buster was twenty-five, in 1920, he made his first feature film, called "The Saphead." Twenty years ago, after lingering unseen in Keaton's possession, it was found again, printed on the nitrate stock that has not been used for decades. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer started to untangle the legal knots holding up its showing. The nitrate cutting copy recently seen by a few reviewers at the Elgin—the film will be shown publicly, on the longer-lasting Technicolor safety stock, on September 8th—is knife-sharp and beautiful. It has several scenes missing from the Metro version shown theatrically in 1920. It is also the unique copy printed on tinted stock. "The Saphead" is a film version of a Broadway play called "The New Henrietta," in which Douglas Fairbanks was enormously successful. In the year it was made, Keaton was under exclusive contract to Joseph M. Schenck, who agreed to lend him to Metro. Fairbanks himself suggested that Keaton should play the saphead, whose name is Bertie Van Alstyne. He is a millionaire's son who exudes a surprised and passionate intensity about the windfall of his life. He wears the most elegantly cut suits, and a topper so shining that it looks polished for a turnout class in a horse-show ring. Served breakfast by a butler who even puts the necessary four lumps of sugar in his cup and stirs them for the Master, he nevertheless feels so uncertain of the boon times' durability that he occasionally makes a movement of his hand toward his white carnation as if to protect it from a blow.

Bertie Van Alstyne is a rich nitwit, the first of the loaded figures whom Keaton, alone among the line of comedians born of vaudeville, was able to make funny. Other silent comics (Chaplin being the greatest) have never made heroes of the well-off. There is something about the antithesis between Keaton's apprehensively anesthetized face and his classically graceful and courageous body which makes the feat possible. He is one of the few comedians who have ever managed to be shy, stoic, and dashing at the same time. There is nothing of the tramp about him. He always looks impeccably dressed, shaven, and chauffeured.

As in "The Navigator," he is desperately in love in "The Saphead." His darling this time is Agnes, an orphan adopted by Bertie's father. At the sheerest possibility of a sight of her, he leans forward as if his feet were glued to the floor and a gale were blowing his body ahead. The father—played by William H. Crane—is so angry at the idea of his son's marrying Agnes that he buys him off with a colossal check ("Cutting him off with a million," says a subtitle) and tells him to get a job. Knowing little about jobs, Bertie looks around him and sees that two people he knows are brokers, so he buys himself a seat on the Stock Exchange. It costs him a hundred thousand dollars. When he hears the price, his famous Indian-chief face grows more withdrawn than ever, concealing shock courageously. "Well, furniture is way up these days," says a subtitle. Thrown out of the house by his father to keep him away from Agnes, he moves into the Ritz, and conducts his life without losing self-esteem or looking at all like a black sheep. As always, his gestures are nobly expressive. Though kicked out of his home, he opens some double doors in his hotel suite for himself with a flourish, as if he were his own two footmen.

Taking his costly seat on the Stock Exchange for the first time, rubbing the arms of a chair with wonder at the cost of the rather ordinary furniture in the place, he finds himself with a piece of paper on his back to identify him to the well-heeled others as a new boy who should be made welcome. It is a welcome in the Evelyn Waugh tradition of the upper classes at their joshing worst. His cane is pulled off his arm;

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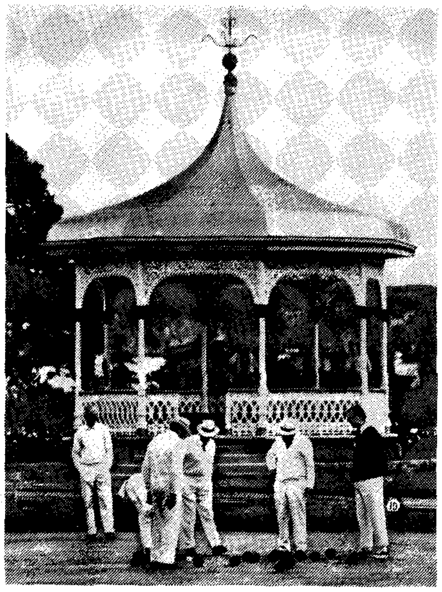

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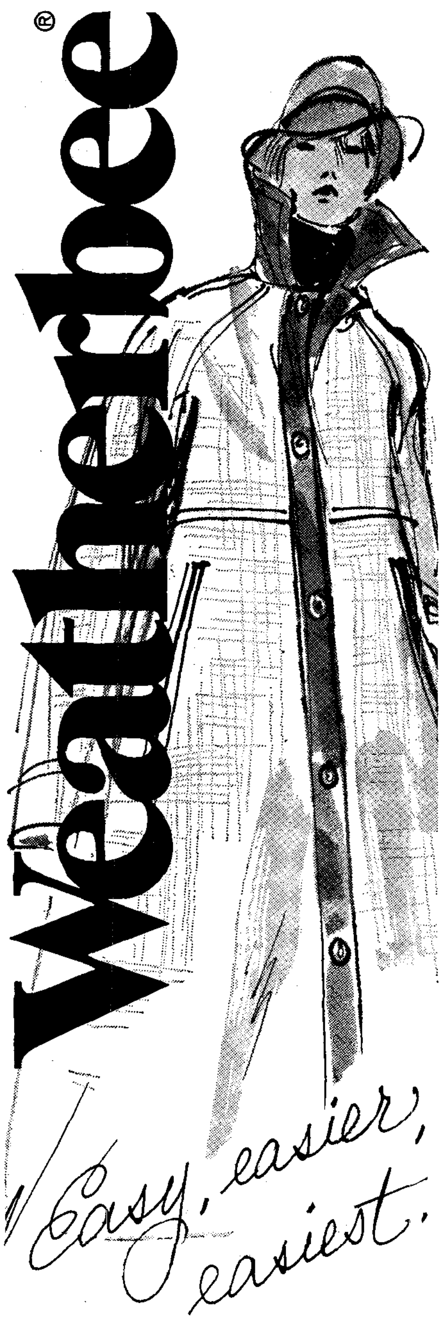

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his hat is knocked off again and again. Screams and hoots are emitted by the cognoscenti of this posh boarding school, which parades itself as a place for grown-up men to run the economy of the country. We are in the presence of sunken-continent wit emerging from a few expensively educated idiotic young millionaires who keep their heads above water to bay with laughter at the expense of the rest of the population. Bertie, though a saphead, has more delicacy of spirit. He simply observes the phenomenon, and later remarks unresentfully to Flint, his father's broker, "All they do here is knock off hats." Pause. "But I like it." Trying to fit in with the custom of the incomprehensible place, he agreeably knocks off the hats of two startled door attendants as he goes out. His clothes for the initiation ceremony are very fine: top hat, morning coat, spats, black-and-white spotted ascot, gloves with stitching on their backs.

Bertie is not one to make trouble. Knowing his sapheadedness, and having found himself adoringly giving an empty engagement-ring case to Agnes—he had handed the ring itself to a servant for safekeeping, and had forgotten what he'd done with it—he equips himself with five wedding rings for her, so that he can have one in every pocket. She seems thrilled. Girls are always very nice in Buster Keaton's films, taking his faults tenderly and trying to buck him up. Nearly fifty years have passed since there was a public screening of "The Saphead." It is a wonderfully funny love story that gives stature to slapstick, and poetry to practical jokes. Keaton's temperament always resists begging for laughs. Where other comedians often yap at your ankles for a response, he treats audiences as if they were not there, and devotes his whole attention to the dilemmas in which he finds himself.

The feature was shown last month with two rare Keaton shorts: one with Arbuckle, called "The Bellboy" (1918), in which Arbuckle works out a complicated method of simplifying floor-mopping by doing it sitting down and cleaning around himself in not quite merged patches, and one called "Convict 13" (1920), which has a recklessly funny sequence for an enormous and bird-brained strongman in convicts' stripes. The rhythm of a banknote-throwing scene in "The Bellboy" is balletic. On September 8th, "The Saphead" will be shown with his feature "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," which he made in 1927. From "The Saphead" alone, it is clear that the august

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young Keaton is already the natural aristocrat of his craft.

"PINK FLOYD" is about the English rock group that calls itself Pink Floyd, perhaps because there is no reason at all why it should: there is a crazy glint about some of the things the members of the group do to meaning, rhythm, and melody, and also to sound (or perhaps noise). They whisper into mikes and, by technical means, seem to be yelling sibilants about the end of the world from the top of Everest. They use a Moog synthesizer to create demonic symphonies played on keyboards that look like Satan's toys. Even a harmless Steinway piano is doctored to blow you out of your seat with terror at the thought it conjures up of brainpans receding like the light at the end of a tunnel seen from a train racing backward. With no visible sense of the ridiculous, the members talk about the difficulty of keeping up with the fans who remember the group as part of their childhood in the late sixties, when Pink Floyd first hit London below the belt. Unless rock groups are as musical as the Beatles, they have much shorter lives than tennis players; the four members of Pink Floyd are technicians, adept enough with their instruments but much more adept with machines. The film, which now and again rises above being a mere puff for a famous group and becomes an interesting spectacle of hugely popular eccentrics dedicated to arcane experiment, is set in Pompeii. The sight of the group, mostly playing in a Roman amphitheatre, is intercut with shots of ancient murals and mosaics from patrician houses built before Vesuvius erupted, and sometimes with tinted photographs of rolling lava that look rather like the deranged imaginings of a schizophrenic. It is a strange experience to see a group with the life span of an earwig setting its inventions in a city whose life was destroyed nineteen hundred years ago but where the amphitheatre, murals, and mosaics still remain, surviving by their adherence to the majestic structure of accuracy in art.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

The Portuguese have never looked to Spain, except defensively. Somewhere on the border—nobody ever knows just where it is, but everyone is sure it is there—is a tiny brass cannon pointing east and bearing an inscription that roughly translates as "Woe to thee, Spain, if thou budgets."—*The Times*.

There's often something lost in translation.

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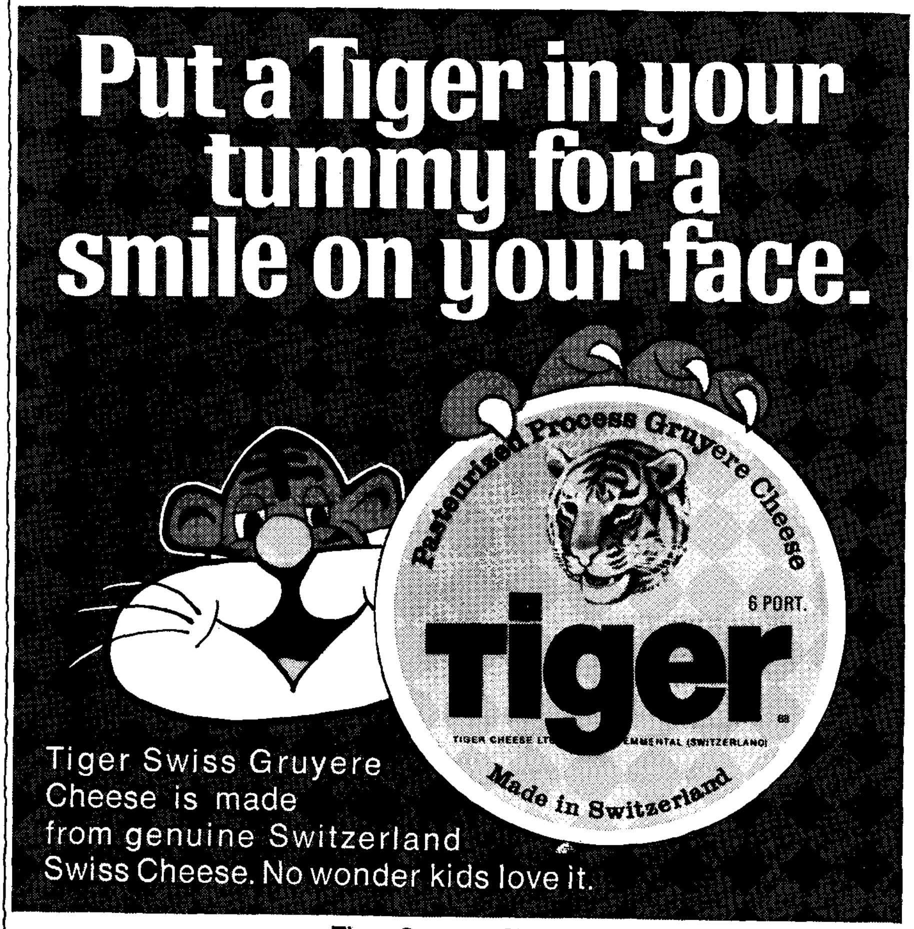
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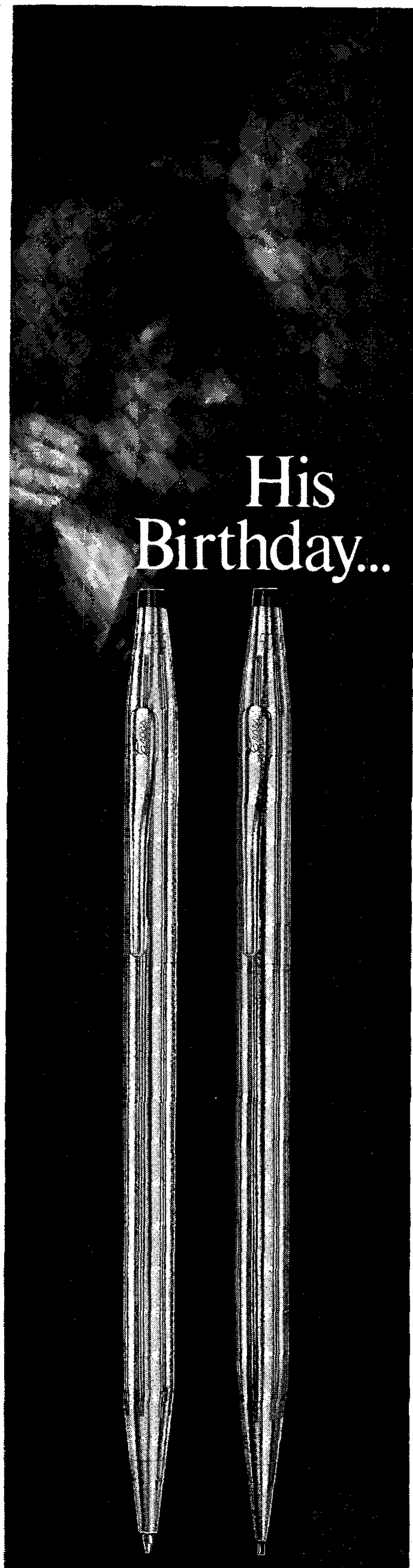

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An action of Multiplepoinding has been raised in the Court of Session at the instance of WILLIAM LITHGOW FORBES, Little Auchenmade, Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Executor Nominate of the late JOHN FORBES, who was Executor Dative upon the estate of the late JEMIMA JANE CARMICHAEL, who resided at Carmichael's Hotel, Henderson Street, Bridge of Allan, PURSUER and REAL RAISER against (First) JESSIE GILMOUR, residing at Muirton Cottage, Blackford; (Second) MARY ROBERTSON DOIG, residing at Muirton Cottage, Blackford; (Third) WILLIAM DOIG and RAPH DOIG, both residing at 464 North Gray Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.; (Fourth) BETTY DOIG and JESSIE DOIG or HEATHERINGTON, both residing at Blenheim Lodge, Brantfell Road, Bowness or Windermere, Westmorland, England; (Fifth) DUNCAN McDOUGAL, residing at 14 Ardgowan Street, Greenock, and JESSIE McDOUGAL or THOMSON, residing at 52 Union Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire; (Sixth) JENNY PULLAR McFARLANE, 102 Winthrop Street, Taunton, Massachusetts, 02780, U.S.A., and CARRIE McINTYRE or McGREGOR, residing at Crawford Crescent, Miramie, Wellington, New Zealand; (Seventh) WILLIAM LITHGOW FORBES, residing at Little Auchenmade, Kilwinning, as Executor Nominate of the late JOHN FORBES; (Eighth) MRS. MARY SCOTT CARMICHAEL, Eskdale, Taybridge Road, Aberfeldy, and MRS. ANNIE CAMERON MACKENZIE, St. Columba's Manse, Burntisland, Fife, Executors upon the estate of the late HELEN FORBES or DALGLEISH, who resided at Eskdale, Taybridge Road, Aberfeldy; (Ninth) ALEXANDER FORBES' Heirs and Representatives whosoever, DEFENDERS.

In the said action the following Interlocutors have been pronounced.

"21st February, 1974. The Lord Ordinary on the unopposed motion of the Pursuer and REAL RAISER finds him liable in once and single payment of the fund *in medio;* holds the condescendence annexed to the Summons as a condescendence of the fund *in medio;* appoints all parties claiming an interest in the fund *in medio* to lodge their condescendences and claims by 7th March, 1974; and appoints intimation of this Interlocutor to be made once in each of the Scotsman, Stirling Observer, Dundee Courier and New York Herald Tribune newspapers."

"D. W. R. Brand"

"7th May, 1974. The Lord Ordinary on the unopposed motion for the Pursuer and Real Raiser dispenses with advertisement in the New York Herald Tribune newspaper and appoints advertisement of the Interlocutor of 21st February, 1974, to be made once in the New York Times newspaper."

"D. W. R. Brand"

Intimation is hereby given accordingly.

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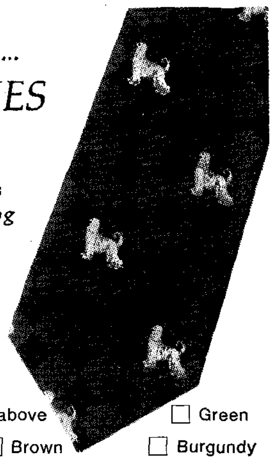

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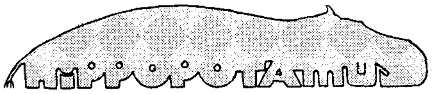

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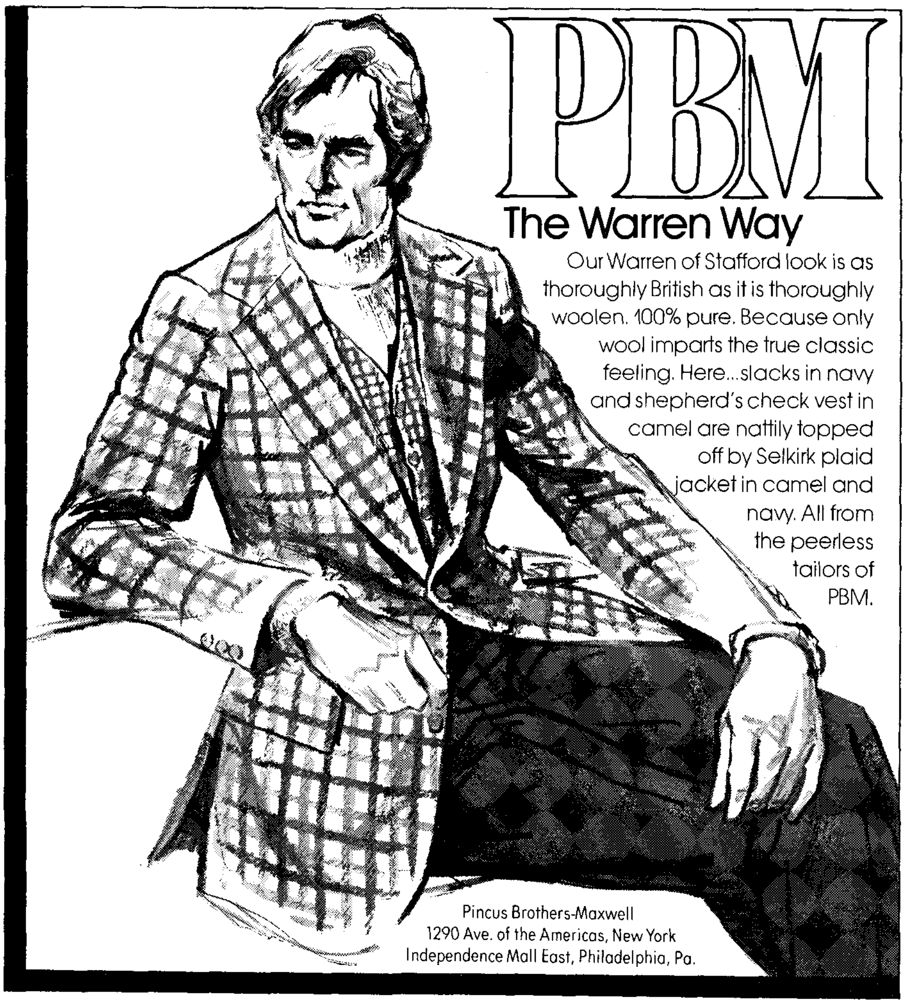
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

OPERATIC artists come and go in schools, in the manner of fish. In the thirties and early forties we had plenty of great Wagnerian singers but no satisfactory Normas. Now the great Wagnerians have swum away and there are Normas in profusion. At present, five recordings of Bellini's masterpiece about this heroine are in print, and each involves a different Norma—Maria Callas, Joan Sutherland, Montserrat Caballé, Elena Suliotis, and (the most recent) Beverly Sills. Miss Sills is provided with a splendid supporting cast—Shirley Verrett, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Paul Plishka in the other principal roles, along with the John Alldis Choir and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under James Levine (A.B.C./ATS-20017-3; six sides). Miss Sills' Norma, who is rather like the one Miss Callas portrays, is sung with great dramatic feeling and complete assurance in the fioritura. The Sills voice is lighter than the Callas one, but it covers the ground with equal mastery and handles the numerous descending chromatic scales to perfection. In fact, no one else since Miss Callas has presented Norma as a vital human being as well as a virtuoso soprano, though others have sung the role with the same fireworks and a more limpid tone. Both Callas and Sills tire toward the end of opera's greatest marathon, and both voices then acquire a slight wobble. But that, I imagine, is the price of enormous dramatic involvement.

Deutsche Grammophon is out with a new "Der Freischütz" (2709-046; six sides). Like "Norma," it has four rivals in the latest Schwann catalogue. This one is quite acceptable. Gundula Janowitz makes a good if not a great Agathe. Her fioritura in "Leise, leise" is not the last word in brilliance, but she does the lyric parts of the role beautifully. Edith Mathis is superb as Ännchen, and Peter Schreier (Max) and Theo Adam (Kaspar) are outstanding. So is Siegfried Vogel, as Kuno. The Dresden Staatskapelle, under Carlos Kleiber, the son of Erich Kleiber, contributes a great deal to a general-



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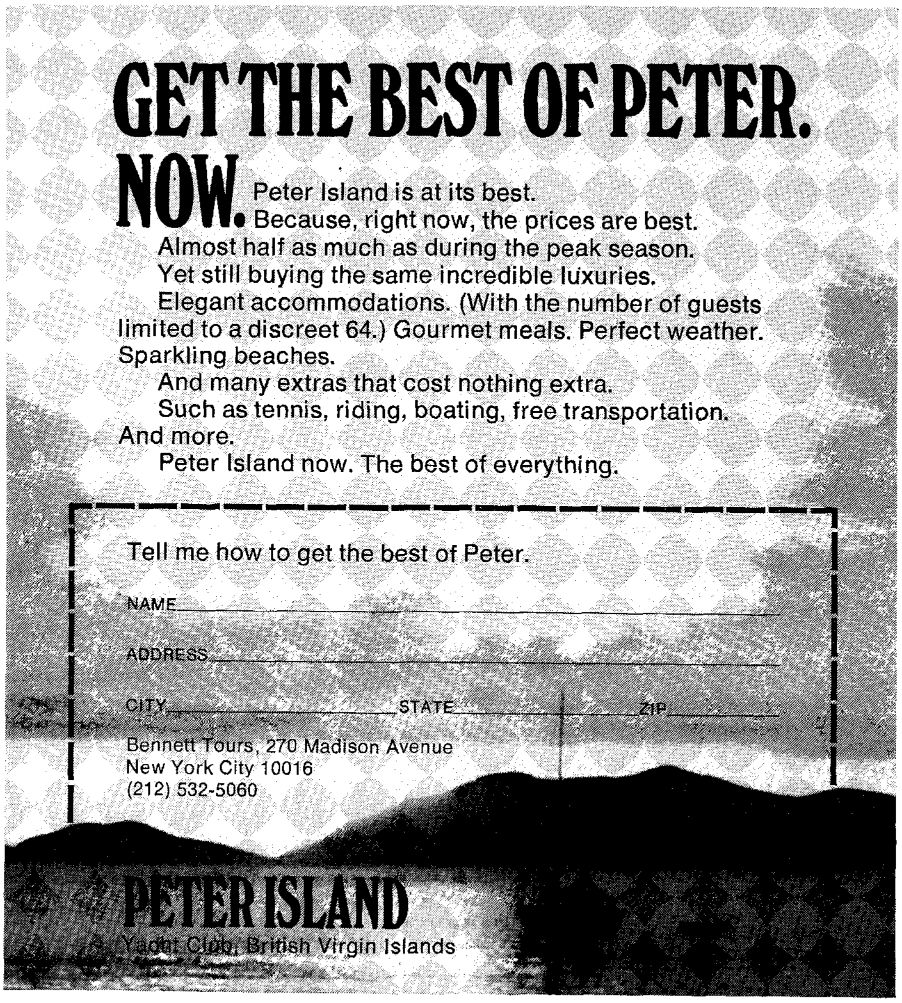

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ly eloquent reading of Weber's rather spooky score.

The liner notes admit that Frederick Delius's "Koanga" is not a very satisfactory opera. Its libretto, dealing with the appearance of an African prince among the slaves of a Louisiana plantation, is weak in many respects, and it has been considerably revised for recording purposes by Douglas Craig and Andrew Page, who have consulted more than one version and rewritten a few sections of the music. But even with all these necessary alterations "Koanga" remains an opera by Delius, and that means that it contains many pages of magic. It reflects his own sojourn in America's Old South, and is full of music evoking swamps and forests. This is its first recording, by a cast that is largely admirable. Koanga, the African prince, is sung by Eugene Holmes; the other principals are Claudia Lindsey, Raimund Herincx, Keith Erwen, Jean Allister, and Simon Estes. The London Symphony Orchestra and the John Alldis Choir, under the baton of Sir Charles Groves, supply much of the atmosphere (Angel SBLX-3808; four sides).

Schumann's "Faust" is not often performed. Perhaps that is because it is neither an opera nor precisely an oratorio, though it demands the musical resources of an oratorio and contains stage directions which indicate that its composer thought of it to some extent as an opera. Whatever it is, it contains a great deal of lovely music, some of it intensely dramatic. It has received its first complete recording by London (OSA-12100; four sides). A fine cast is led by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; it includes Elizabeth Harwood, John Shirley-Quirk, Peter Pears, Jennifer Vyvyan, and Robert Lloyd, along with the Aldeburgh Festival Singers, the Wandsworth School Choir, and the English Chamber Orchestra, under the baton of Benjamin Britten.

Schubert's gloomiest song cycle, "Winterreise," has been recorded by Philips (6747033; four sides), with Hermann Prey as baritone and Wolfgang Sawallisch as pianist. Some of us will prefer Fischer-Dieskau's version on Deutsche Grammophon, as I do. But Prey has an understated elegance that allows the music to speak for itself.

The Brandenburg Concertos are among the most recorded of all Johann Sebastian Bach's works. But a new version, quite different from the others, has been done by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Philips 6700-045; four sides). What makes it special is the musicological work of Neville

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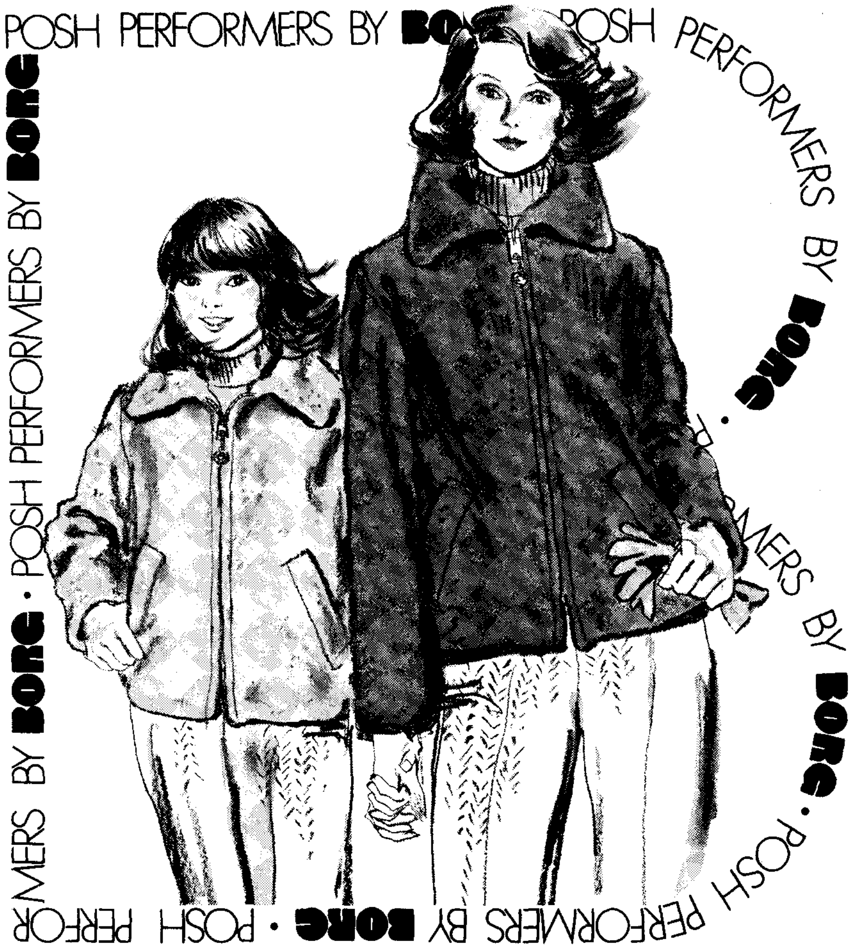
Marriner and the late Thurston Dart, who rummaged through the several recensions of these works and discovered that there are versions which preceded the ones dedicated to the Marquis of Brandenburg. This is the first recording of Bach's original scores, and there is a considerable difference between them and the more familiar ones. The performances are splendid.

The Bach Guild has embarked on a vast series of recordings entitled "The Historical Anthology of Music," which has been issued through Vanguard (HM 1 and so on ad infinitum). There are so many that I cannot comment on all of them. Suffice it to say that the performances, which have been recorded everywhere between Sweden, London, Vienna, New York, and the University of California at Berkeley, are of the finest quality and that a great effort has been made to fill in the gaps in the repertoire left by the commercial recording companies. Thus, the music of the sixteenth-century Italian composer Nicola Vicentino receives its first recording anywhere. For its period, it is rich in harmonic innovation. There are recordings of Boccherini's Quintet for Guitar and Strings, No. 2, in C Major, as well as of his Quintet for Strings in E Major and the previously unrecorded Haydn Quartets, Opuses 71 and 74. Mozart's, Handel's, and Albinoni's Concertos for Oboe and Orchestra have received the only recordings extant of these works. Vivaldi's "L'Estro Armonico" (twelve concerti grossi), Purcell's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," four organ concertos (Bach-Vivaldi and Bach-Ernst), and Rameau's Pièces de Clavecin en Concert are likewise included. Wherever it was possible, the instruments of the appropriate period of composition have been used. This is an admirable venture, of great interest to connoisseurs.

I have remarked before about the strength and originality of the work of Robert Muczynski, one of the few contemporary composers whose compositions are not merely technical exercises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I must pay the Chicagoan Leon Stein the compliment of saying that I cannot figure out the method by which he composes, though it is obvious that he has a system. His five String Quartets, played by the Chicago Symphony Quartet, are in a highly chromatic idiom, full of knotty contrapuntal workmanship and by no means unpleasant to listen to. The claim in the liner notes that these quartets improve with repeated listening is perfectly true. The performances could not be better (Universal Recording Studios, Chicago; 74S100, eight sides).

Whenever the Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet appears in concert, the audience is sure to be wonderfully entertained. And this statement is not a derogatory one, for Mr. Bolet is not only one of the supreme piano virtuosos of the day but a sensitive and refined interpreter of the Romantic repertoire. All his talents are displayed in a pair of discs entitled "Bolet at Carnegie Hall," recorded live at a concert on February 25th (RCA Red Seal ARL2-0512; four sides). The sheer splashiness of the Adolf Schulz-Evler transcription of Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" Waltz is equalled triumphantly by the delicacy of the Chopin Preludes, Opus 28.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

August 9, 1974

Notice to Shareholders

Due to an error by the U.S. Post Office, earlier this week some shareholders received an empty open envelope. You should not be concerned if you received one of these envelopes because Emery Industries was not mailing any material in it.

Emery Industries, Inc.

—*Notice received by a shareholder in Charlottesville, Va.*

These double heartbreaks! One doesn't recover in a day.

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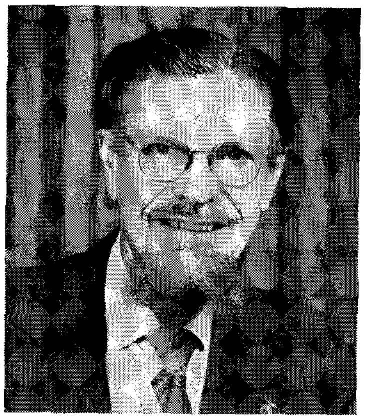
Both natives of Las Cruces, Clara and Apodaca met in the ninth grade where they have spent most of their 39 years.

—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Can't seem to get the hang of algebra.



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LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 27

AS a summer magnet, the Petit Palais has staged an elaborate exhibition drawn from antiquity nd called "The Discovery of the Art f Thrace." No one really knows who he Thracians were, or where on earth hey came from; their best-known countryman was the musician Orpheus. The vast state of ancient Thrace included modern Bulgaria, and all their recently excavated treasures n view are the property of he Archeological Museum f Sofia. They were great rtificers of metal (as their ne bronze jars in the exhibion attest), and later they egan working in gold, of a ure pale yellow, like early unlight; their richest wariors wore gold breastplates when fighting in the Trojan War. We know that the Thracians were wine drinkers, from their golden rinking cups, and from their great olden carafes, tilted with precision on heir bases for easy pouring. According to Herodotus, these cups and carafes were used in the Thracians' joyul funeral celebrations over the departure of a human being from the rigors of life, in contrast to the doleful ceremony marking the birth of a child, aced with the difficult days to come. Altogether, the exhibit of gold objects is the finest mass of golden art that Paris has ever seen. On leaving the Petit Palais, one is aware once again of he unparalleled power of gold in every world civilization to stir the imagination of man.

THE second great art attraction has been the exhibition at the Orangerie of the thirty Cézannes that belong to France's various national museums. After the imperial golden treasures at the Petit Palais, the Cézannes seem a republican comedown, but they form a splendid sampling of the best-known French modernist. Cézanne had prophesied that he could astonish Paris with an apple, and certainly it was his paintings of apples that gave him his first fame. In his search for stylization of form and the rendering of volume through color, he found apples the most appropriate subject. In one canvas on display, called "Apples and Biscuits," there are eleven of them, carefully painted. All his life, Cézanne worked with discouraging slowness. He devoted a hundred sessions to painting a mere still-life, and a hundred and fifty sittings to each of the portraits of his wife. His passion for work was almost morbid. Even after his early artistic success, he feared that his remarkable new painting style was due to a defect in his eyesight. Socially ill at ease with people, if by chance he met an old friend, such as Zola, he would signal to him not to speak.

The suppression of concise contours in his early landscapes was what led him to Impressionism. Of rival painters he said they painted only likenesses of nature, whereas his aim was to paint a portion of nature herself. To the intensity of his vibrant colors he added a use of blue in perspectives, which he felt that science itself authorized. Certain of his flower paintings, greatly admired by van Gogh, are featured in this exhibition, as well as the famous landscape of Estaque, with its vivid blue sea. In the version of "Les Baigneurs" in the Orangerie show, the blue shading of the bodies has the peculiar quality of enamel. To the public, the canvas of greatest interest is certainly "The Hanged Man's House," that fascinating yellow, angular section of a dwelling in Auvers-sur-Oise, viewed at a street corner that pitches downhill—a picture repeatedly exhibited even in Cézanne's lifetime. The Orangerie catalogue characteristically fails to explain who the hanged man was, or why hanged. Always a violent and melancholic man, Cézanne toward the end of his life was convinced that his mind had long been decaying. Yet what marks this great exhibition is precisely the vigor of his genius and the logic of his organizing brain.

FRANCE is under new management this summer, following the spring election to the Presidency of the scholarly, aristocratic Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who quickly set about a program of reforms. To meet France's ever-increasing problems of subordinate workers, of whom one out of three is either Madame or Mademoiselle, he instituted his most important reform of all—the creation, for the first time in the world, of a Secretary of State for the Condition of Women, naming to the post Mme. Françoise Giroud, until then editor-in-chief of *L'Express*, France's leading news magazine. For the new post, no one could be better fitted than she, because of the experiences of her own life. After the death

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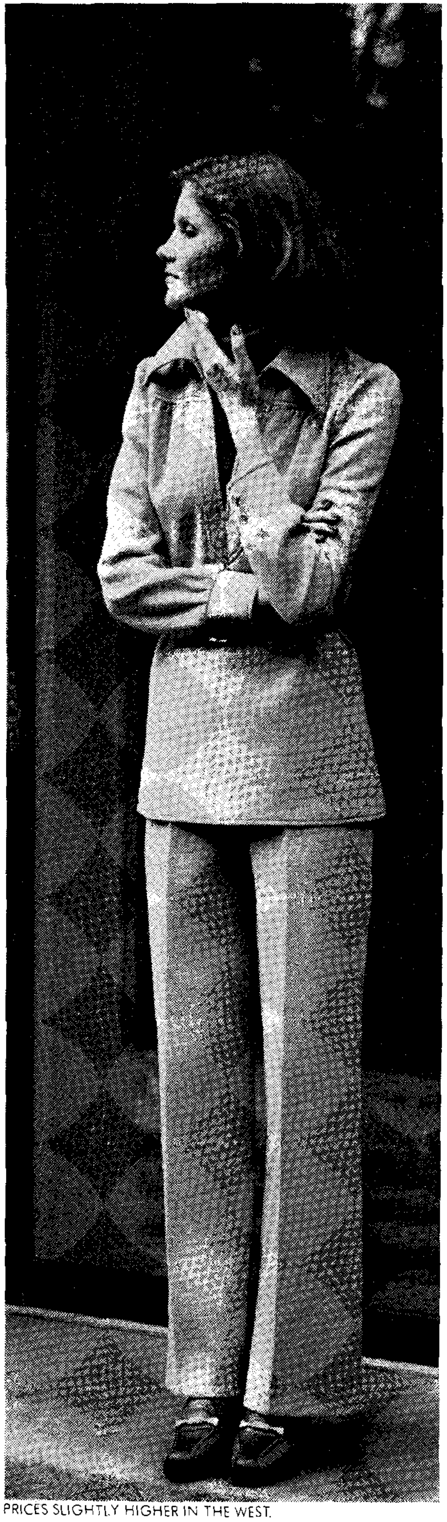

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

of her father, when she was fifteen years old, she began to work, in order to help support her mother. She found a job in a bookshop, where Marc Allégret, a film director and family friend, came in one day and suggested that she work for the movies. With his help, she advanced to being a script girl, and then to being a writer. Françoise Giroud is intelligent, good-looking, and smartly dressed, and has always been a relentless worker. She is the divorced mother of one girl, plus an earlier son, who was born out of wedlock in 1941, when his father was mobilized into the Army. The son recently lost his life in a snowstorm while mountain climbing. Throughout her journalistic career, she has consistently maintained her driving interest in the physical problems of women's lives. She early wrote in favor of birth control, and in a recent broadcast talked exclusively of abortion, now in the difficult process of liberalization in France. Giscard obviously admires her and her feminism; she at first refused to accept the feminine-affairs post, but he persisted, and asked her a second time. He certainly believes she will help him in his aim, which, as he himself has stated, is to "balance the weight of tradition against the necessity of modernizations."

PARIS is indeed modern in its prices right now. It has never been so expensive. The de-luxe hotels are charging over eighty dollars a day for a room and bath, and at the Paris butchers hamburger is two-fifty a pound. Even so, living expenses are expected to rise slightly in September, when the millions of vacationers return.

—GENÊT

•

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[*Adv. for Kipp's Parkway Hotel, at Fordham Road and Southern Boulevard, appearing in "The Borough of the Bronx," by Harry T. Cook, 1913*]

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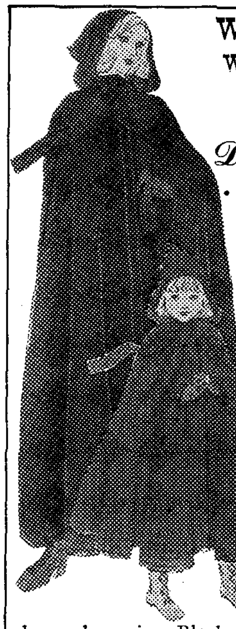
Who know a metaphor when they see one.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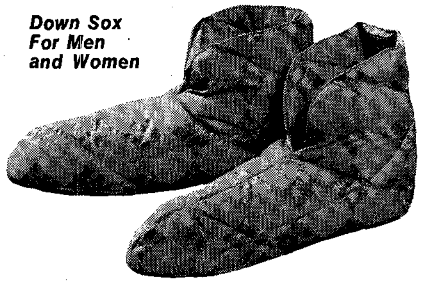
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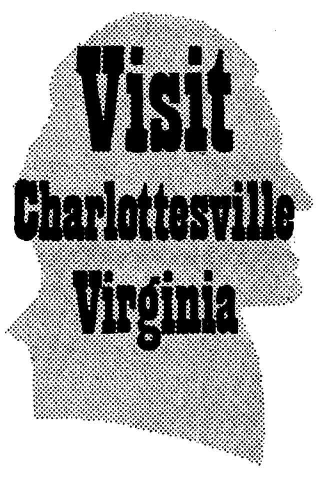
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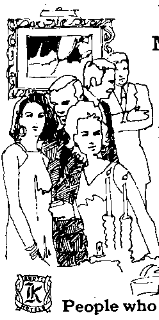

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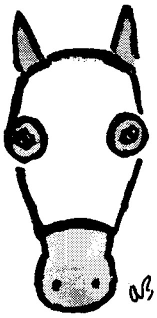

THE autumn season on Long Island began at Belmont Park last week with a 22–1 shot winning the first race on the card, and a 30–1 shot the last. In between, in place of the traditional Fall Highweight Handicap, we had the Stymie Handicap, named in memory of that darling of the Saturday racegoers who was campaigned so successfully in the forties by Hirsch Jacobs. Paul Mellon's Key to the Kingdom, who is a half brother of Fort Marcy, one of the Rokeby Stable's notables, won the race, and he did it in a way that was reminiscent of Stymie himself. Starting slowly, he finished with a rush through the stretch, to win by a nose from Arbees Boy, who had brought off a 60–1 chance in the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day. Billy Come Lately was third, four lengths away. Key to the Kingdom was slightly more than 8–1 in the betting. Thanks, no doubt, to the reduction of the tax on pari-mutuel betting from seventeen per cent to fourteen, a crowd of more than twenty-three thousand tossed $2,821,194 into the tote. It is hoped that if the cut in the take brings more business at this meeting, the powers in Albany will be persuaded to make the cut permanent—the best thing that could happen to racing, and to horseplayers, too.

Fred Hooper's Quaze Quilt, a star at Saratoga, particularly in the Alabama Stakes, was hardly that in the Gazelle Handicap, the midweek attraction; she wasn't among the first three. Watchers agreed that she tired under her impost of 125 pounds following the fast early pace of Clear Copy. She finished behind Maud Muller, Raisela, and Stage Door Betty. Maud Muller, who is owned by John Galbreath, had been beaten three times in the past by Quaze Quilt.

MONEY isn't scarce at Belmont Park; an impressive list of stakes will be run during the meeting, which closes October 12th. Heading the list is the $250,000 invitational Marlboro Cup on September 14th. There are five others with $100,000 added, not to mention the $125,000 Champagne

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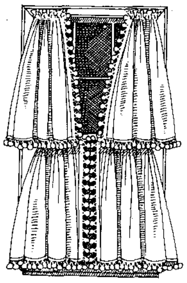

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Stakes and the $75,000 Futurity, which used to be the blue ribbon.

One of the runners likely to be invited to the Marlboro Cup is Dahlia, a Kentucky-bred filly, who recently became the first of her sex to earn a million dollars in prize money—$1,034,835, to be exact, most of it in British pounds and French francs. She went over the top the other day when she won the Benson & Hedges Gold Cup at York, worth $91,712. Back in July, she won the King George VI and the Queen Elizabeth Stakes for the second time. It is sponsored by De Beers Consolidated Mines and is the richest race in England; her share of the purse was $194,980, plus a diamond trophy, and there were diamonds all round for the owner, the trainer, and the jockey, along with a trophy from Queen Elizabeth II. (In the same race, the Queen's horse, Highclere, finished second.) Dahlia's victory last year, in which she beat the best of the boys in Europe by six lengths, easing up, earned her Horse of the Year honors in England, which is something for a filly—and an American-bred at that. She was unplaced in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe last year, but a few weeks later she came over to Laurel and won the Washington, D.C., International—the first of her sex to do that. Bred and owned by Nelson Bunker Hunt, one of the richer Texas oilmen, Dahlia is an elegant medium-sized four-year-old chestnut by the Arc winner Vaguely Noble out of Charming Alibi, and is trained by Maurice Zilber, in France. It would be fine if she'd come over for the Marlboro Cup, but I doubt whether she will; the race is at a mile and a furlong on the main track, and she has never raced on anything but grass. The distance is also shorter than she likes. Instead, she'll probably run in the Arc at Longchamp in October, when she'll meet her keenest rival, Allez France, also an American-bred, who is by Sea-Bird out of Priceless Gem, and is owned by Daniel Wildenstein, the art dealer. Dahlia has never beaten Allez France in their several meetings, but there's always a first time.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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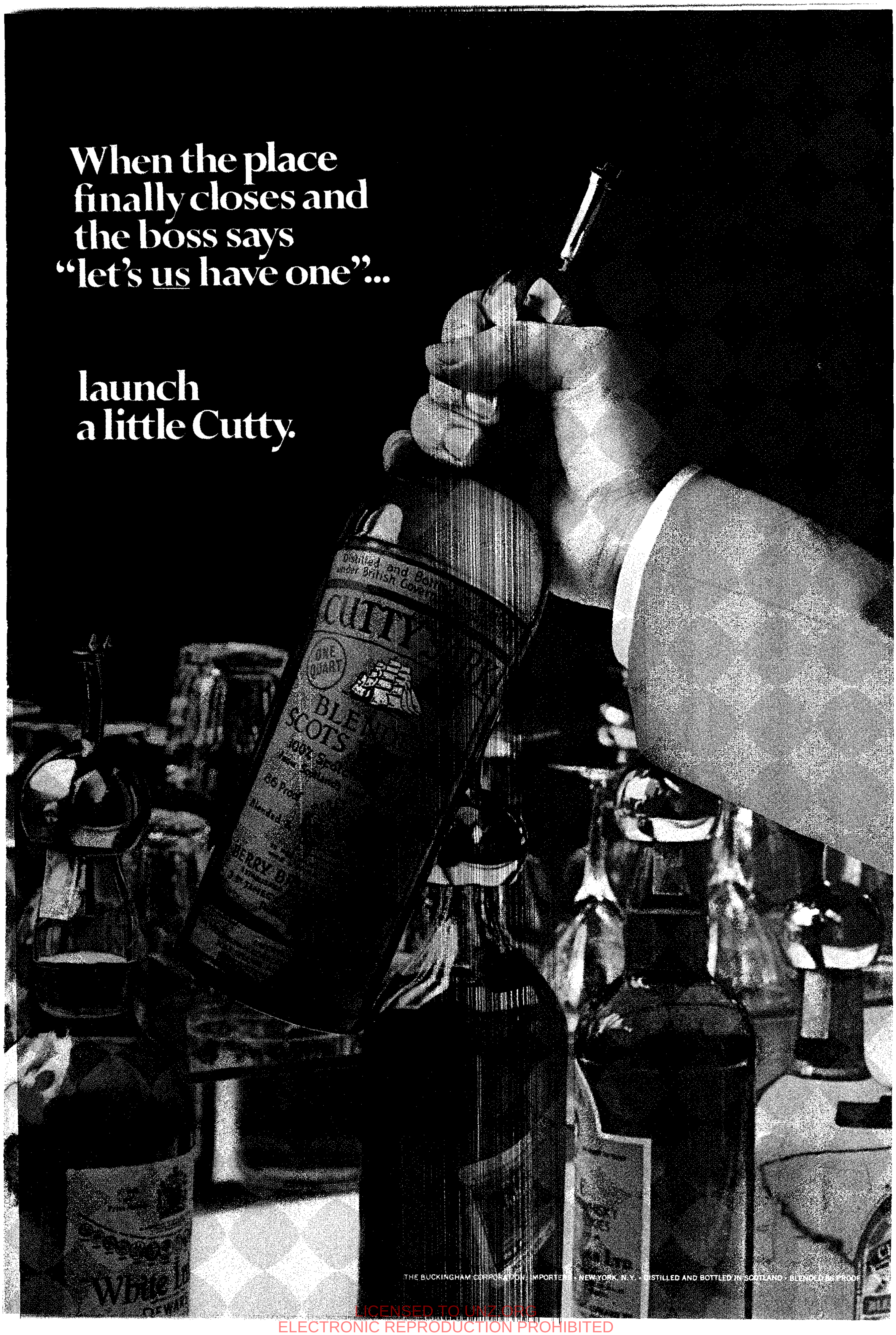
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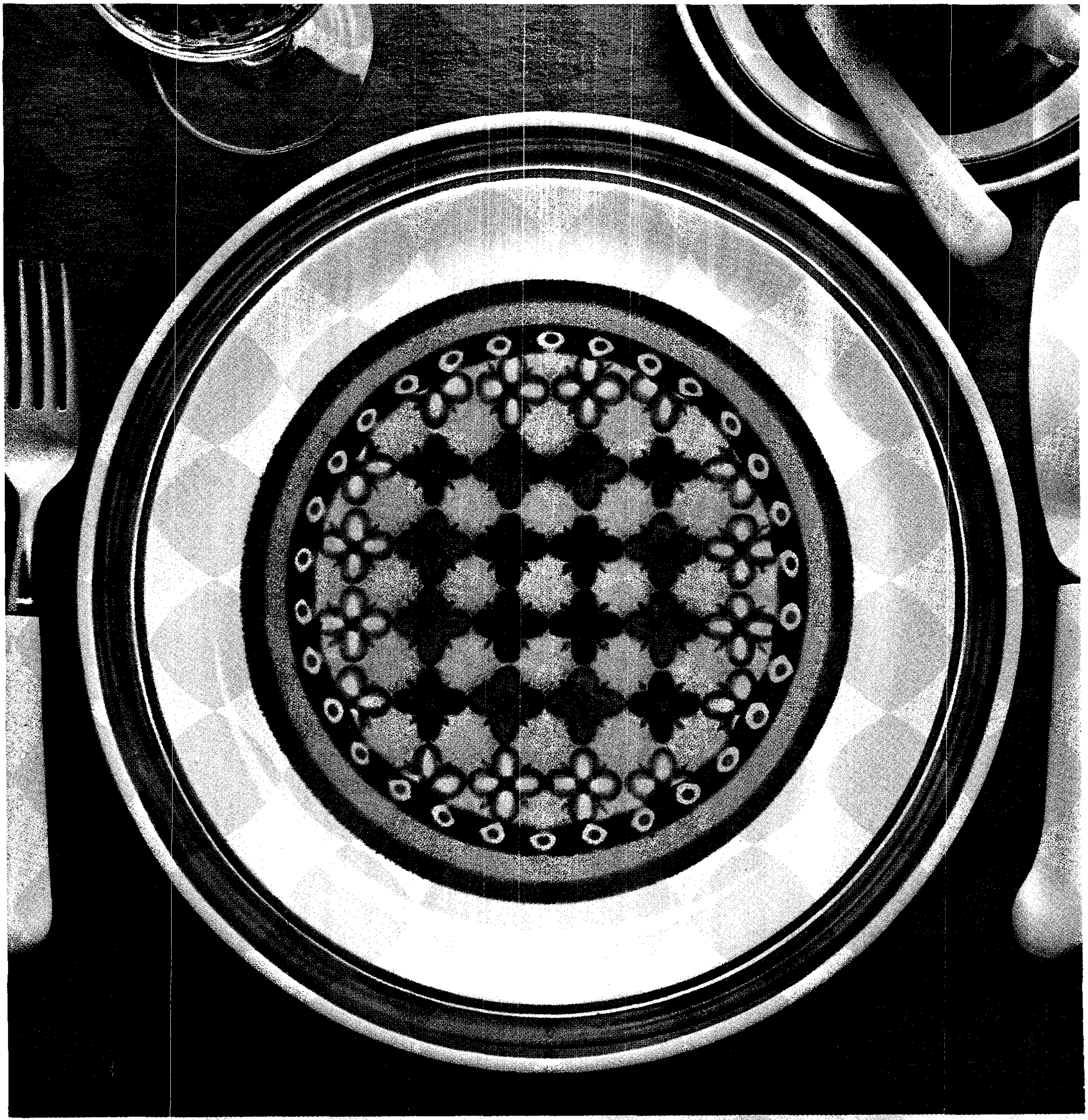

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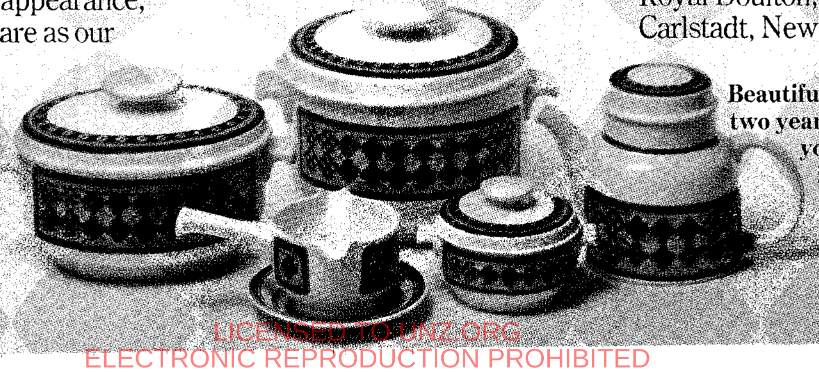

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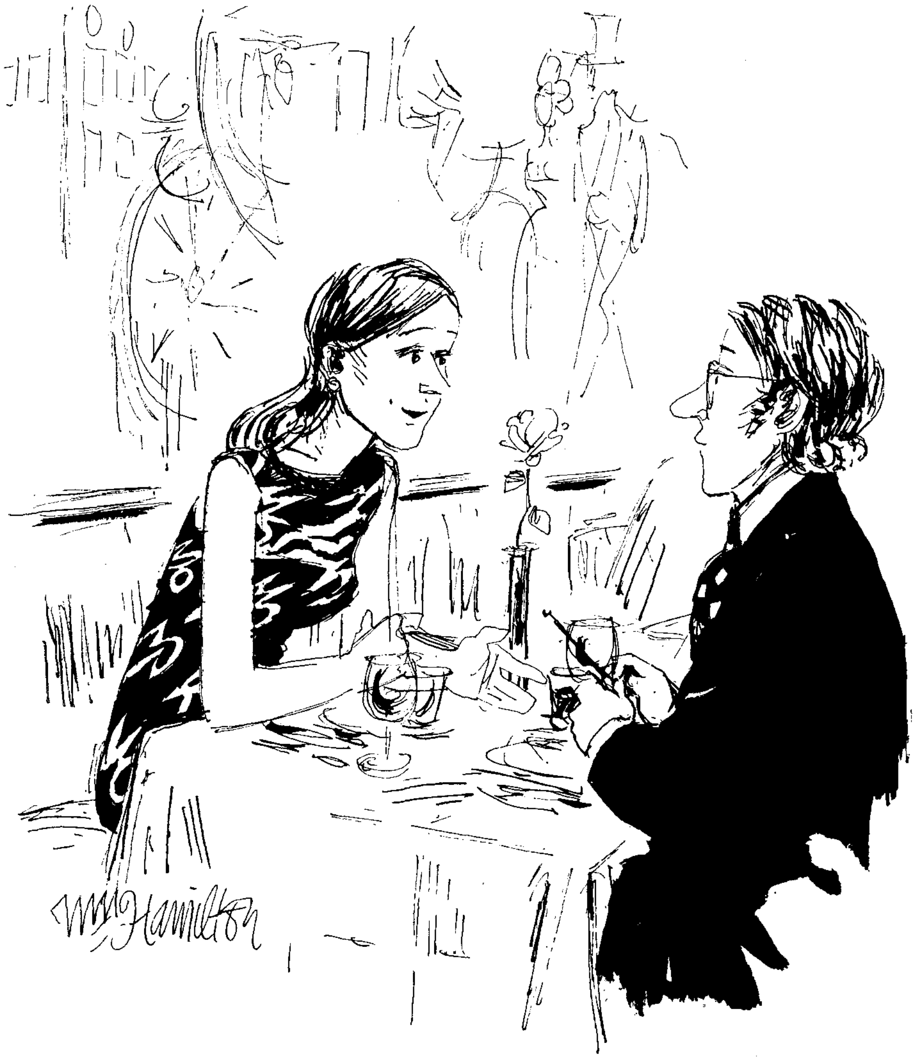
BOOKS

Comedies White and Black

A Woebegotten summer of tension and torpor brought us—surely a double blessing in such times—two comic novels of quality, both, oddly, from the same publisher, Doubleday. "The Springtime of Life," by Jean Dutourd, already noted over here for "A Dog's Head" and "The Horrors of Love," is a broadly and humanely old-fashioned novel in a French tradition I thought had vanished; "The Late Harvey Grosbeck," by Gilbert Millstein, until recently a reporter for the *Times* and now chief news editor for the N.B.C. Nightly News, is an elaboration of and an improvement on the black-comic novel of New York, of which there have been so many examples in the last ten years.

"The Springtime of Life" (the translation is by Denver and Helen Lindley) reminds us, startlingly and refreshingly, of a number of seemingly outdated emotions and ideas about loyalty, perseverance, the pleasures of labor, filial love, and simple joy in living. The action takes place in the shadowed, terrified Paris of the late thirties, yet there is nothing shaded or devious in the lives of the leading characters, save one—and that one, who becomes rather a villain, is animated by motivations that are impeccably modern. It is not too much to say that M. Dutourd has fused the social density of one of his models, Balzac, with the eye for high society of another, Stendhal, and incorporated them both in a happy comedy played out on the brink of the abyss. And all this in the best of Gallic humors, set out in an easy, conversational style, with—to top the whole thing off—an extravagant sprinkling of homilies, axioms, and extended asides to the reader.

The story—surely autobiographical—concerns the rise to literary success of two schoolmates, Jacques de Boissy and Jean Pousselet. Jacques is the son of a rich but neither ancient nor noble family; Jean is the son of a lieutenant who was gassed during the First World War and his poor but respectable widow. Jean is the more intelligent, but also, being an only child and the sole heir of a debt of guilt to his mother, the more emotionally inhibited. Jacques moves freely within the loose confines of a large, busy, and loving family, learning to be on his own and live by his wits. While Jean excuses his mother's self-dramatizing miseries and smothers his resentment of them, Jacques learns how to deal with his proud, reserved financier father and his apparently gadabout mother without losing his love or respect for them, even though he has early decided on a quite different life for himself. Both young men attend the Sorbonne; then Jacques enters the Army for his compulsory service, while Jean drifts through school without completing his course, his attention diverted by a young woman he soon decides to marry. Married, he must settle down and produce an income; so, with the help of Jacques's influential father, he is offered a job by the editor of *Le Matin*, where he does well as an editorial writer almost from the start. Jacques leaves the Army, bringing two things out with him: the close friendship of Captain Lacassagne, a sober military man some years his elder, and the manuscript of his first novel, written on Army time. The novel is nothing ("He put into his book not a single original idea, not a single personal reflection. . . . He sprinkled over it the kind of writing in fashion at that time: Giraudoux, Cocteau, Crevel, Chardonne. The mixture was irreproachable, as pretty and neat as an object manufactured to specifications"), and Jacques has the sense and maturity to realize it, but he is now committed to the idea of being a novelist. Jean soon becomes a byline writer for *Le Matin*, but Jacques, after an unsatisfying round of Paris society, virtually locks himself up in a small apartment his father has given him (along with a sizable allowance) and intoxicates himself with the drudgery of daily writing. He makes progress; the work is now unmistakably his own. Encouraged by the love, cunningly disguised as palship, of Anne-Marie Delanglade, a homely but bright and affectionate young woman on the fringes of high society,



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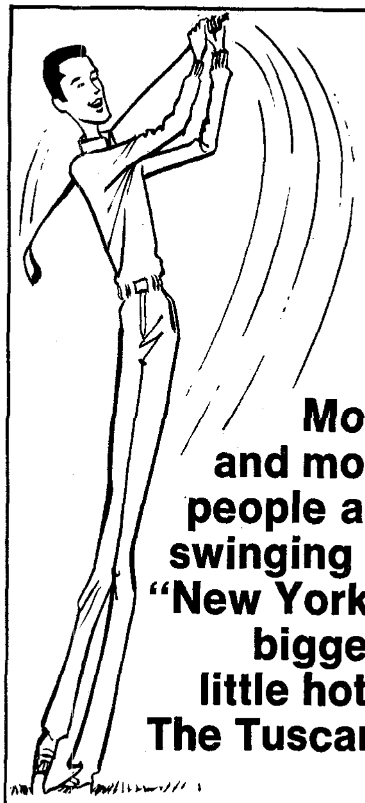

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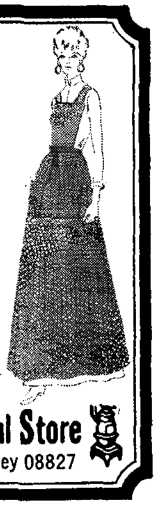

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he finishes the second book and knows, whatever the fate of this first serious novel, that he has found his métier. If Anne-Marie is enchanted by Jacques's ascent to authorship, Jean is secretly appalled. He cannot reconcile himself to the fact that his less intelligent friend has beaten him to the punch. He asks Jacques for a copy of the manuscript; then, in a long, self-deceiving harangue after dinner at home, and in the presence of Jacques, he proceeds to demolish the novel on, of *course, purely objective intellectual* grounds; he capitulates to his own envy. As the author says, "he was indeed a man of his time and his country, one of those French intellectuals of the thirties for whom intelligence was a pretext for all kinds of capitulation." Jacques is not shaken, though his loyalty to his friend is. He still believes in his novel, and his belief is justified when a publisher accepts it. Whether it is well or ill received, Jacques is on his way, while Jean faces the uncomfortable fact of his own stagnation as a serious writer.

The book ends in a sleight of hand of opposing actions. De Boissy *père* dies, leaving Jacques almost penniless; Jean writes a sardonic article about the father, and that leads to a complete rupture with Jacques; Jacques marries Anne-Marie in a last, defiant rigadoon on the corpse of the Third Republic; and Jacques and Lacassagne, who has returned from Spain, where he had been sent to study modern warfare at the direction of a mystagogue of military strategy who can only be Charles de Gaulle, walk the streets of Paris on the ironic day after Munich, a day of false and fervent joy when the headlines shout "VICTORY!"

"The Springtime of Life" could be called simplistic. On its pages, broad as Paris boulevards, the fifty-per-cent grays of much recent fiction recede toward pure black and white. But in its wisdom and its affirmation, no less than in its humor, the book becomes complex and whole again.

IF Dutourd's Paris displays life in the midst of death, Gilbert Millstein's New York demonstrates something quite apart. "The Late Harvey Grosbeck" is but minimally a comedy, in spite of its eccentrically funny scenes and scrapes. Both Grosbeck—a well-along-in-years rewrite man on a big, monolithic New York newspaper—and his city are endangered species; they are even on the verge of extinction. Though Grosbeck loves his third wife, Madeline, and his son, Jason, his deepest af-

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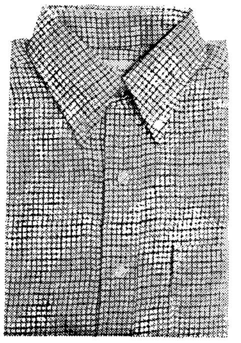

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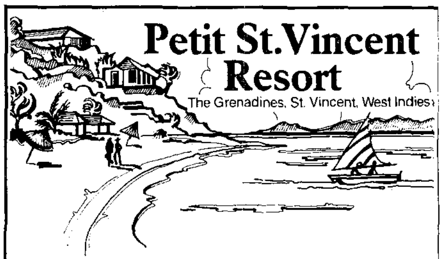

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fection is reserved for a vanished Old New York—the city he grew up in, a mirror of his younger, stronger self. He maunders over the missing Federal houses in Chelsea, and the lost splendor of the last Delmonico's, on the corner of Forty-fourth and Fifth, as the cast-iron crockets and corbels fall like hail under the wrecker's ball. He loathes his job on the newspaper, since, as he conceives it, his chief function is not to clarify truth and make it readable but to translate big or little lies into accessible English for his readers. He hates what the city has become: one week, his son is molested by an untraceable man in the street; the next, his wife is menaced by a mugger in their own apartment building. New York has nothing left for Harvey Grosbeck, yet he cannot break away; it would be like leaving Mother.

Millstein conveys the overwhelming sense of decadence of New York in summer as well, perhaps, as Saul Bellow in "Mr. Sammler's Planet." This is no place for men of nice sensibility: it is a vicious prison, with every inmate at one's throat. Losing his city, losing his battle to live in it, Grosbeck (with an inadvertent assist from his wife) makes a fatal mistake: in his rage and frustration, he becomes angry with the police to whom he is reporting the attack on his wife and permits her to tell them that the mugger in their building was apparently on his way to see another tenant, a mysterious poodle-walker who is only too clearly tied to the Mafia and the drug trade. Once the police, who are of course in league with the drug dealers, know that Grosbeck knows this, his life is in danger. (I must confess that the motivation seems scanted: if the police are so secure in their arrangements with organized crime, why should they fear a harmless and insignificant middle-aged rewrite man?) Grosbeck goes for advice to John Tully, a reporter on his newspaper who has political—and police—connections. What should he do? Tully consults his contacts and returns with an answer: Grosbeck must make the usual futile middle-class-liberal protest; he must organize the tenants in his building into a safety patrol. Aware that such a protest is as useless as it is predictable, the powers will be appeased. But Grosbeck, steeling himself to lead the protest meeting in the laundry room of his apartment building, drinks too much and loses his control again, telling the other tenants that there is a drug dealer among them.

This bargain having been struck—defiance in exchange for pain—it re-

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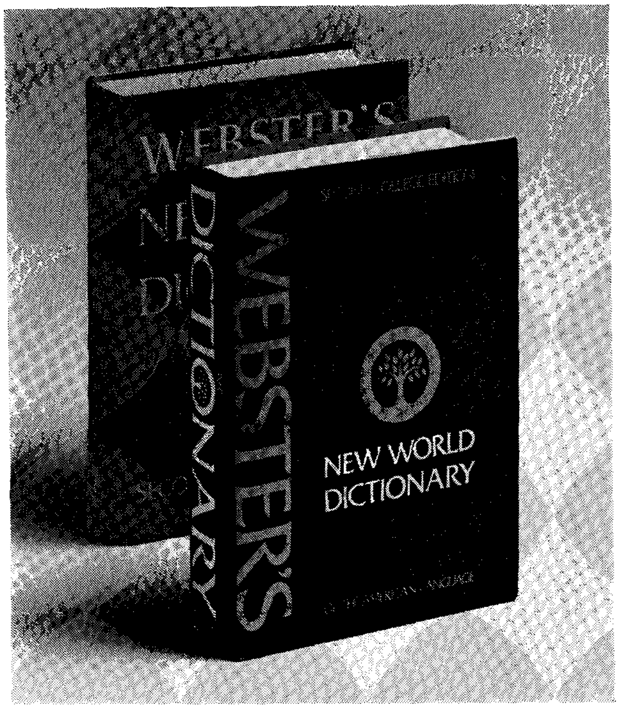

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mains only to know how Grosbeck will be dealt with. We are given two choices: a vision, in which Grosbeck sees, in the glowing, horrific colors of a Nathanael West apocalypse, his own death and burial, and the actuality, in which, after a terrible beating, he awakens in a hospital. Then, chastened, still an unwilling cell in the dying organism of New York, he sits once again at his newspaper desk, rewriting a purple, turgid bulletin on the defeated candidate in the 1972 election. He bites into a bagel. He decides that life is good. He crosses out a sentence and rewrites it into real English. Harvey Grosbeck has accepted his level of utility.

Gilbert Millstein's novel is to be prized less for its plot than for its atmosphere, its characters, and its fine, fluid writing. Its observations on New York now and its evocations of New York then are among the best things of their kind in modern American writing. I hope that Mr. Millstein will soon return to his subject.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

FAULKNER: A BIOGRAPHY, by Joseph Blotner (Random House). "I have tried to present the life as fully as possible," the author declares in an introductory note to this authorized study, and his success in this respect is overwhelming: his book, published in two large volumes, runs to nearly nineteen hundred closely printed pages (plus nearly three hundred pages of appendixes, indexes, and other scholarly apparatus), and totals more than a million words. Mr. Blotner adds in his note, "Because he drew more extensively on family and regional lore than any other major American writer, I have treated these backgrounds in detail." He has indeed, and more: he has treated every discernible facet of Faulkner's life in equal, and far less justifiable, detail. Everything that touches Faulkner (or his family or his friends or his town or his state or his time) is of equal interest to Mr. Blotner. This bottomless curiosity is both the great virtue of his book and its great, and almost paralyzing, fault. The book is conventionally organized. It begins a hundred and fifty years before the beginning, with a close scrutiny of Faulkner's eighteenth-century Carolinian forebears. It moves unhurriedly into the nineteenth century and Mississippi,

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through the Civil War (in which Faulkner's great-grandfather served with somewhat equivocal distinction), on through the Reconstruction years, and on and on, to Faulkner's birth, on September 25, 1897. Faulkner's childhood, boyhood, and early youth are all examined with the same indiscriminate attention: "The first-grade teacher was Miss Annie Chandler. She lived with her family on Pierce Avenue. . . . The Chandlers were well-connected and said to be related to Jacob Thompson. Annie's father . . ." The chronology continues: the first poems, the Royal Air Force in Canada, lounging with Sherwood Anderson in New Orleans, travelling in Europe, the first stories, the first novels, the drinking, marriage, Hollywood, more novels, the birth of a daughter, the love affairs, the controlled alcoholism, the ups and downs of critical attention, the recovered fame, the Nobel Prize, the declining but still productive years, and death (at 1:30 A.M.) on July 6, 1962. The writing is at once portentous and flat (". . . seeking to escape, perhaps from himself"), and there are hundreds of anecdotes that have no point and serve no purpose. Faulkner (like many writers) kept a careful record of the progress of everything he wrote—when started, when finished, where offered, when rejected or accepted. So, most tediously, does Mr. Blotner: "On May 6 Smith filled in the contract forms between Cape & Smith and William Faulkner, signed them for the firm, and sent them off." Mr. Blotner is intimate almost to the point of impertinence. He is alert to Faulkner's moods and mannerisms, to his arrogancies and indiscretions, but he is also strangely remote and impersonal. Everything is here—everything but any real sense of the man and his genius. For that we may look to the future, to a biographer who is also an artist. Mr. Blotner has done the manual labor: he has laid the groundwork for a study worthy of Faulkner. That is the extent of his accomplishment, but it is a real one. Illustrated with photographs. Twenty-five dollars.

EDWARDIAN LIFE AND LEISURE, by Ronald Pearsall (St. Martin's). An examination—entertaining but not frivolous—of the curious interlude in Western history that began (in England) with the death of Queen Victoria, in 1901, and ended with the outbreak of the 1914 war. The

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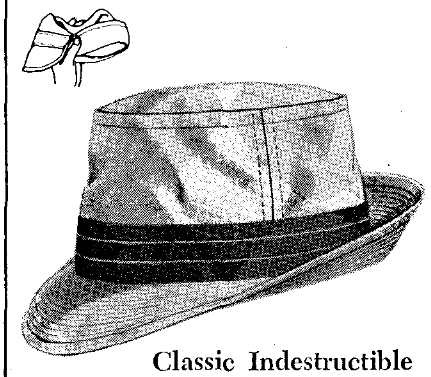

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term "Edwardian" is more easily used than defined. Was it—with its introduction of the motorcar, the telephone, the typewriter, Art Nouveau, the suffragette movement, professional football, golf as a fashionable sport, and suburbia as a place and way of life—the beginning of the modern era? Or was it—with its cheap labor, its well-behaved masses, its hypocrisies, its sexual inhibitions, and its elaborate starched and corseted clothes—an extended nineteenth-century twilight? Mr. Pearsall describes and discusses the Edwardian years but stops short of dogmatic definition. His depiction is further enlivened by a hundred photographs, cartoons, drawings, and posters of powerful period coloration.

SELMA, 1965, by Charles E. Fager (Scribners). Nine years later, the reader wonders that it could have happened here—that so much brutality and nobility could have been evoked by the efforts of the black population of this small Alabama city to be allowed to vote. Yet, as the author reminds us, the events at Selma—the demonstrations, the marches, the prayers, and, alas, the beatings and murders—were a historic turning point: they led to the enactment of a federal voting-rights law. The story is painful, affecting, and absorbing. Mr. Fager has a gift for conjuring up the personalities of the time—famous (Martin Luther King, Jr.), infamous (George Wallace), and obscure men and women, who were good, bad, and in between. The book includes one important lesson—the totality of oppression. The whites in Selma who thought that blacks should vote were as severely terrorized as the Germans who opposed Nazism, and the state troopers demonstrated what happens when power grows out of the barrel of a gun.

KING HENRY VIII'S MARY ROSE, by Alexander McKee (Stein & Day). In 1545, as King Henry VIII watched from shore and as the great invasion armada of the French King Francis I approached the English coast, the Mary Rose, a flagship of the Royal Navy, sank with almost all hands in the waters between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Her resting place was discovered in the middle of the nineteenth century by a pioneer deep-sea diver, who brought up a few of her ninety-odd guns, and then it was forgotten. A few years ago, the author, a historian and an amateur undersea arche-

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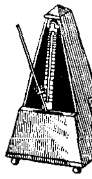

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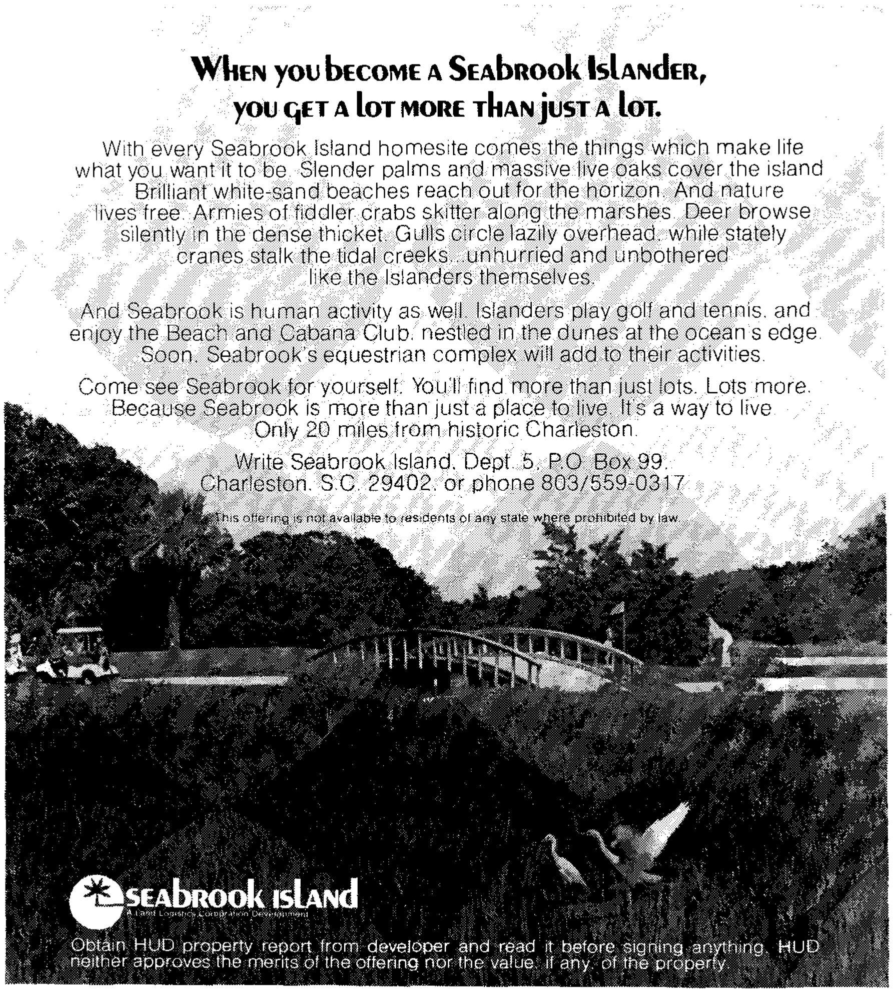
ologist, recalculated the location of the wreck, now completely submerged in mud, and set in motion a great project—the raising of the famous ship and her restoration. The project, which will cost millions of pounds, is well under way; most of the technological and scientific work has been accomplished. This is a progress report, along with a full history of the Mary Rose and a retelling of the furious events of the summer of 1545, when England's future as a sovereign nation was in the balance. It is a first-rate book by a man with a solid respect for factual accuracy and a clear, free-flowing style.

A COUNTRY JOURNAL, by Michael Harwood and Mary Durant (Dodd, Mead). A journal in counterpoint by a couple who left well-paid publishing jobs in New York City to write and live plain in a village in the hills of northwestern Connecticut. This is not, however, an account of struggle and survival. Nor is it a jollity of greenhorn bumbling. Mr. Harwood is an amateur ornithologist, and Miss Durant (Mrs. Harwood) is a wild-flower expert, and both are country-bred and handy and able to cope. She writes of her special interest and he of his, and also of rummage sales and singing in a Christmas presentation of a Vivaldi "Gloria" and baking bread and exploring the neighborhood and the daily joy of what they came to call a "return to civilization." The result is a joyous book. Illustrated with drawings by Marcia Erickson.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SWEET AND LOW, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster). Murder continues to follow John Putnam Thatcher, the rock-ribbed senior vice-president of the Sloan Guaranty Trust, wherever duty calls him. In fact (it is a pleasure to report), he has hardly arrived in Dreyer, New York, for his first meeting as a trustee of a foundation supported by the Dreyer Chocolate Company when the company's chief cocoa buyer is found bludgeoned to death in a motel pool. It is also good to report that after this salutary introduction Emma Lathen quickly returns the action to her familiar Wall Street base—in this case, the New York Cocoa Exchange. And there, of course, in that exotic environment, there is the usual second murder. Emma Lathen has given us an especially intricate puzzle here, and has



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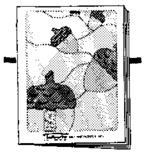

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THE MAN WHO LOVED ZOOS, by Malcolm Bosse (Putnam). An accident that occurs in a United States germ-warfare experimental station has results that are all the more horrible for being chronicled in the most ordinary, everyday fashion. The story begins in San Francisco when Warren Shore, a twenty-one-year-old veteran of the Vietnam war, happens upon a bus filled to capacity with sleeping passengers and parked on a city street. There is no driver, and Warren gets into the bus to investigate, only to find that everyone on the bus is stone-cold dead. Another man might have run for help, but nothing seems strange to Warren since his time in Vietnam, and so he merely rifles the bodies of wallets and other valuables and hurries home to his rooming house. At once, the hunt is on, not for the murderer of the bus victims but for Warren, who doesn't even know the value of what he stole, or that he is being hunted. Mr. Bosse has put together a very strong plot, and his characterizations are too convincing to be discounted, and much too real to be easily forgotten. Victoria Welch (a librarian), Alexander Boyle (an art dealer), Julie Saunders (a model), and the rest are as human as is possible in a story of suspense, and Warren Shore, who finds life empty except for his daily visits to the zoo, is most human of all.

•

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[*Adv. in the Mexico City News*]

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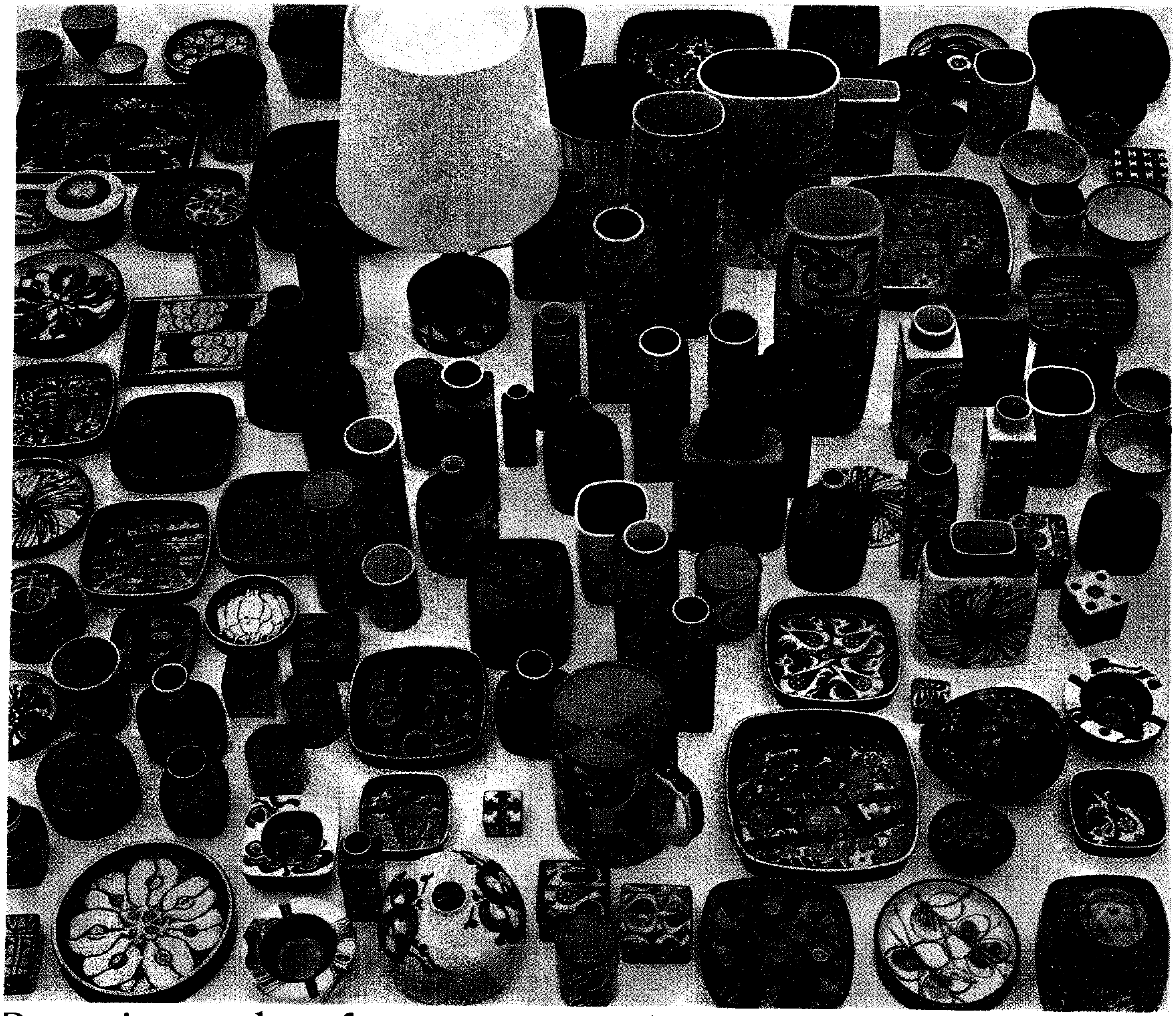

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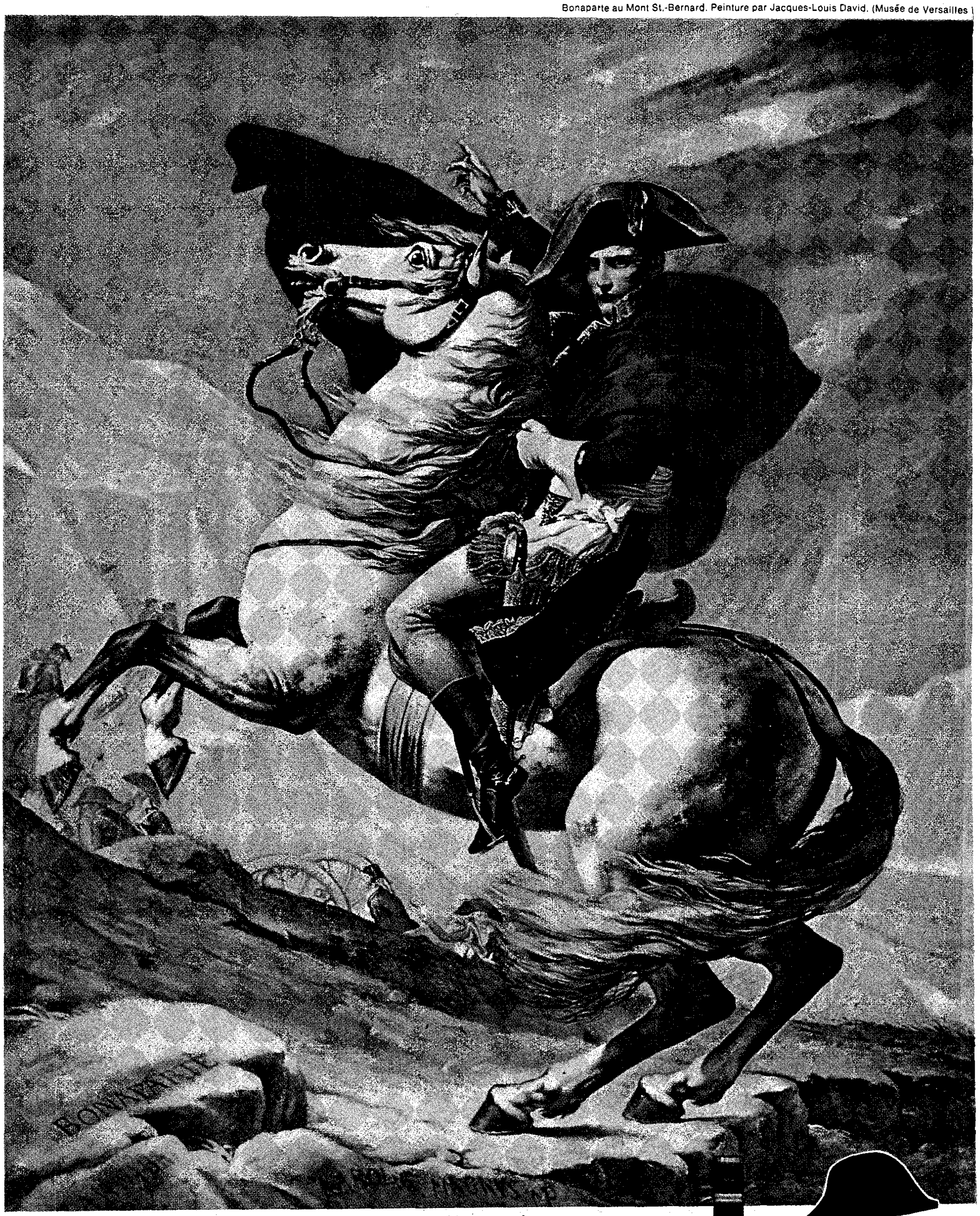

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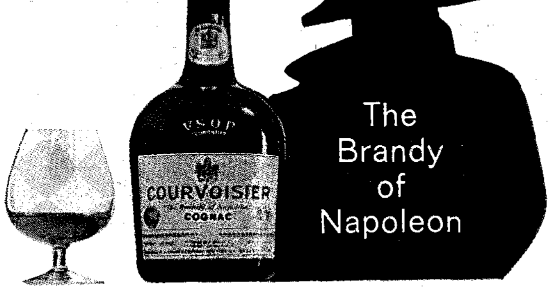

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